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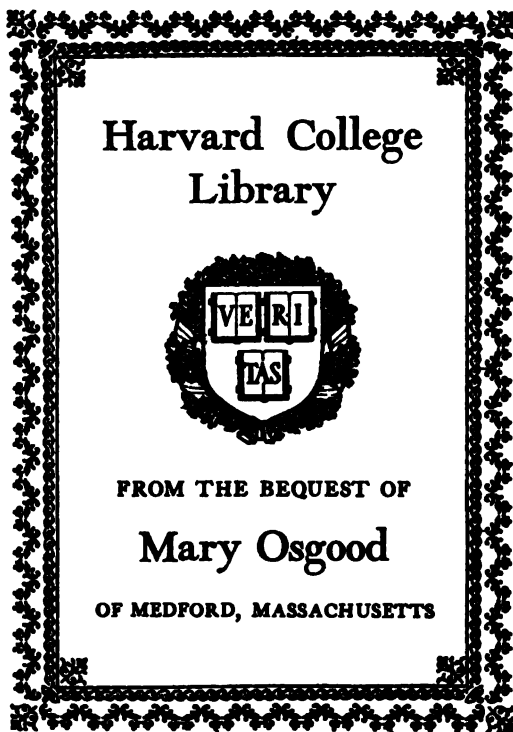
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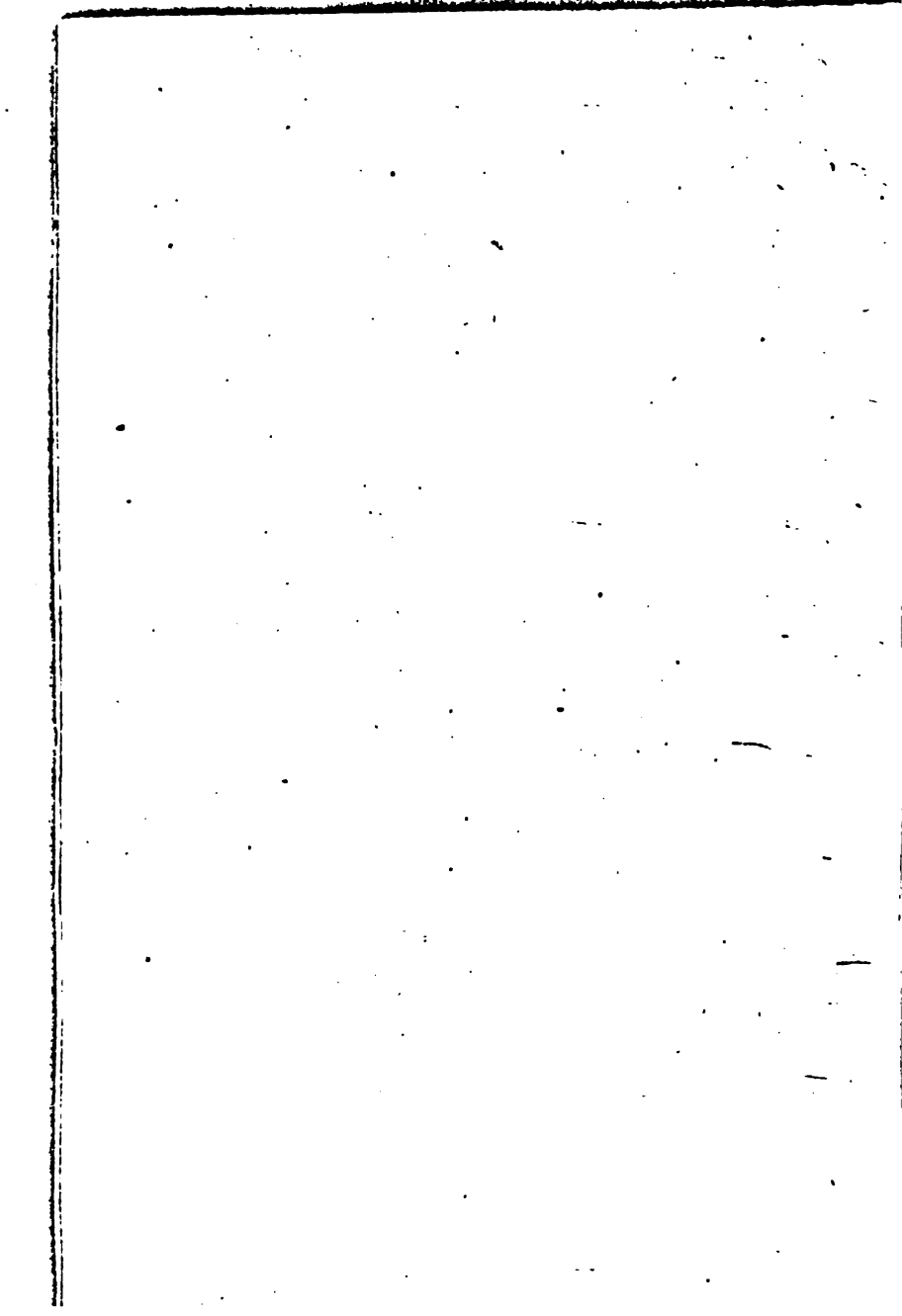
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LETTERS FROM LONDON,

WRITTEN FROM THE YEAR 1856 TO 1860.

BY

GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS,

THEN MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE BRITISH COURT.

"Point de tel permet beaucoup de franchise."—Gautier, *Mém.*

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER JULIA.

1 2"

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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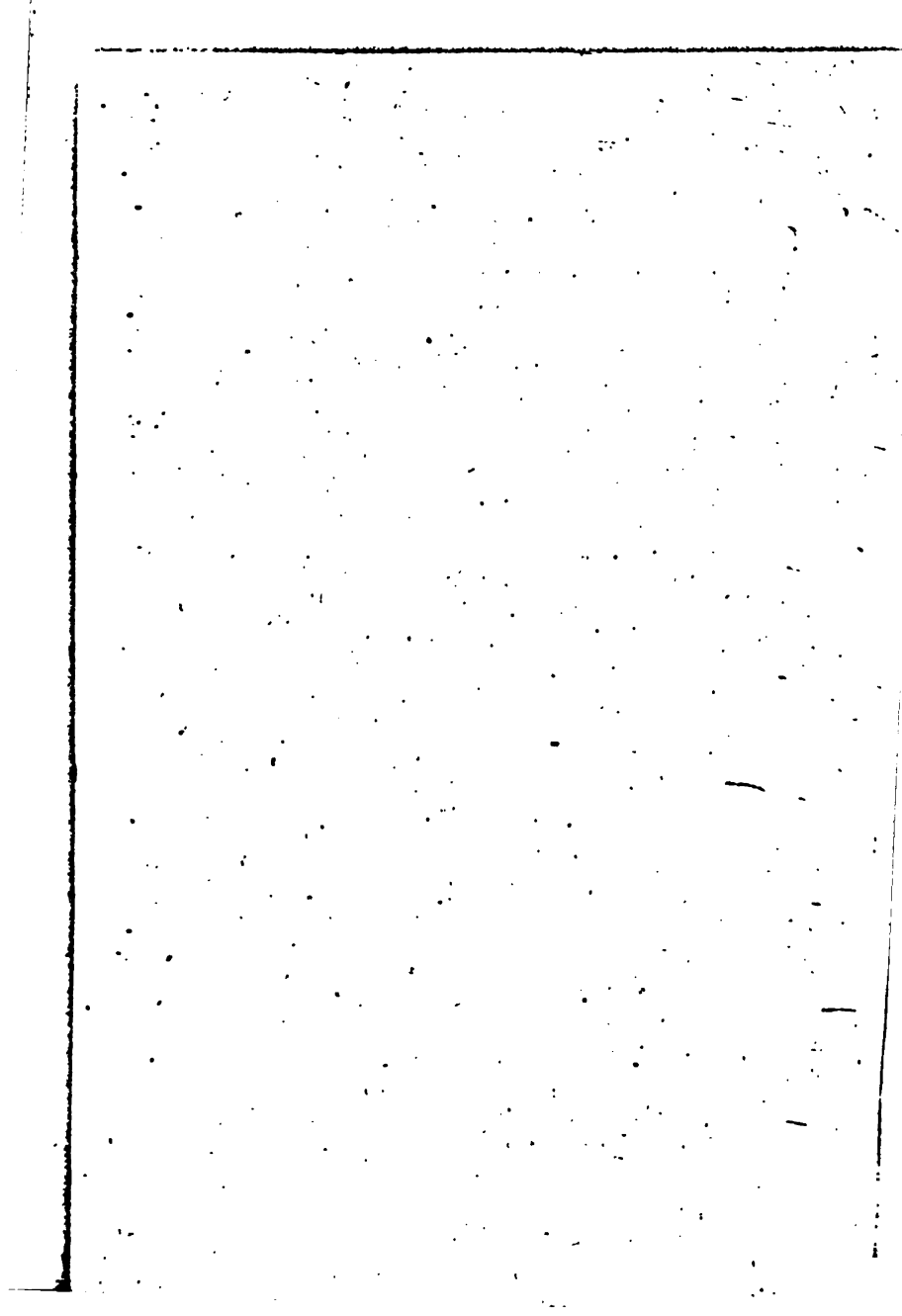
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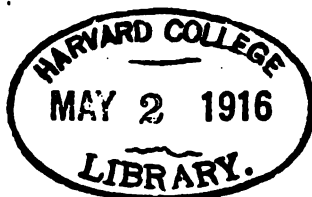


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VOL. II.

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LETTERS FROM LONDON.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, January 5, 1858.

MY DEAR MARKOE,

Your letters are full of interest to me, of one sort or another, and I thank you heartily for them.

General Cass has been, I honestly fear, palled by the ceaseless stream of those I have written to him. During the active labours thrown upon him by the session of Congress, he can hardly have leisure to break their seals. Miscellaneous and transient as their topics are, the desire to keep them up as long as they can prove, in the remotest degree, useful or agreeable, has kept me watchful of all the minor incidents of the day, and constantly on the *qui vive*. They cost me a great deal more in attention and thought, than the routine of official despatches: and yet, I have a misgiving lest they oppress the General and be really valueless. Tell me the bald truth, without a mincing word.

I think I drew your curiosity before I left home

to "Christie Johnstone," one of Reade's first novels. Well, now get his last, "White Lies." It is written with the same boldness of conscious power, is thoroughly and designedly French, and has a noble tone of domestic virtue and of moral.

Tell M. that the general inclination here is to disbelieve in the Leviathan. Another failure yesterday almost extinguishes hope; but it arose from an outside piece of carelessness: a bark ran into and disturbed one of the barges essential to the operation; and so *I* keep a stiff upper lip of confidence in ultimate success.

Always sincerely yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 8, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Yesterday's telegram of Indian news announces the death of General Havelock by dysentery, a few days after his leaving Lucknow, and the defeat of General Wyndham near Cawnpore by the Gwalior contingent of sepoys. This last force of mutineers was, about ten days subsequently, attacked and routed by Sir Colin Campbell. It is difficult to understand the defeat of Wyndham, but its effect must be greatly to reanimate and encourage the rebels. Explanatory details will not reach here for a week or ten days.

The necessity of Parliament's authorizing the East India Company to effect a loan in England of about £8,000,000, seems generally conceded. It will probably precede, and not embarrass, the fundamental change contemplated in the mode of governing "the Eastern Conquest." That change will mainly consist in bringing the political sovereignty of the Empire, passing by the "Company," to bear, in name and in reality, upon all Hindostan as a national conquest; in founding a new ministerial department exclusively devoted to the supervision and control of that immense region; and in fact, at the expiration of more than sixty years, to take the defeated scheme of Mr. Fox, and abandon for it the disproved one of Mr. Pitt. This important topic of legislation will go far to elbow out of the coming session every other, and may help especially in still farther putting off definitive action on Parliamentary Reform.

I can't avoid thinking that the present moment is peculiarly favourable for relieving our country from so much of the Ashburton Treaty as calls for the constant presence of an American squadron on the Western Coast of Africa. 1. The plan is, confessedly on all sides, a failure. 2. The whole system of British emancipation is combated. 3. The demand for black labour in the West Indies is loud and imperative. 4. France is obviously reluctant to yield up her cunningly devised method of reviving the trade by seeming to pay wages to ignorant brutes eager to

exchange the actual servitude under their barbarous chiefs for the prospective and ameliorated one under white masters. 5. Is it not an "entangling alliance," of a nature to make us, ostensibly in pursuit of a common object, always play a secondary and equivocal part? 6. The press here, so long and so energetic in the negro policy, is backing before the logic of experiments and facts; not a little perhaps affected by the consciousness of a glaring inconsistency in the two crusades, one *against* African slavery, the other *for* Hindoo slavery, both black!

Two great institutions, the Bank and the Leviathan, are nearing smooth water. The former lowered her interest to 6 p. c. yesterday; and the latter has become so tractable that she has gone on her ways rejoicing, at the prodigious velocity of eighteen feet in forty-eight hours. Eheu! These monsters, nevertheless, are very differently actuated. One shuns, the other seeks, liquidation!

A German paper suggests the probability that the Prince of Prussia, now vested with the powers of Regent, will, on the death of the deranged King, carry into effect an often declared purpose of abdication: so that the Princess Royal of England, having married his son, may first put her foot in Berlin as Queen of Prussia.

Our steam communication is becoming less frequent, irregular, and uncertain.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 15, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The *Times* of this morning contains a telegram from Paris, dated at 10 o'clock last night, announcing that the Emperor had been shot at as he was entering the Opera House. Some few features of personal display and of popular sympathy are stated, but we await the details. You may have noticed that, during this lively season of the year, his Majesty has, with much ostentation, seemed to give himself confidently to his subjects, to walk about the streets in plain dress and without attendants, and to talk occasionally with a lively "*boutiquière*." This was done, I think, twice, and duly noted in the newspapers. Whether the vigilant agents of the police, as at Osborne, encircled the Imperial person and gave him the ease of perfect security, no one knows. Suddenly, in the darkness of night, and without being touched, he is fired at: what next? All history tells how such incidents are used to avoid an impending danger: how can a generous people allow a chief who shows such free and confiding trust in them, to be victimized by conspirators and assassins? So, then, body guards, spies, and the army! Besides, is it not well to divert men's thoughts, in the profound tranquillity of politics which now prevails, by initiating a fresh series of arrests and of "*causes célèbres*?"

bles?" The worst interpretation which can be put upon the event, is precisely that which best harmonizes with the character of its principal personage.

The Bank of England, yesterday afternoon, lowered her rate of discount to 5 per cent., and thus I think has discharged the farewell volley over the grave of the departed panic. She may reduce still farther; but that will be owing to the plethoric fulness of her vaults.

Walker's capture by Paulding, and his subsequent alleged enlargement, are variously commented upon. Lord Palmerston's organ rails like a very drab. Generally, however, the arrest is regarded as a lucky thing, though accompanied by a violation of a foreign territorial jurisdiction. Nicaragua is clearly the only authority offended and entitled to complain, but will she be absurd enough for that? In converting into pirates those who offend our neutrality laws, and so making them like slave-traders seizable under the statute anywhere, it would seem to me that the Commodore has not manifested the discrimination of a criminal lawyer. Perhaps he remembered Porter's pursuit of pirates to Foxardo, and Jackson's following the Indians across the boundary into Florida; if so, I am afraid he has confused extremely dissimilar cases. My curiosity is up to know exactly what you propose to do with this little complication. Perhaps, having the breaker of the law actually in your power, you will send him to a jury, and then

appease Nicaragua by disclaiming the act of taking him on her soil. If you don't deal with him, his security in New Orleans will probably hasten to take him on a bail-piece.

Col. P. of Virginia, who tells me that he has succeeded in effecting an arrangement with a French Railway Company, and Mr. John M. B., who has been visiting Russia, are both here on their way homeward.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 21, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was not far out of the way when, in my last, some of the philosophy of history was hastily applied to the recent escape of Louis Napoleon from assassination. He has hurried onward, while the explosions of the bombs were still echoing, to destroy every vestige of freedom. His address to the legislative body, written with uncommon ability and beauty, is simply a declaration of absolute despotism in maintenance of his dynasty. Repression must be the order of the day, to silence opposition and establish safety; national prosperity can only be permanent when all resistance to him, as "*the just*," is extinguished. Already two journals, *Le Spectateur* and *Revue de Paris*, are suppressed. The

Ordinances of Charles X. were nothing to this; and yet all Paris, under the excitement of an abortive conspiracy, is showering upon him enthusiastic congratulations as the protected of Providence, and assurances of devoted allegiance! How far this country connives at this "conspiracy" to rebuild the edifice of arbitrary power, it is not difficult to perceive. Telegraphic messages of sympathy stream between the Tuileries and St. James; and in all the court circles and special court papers, the moment and the man are avowed to be propitious for chaining down the monster democracy. "*Laissez aller!*" While the army remains at his beck, he can go on: but let that falter for an instant, and France will spring up more anti-monarchical than in 1789. The faster he goes, the sooner will return the dawn of liberty.

The vehemence with which the Parisian orators and editors demand that England shall cease to be the sanctuary for refugee contrivers of revolution, may lead to important consequences. The cabinet is unprepared for a decided stand either way. The impression is that the topic has created internal dissension, and that the Premier is disposed to measures which will enable the government to order away whomsoever the French Emperor may desire to be so treated; but he is alone in that opinion. This subject is connected in common conversation with another which is supposed also to threaten the

"*entente cordiale*," and that is, Napoleon's private determination to adhere, for the benefit of Guadaloupe and Martinique, to the policy of the Regis contract. He is said to insist that it involves no violation of treaty, and that the interest of France demands a supply of black labour for her West Indian islands. The other night at a state ball, the Hanoverian expressed himself as anxious and apprehensive that "these contrarieties would make them very angry at St. Cloud!" To avert such an appalling danger we shall probably witness all sorts of propitiatory attempts and speeches in the Parliament, which reassembles on 3rd proximo.

We have a new member of the corps, in the person of Mons. Van Dockum, who succeeds the President's ardent friend General Oxholm, as minister from Denmark. The subject which engrosses that kingdom, and may involve a war, is the controversy with the Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg. The army is being increased.

Spain has had another spasm or "crisis." Armero and Mon have thrown up, in view of their defeat in the election of a President of the Cortes, and we have, for perhaps a brief spell, an Isturitz ministry. The old mother, Queen Christina, is still anxious to augment the value of her large investments in Cuba, and her Court influence at Madrid is perhaps greater while she is absent. Your plan of communicating to our foreign legations the outline of

what is designed and doing at each Court, would have told me your intentions as to the ultimately inevitable island. Of course I am scrupulous of touching, without some sort of authority to do so, any diplomatic purpose outside of Great Britain. But might I not lubricate a little wheel or two in casual conversation? As I understand it, the mountain which impedes our progress, and through which we have to tunnel with care, is the hurt feeling of national and really false pride. Such an obstacle may prove impenetrable and insurmountable; but, all circumstances considered, I doubt whether you can have a fitter moment than the present for undertaking it. The ruffled sense of honour is soothed by the sentiments of the Message on filibustering, while it is by no means easy for the pinched and disordered treasury of Spain to meet the amount of our just reclamations. There is, too, just now, among ~~soci~~ who could aid your purpose, an opinion which, though adverse to slavery in general, deems it to be less reprehensible under the laws and morals of the United States than elsewhere, and would feel rather philanthropically employed than otherwise in being accessory to its transfer from Spain to us.

The *Almanach de Gotha* is enjoying its triumph in London. The hard names, complicated pedigrees, and endless titles of German royalty, are exercising the oldest and best of us. The palace swarms with the kindred of the Queen, actual and contemplated,

for the wedding festivities; and I must frankly own that these continental foreigners, both male and female, are very conspicuous for refinement of manners, delicacy of look, and absence of affectation.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

- London, January 26, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is difficult while in the rapids of *wedding festivities*, to stop and gather sober thoughts and facts for a Secretary of State. In truth, since I wrote by the Canada on the 23rd instant, nothing of political bearing has occurred, or at least caught my attention. I have, to be sure, a few items for a formal despatch, but they are incomplete, and I shall not trouble you with them until by doing so I am able to dispose of them finally. They are quite unimportant.

The President is doubtless well acquainted with Lord Overstone, formerly Samuel Jones Lloyd, created peer in 1850. He is, as I conceive, the highest financial authority, theoretically and practically, now living in England. At the state ball, a few nights ago, I expressed to him the gratification I had received in reading in the *Edinburgh Review* of the present month some comments upon his monetary and banking papers. He immediately

insisted upon sending me his two volumes published last year. They came to-day, accompanied by the note of which the enclosed is a copy. I enclose it because of its reference to the President's message and Secretary Cobb's Report, as the opinion of so competent and fair a judge cannot but have its interest to those gentlemen.

The diplomatic illuminations of last night were exceedingly dazzling. That with which your representative contented himself was a simple and brilliant star.

Always faithfully yrs.

DIARY: *January 26, 1858.*—"Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, Victoria Adelaide, was yesterday married to Frederick William, the Prince Royal of Prussia. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, and in the presence of a comparatively small number of persons. The diplomatic corps were provided with seats as advantageous and comfortable as the building afforded, in the gallery facing the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London performed the service—the Bishop of Oxford and another being in the background, on the '*haut pas*.' About three hundred people in all witnessed the proceeding, which was as brilliant and effective as such a spectacle could possibly be. All the appropriate royalties, appropriately disposed, and making appropriate movements at

appropriate moments, executed their respective parts in the interesting show to the general satisfaction. The appearance of the Queen, surrounded by her brood of children, and seemingly flurried by natural excitement, inspired the kindest sympathy—the bridegroom's gallant and graceful kissing of the ring as he put it in the hand of the Archbishop—the beautiful group of eight bridesmaids, uniformly dressed in white, with their hair encircled by a wreath of pink roses—the 'abandon' of the embraces and felicitations among the newly created kindred after the marriage was finished—the joyous aspect of the couple as they left the chapel '*man and wife*'—the rich and regulated music—the gorgeousness of the toilettes—all these striking features combined to invest the first wedding in the family of Victoria and Albert with a charm I had not expected. We went to it at 9½ A.M., and were at home again at 1½ P.M. At 10 at night a monster concert in the great ball-room of Buckingham Palace."

TO LORD OVERSTONE.

London, January 27, 1858.

MY DEAR LORD OVERSTONE,

Allow me to thank you for the very welcome present you sent me yesterday of the two volumes of your excellent tracts on metallic and paper currency. They are a mine of thought, experience, and logic,

whence I propose to draw much instruction and conviction.

The monetary science has a wide field to explore and watch in the United States. Although the Federal government has, by the Constitution, the exclusive power to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures, and although the respective States are expressly prohibited from emitting bills of credit or making anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; yet by an early judicial construction given to these provisions, the right of each State to create banks of issue and discount, and to manage its own currency, was recognized. This "State Right" decision, though often argumentatively controverted and deplored, has, for half a century, continued unreversed, and I fear must be deemed irreversible. Hence the control and operations of the currency are, practically, not in the single general government, but in the local legislatures, who are of various intelligence and motive, and who have deluged the country with separate floods of paper from more than twelve hundred banks. I mention this in order to show you how deeply interesting to the statesmen of America such productions as your *Tracts* must be; and at the same time to intimate how really powerless and irresponsible our President and Secretary of the Treasury are, notwithstanding the soundness of their views.

This latter gentleman will, I am quite sure, be highly gratified should you determine to send him a copy of the *Tracts*; and it will give me much pleasure to forward them, with a note from you, in the despatch bag of this legation.

Reiterating my acknowledgments for your kindness, I have the honour to be,

My lord, yours faithfully.

TO MR. J. R. McCULLOCH.

London, February 4, 1858.

DEAR SIR,

Allow me to express the very great pleasure you conferred by sending me a copy of the *Treatise on Money and Banks*.* It is now many years since a work on political economy first introduced me (if I am not mistaken) to a name which has been held thenceforward in high estimation.

I am happy to find that the sound views on Banking contained in the President's first Message to Congress have your sanction. They are undoubtedly those maintained by experienced and enlightened statesmen throughout the United States. But, in carrying them out, we are encountered by difficulties such as, in a different system of government on this side of the Atlantic, you can but partially appreciate.

* *Treatise afterwards printed in the Encyclopædia Britannica.*

The constitutional power to create a national bank is denied to the Federal legislature; while, within their respective limits, the separate States charter money corporations, privileged to issue and discount *ad libitum*. Hence the channels of circulation are crammed with paper which loses nearly all value the instant any derangement of business creates distrust. Under such circumstances, the Federal authority is powerless over the currency, except so far as, within its own spheres of collection and expenditure, it maintains the solid superiority of its gold and silver coin. Something is achieved by keeping the government at Washington "*a hard money government*;" and yet, until in the several States a reform of ideas on banking be thoroughly effected, the country in all its departments of trade and labour must continue liable to the shocks and mischiefs of redundant and inconvertible currency. It is no easy matter to correct perverted theories as they exist or arise at the thirty-one birthplaces of more than twelve hundred banks; but I trust that even this is not impossible under the steady inculcations of our executive state papers, and of such authoritative treatises as that with which you have honoured me.

Repeating my sincere thanks,

I am with the highest respect yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

There are two volumes in the Bag of to-day for Mr. C——. They are the “unpublished” (that is, printed for private circulation only) tracts of Lord Overstone on Currency, collected by the political economist, Mr. J. R. McCulloch. Of these papers, an article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review* says: “As literary compositions they are masterpieces: as contributions to monetary science, they rank with the congenial and analogous productions of Adam Smith, Horner, and Ricardo. As regards the investigation of questions peculiarly relating to the regulation of the circulation, and to the theory of Banking, Lord Overstone is in some respects superior to his illustrious predecessors.” The author has been extremely pleased with the financial doctrines of the President’s Message, and with their elaboration in the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Hence, as a mark of high respect, he has begged me to be the medium of conveying this compilation.

The two houses of Parliament had a reasonably short session yesterday, and the leaders of the opposition, Messrs. Derby and Disraeli, made their customary opening proclamations. By the reply they received, it is obvious that, under the pretext of only

doing what is just, the ministry is prepared with a bill on the Refugee question, by which to deprecate the wrath of the new Cæsar and his menacing legions. On this delicate point, the state of excitement throughout the country, in the press and among the people, has been such that the course proposed will be as severe a blow upon the pride and pretension of John Bull as he has ever experienced. Disguise the concession as they may, it will be ever adjudged an undignified and frightened retreat from the very citadel of their own most boasted laws, before the threats of Louis Napoleon. See, how just after vaunting their prowess in repelling, on behalf of Europe, the approaches of the northern Colossus of Absolutism, they connive at and cower to a fiercer and more proscriptive military tyranny in their ally!

The active measures of repression and precaution taken by Bonaparte are generally construed to betray great alarm founded upon the knowledge of some facts not yet publicly known as to the extent and resources of the conspiracy against his throne. He has gone farther than can be otherwise explained: as, for instance, in not merely dividing France into five military districts with a Marshal resident in each, but chiefly in authorizing each of these officers, on any supposed emergency, to act with his whole force without waiting the orders of the Emperor.

The wars in India and China are exacting reinforcements, and great exertions are being made to get

recruits. It is understood, however, that the operation is flat and unproductive. From India we have no recent news of importance. Appearances indicate a protracted and exhausting struggle. From China news is hourly expected of the bombardment and capture of Canton. Of course no one dreams that the assault of English and French forces combined can be repelled by the refractory Yeh. Some of "our own correspondents," to be sure, have repeated a rumour that the principal streets had been mined, with a determination that the city and its invaders should be destroyed together. That's the Russian mode of action—not the Chinese.

The East India Company has been both industrious and spirited in resisting the transfer of her government to the Crown. The directors and proprietors have held a number of public meetings; and the speeches and addresses have made out a better defence of their administration than was thought possible. A lively essay in *Blackwood's Magazine* for this month, entitled a letter from John Company to John Bull, gives a familiar and pretty fair view of the controversy.

The vacuum created in public solicitude by the Leviathan having floated safely to her moorings at Deptford, and the Bank's weekly reduction of her interest until she has sunk to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., is being refilled by fresh movements preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraphic cable.

All the festivities of the royal wedding having been brought to a close, and the young couple being ensconced in their Berlin home, we are suddenly called upon to don our suits of sable for the Grand Duke of Baden, who died pending the marriage ceremonies.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO COL. MURRAY.

London, February 8, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have lots of thanks to hand you from Mr. H. and myself for your kindness in procuring the information wanted respecting our coinage.

It might be supposed that so important and interesting a state paper as the Annual Report of our Secretary of the Treasury must have been transmitted to this legation from the State Department long before now. Alas! no: we *foreign agents* of the government must be contented with what we can pick up in the newspapers as to *current* matters. By-and-by, when they have become antiquated and stale, then we are deluged with floods of Executive and Congressional volumes which the public printer furnishes for the benefit of his own finances. I am yet without a document of national manufacture since November last.

You observe how incontinently the great allies are

getting by the ears. Louis Napoleon seems to have been somewhat upset by those hand grenades of Orsini, and is pursuing measures of tyranny "hand over hand!" He has the talent of *looking* cool; but his acts betray supreme terror for his person and his dynasty. A man who usurps power with the incidents of the *coup d'état* should be conscious that millions are, at every minute, aiming to "hit back again," and become callous to *attentats*. He, however, seems suprised; and he encourages a blustering attack upon England by his officers of state, his army, and his press, as the sheltering den of miscreant assassins. Well! all England bristles up with indignation, talks back the libel, reviews "the Little" from top to toe, and hurls the phrases "murderer" and "conspirator" in his teeth. A pretty little quarrel as it stands! But old diplomatic heads will take care not to let the skirmmage go too far. Already the Premier has interposed a soothing draught in the House of Commons. It may be discussed this afternoon. Like a bread pill, it may make the Imperial patient believe he is taking something very composing and satisfactory, while in fact it is inoffensive nothing.

Ever faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 9, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

No preparations were made for sending anything to you by the Arago from Southampton tomorrow; but as Mr. Pierce, the secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, being on his way home, has offered to take charge of a Bag, I have suddenly determined to send one.

The tempest of excitement against Louis Napoleon for having "insulted and threatened England," after raging in the Press, has found its way into both houses of Parliament. Mr. Roebuck, last night, in the Commons, and Lord Lyndhurst, in the Peers, exhibited great feeling and vindicated the public clamour. The attempt to appease indignation by an equivocal apology for the publicity given in the *Moniteur*, did not produce the success anticipated. The debate, which arose on a bill offered by Lord Palmerston to change the criminal law, so far as to make a conspiracy to murder, in or out of England, instead of a *misdemeanour* punishable by fine and imprisonment, a *felony* liable on conviction to the minimum of five years, and the *maximum* of perpetual imprisonment, and to *transportation*, continued for several hours, and was postponed without conclusion till to-day. It is curious to note that the *Times*, while advocating in its editorials the passage

of this measure, supplies in the letters of its Parisian correspondent the most sharp and powerful weapons employed by its opponents. Thus, that correspondent dwells upon the unquestionable fact that the present Emperor has hunted up and paid to Cantilo the legacy left to him by Napoleon I. as a reward for having attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington: and thus, too, he points out that the Colonels, who have in their addresses been especially abusive of "the den of assassins," have received the cross of the Legion of Honour, and promotion!

This subject absorbs the attention and feeling of the public. My opinion is that the ministry, aided by a large number of Conservatives, will carry their propitiatory measure.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 12, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Enclosed are copies of two "*Private*" notes between Mr. H. and myself. I applied some ten days ago for the surrender of a man who was charged with murder on the high seas, on board of an American vessel. They seemed dilatory at the Foreign Office, and I addressed a "remind" to Lord Clarendon. Hence these epistles. I cannot conceive

that the broad terms used in the extradition treaty will receive from the Crown officers the restricted or qualified construction which has suggested itself to the mind of her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Novel interpretations of the plainest international engagements are, however, a little too much the order of the day. This one, if persisted in, is so palpably wrong, that I should be disposed to regard the treaty as fit for the category of the Clayton-Bulwer, that is, fit for abrogation.

When I receive a formal communication from the Earl upon the subject, it shall become a part of a despatch, into which *private* notes from under-secretaries should perhaps not be introduced, except on extraordinary occasions.

Lord Palmerston's bill, on the Refugee question, was allowed to be read a first time by a very large majority in the House of Commons. It will, however, be attacked in committee, and be strenuously opposed at every stage. I was last night told by a Peer, that neither this measure, nor the Premier's India Bill (which he offers this afternoon), nor his Reform Bill, can pass in the Lords; and that he might cease to be the head of the government before the present session closed. These representations I suspect to be the offspring of party feeling, for I can perceive no diminution in his popularity or power.

You will have noticed fresh successes by Sir Colin

Campbell in India, and the capture of Canton by the allied forces.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. HAMMOND.

London, February 12, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. HAMMOND,

I can entertain no doubt as to the construction heretofore put by the government of the United States upon our Extradition Treaty of 1842.

The point arose when a similar treaty was negotiating by Mr. Webster, Secretary of State, and Baron Gerolt, the minister from Prussia, at Washington, in 1852. The language used in the 10th article of our Treaty, "all persons," was perceived to be too comprehensive for the powers of the King of Prussia, and of a large number of the German States (parties to the treaty) as restricted by their respective constitutions and laws; and so in the preamble was specially recited the limited sense given to the general phraseology, and its cause.

I think, indeed, that owing to the constant employment of the seamen of each nation on board of the other's vessels, an extradition treaty which left either at liberty to decline the surrender of its own citizens or subjects would lose more than half its value to both.

Very truly and respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 23, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The despatch of to-day tells you of the sudden downfall of Lord Palmerston. It is possibly like that of the Son of the Morning, irreparable. The ground upon which it was achieved is undeniable as a fact, and as a sentiment irresistible. He *neglected*, is the charge, to maintain the national honour when it was assailed in the insolent and exacting letter of Walewski. This is the point on which he has heretofore, and justly, plumed himself for promptness and boldness, the lack of which at Vienna kept another statesman for some years under a cloud. Certainly nothing could be more insufferably offensive than the French tone; and John Bull has suddenly awakened to the conviction that his old hatred is as bitter as ever.

Among the rumours of the day, I have been told that the French minister, M. Persigny, while the Conspiracy Bill was pending, visited Lord Derby, and in the course of conversation impressively urged its early passage. Well, said Lord Derby, it may get through, but it may not; and what then? What then? exclaimed the ambassador, "*la guerre!*" Ah! was the cool reply, you had better go and tell that to Clarendon! His Excellency left for Paris the next day: the papers report him gone to a country

seat, and it is conjectured that he may not return to London.

One of Lord Derby's earliest calls, after being invested with the power to construct a ministry, was on Mr. Gladstone. That accomplished gentleman expressed a readiness to join him, on one condition, however, namely, that his political associates, the principal of whom are Newcastle, Herbert, Grey, Graham, and Cardwell, would go with him. All of these, when asked, flatly refused.

On the day of the ministerial resignation, Saturday last, I dined at the Palace, and met at table, among a number of guests, two of the retired secretaries, Lord Clarendon and Sir Charles Wood. Their happy exhilaration was quite unusual and striking. No doubt they felt personally the relief of having thrown off an immense weight of complications, commitments, and responsibilities. Such loads as the Conspiracy Bill, the India Bill, the Reform Bill, the war in China, and the Sepoy war, are not easily carried.

At the dinner, when my turn to receive a gracious word from her Majesty arrived, she informed me that she intended writing to the President on the subject of her daughter's marriage, and to send him a medal which she had had struck in commemoration of that happy event. These medals are of three descriptions, gold, silver, and bronze; and they are represented as exceedingly beautiful in design and execution. Of course, I made the proper assurances of the high

gratification with which such a remembrance from her Majesty would be received by the President.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The "inaugural" speech of the Prime Minister in the House of Lords on Monday was faultless in manner, and in general tone becoming. It was, however, impossible not to perceive that Lord Derby was oppressed by a consciousness of party weakness, and of his being at the mercy of the Liberal majority in the Commons. He enunciated no distinctive policy, assumed no elevated stand, but on the contrary seemed to deprecate the antagonism of those he had overthrown, by generally adhering to their recent measures, and by some instances of special compliment. He would go on with the India Bill; he would continue the war in China; he would conform to the advanced state of public opinion by maturing a Reform Bill; and for the first time he relaxed the rigid character of his conservative party by defining it as ready to introduce safe improvements of every sort. He eulogized the management of the army by Lord Panmure and the Duke of Cambridge. On the ruling topic of the day, the Imperial demand that the English criminal law should be made more strin-

gent, he was puzzled how to shape his course differently from the one pursued by his predecessors. The French alliance was of incalculable value; and yet his countrymen were justly indignant at the libels and menaces which had been vented by certain official and military functionaries, and which had been crowding the Parisian papers headed by the *Moniteur*. He would take the vote of the House of Commons on Mr. Milner Gibson's motion as the voice of the people of England; he would make that the groundwork of his action; he would, by a paper already prepared by Lord Malmesbury, answer appropriately Count Walewski's despatch of the 20th of January; and he should receive in reply such disclaimers of injurious meaning as would satisfy British honour and preserve the alliance.

At the close of this address Lord Clarendon vindicated his forbearance in not at once answering the offensive letter, by a speech unusually lucid and able. But there was this obvious misapprehension of the gist of the matter running through the whole:—namely, he treated Walewski's letter, not as a *national act*, but as an indiscreet ebullition of personal excitement, an imprudence that might be easiest got over in conversation between Lord Cowley and the Count. Every one must have felt that this secret mode of adjusting a public point of national honour would not do: the affront should be repelled and disclaimed as it was given.

I have been struck by the series of incidents which led to this sudden change of the government. It is difficult to ascribe the immediate resignation of Lord Palmerston solely to the equivocal, and by no means impressive, censure of Milner Gibson's resolution. Perhaps I regard it from an American point of view ; but I cannot help thinking that, had not the roar of the angry and approaching masses been heard, the retirement would have been less precipitate. The plain truth is, that on this point of conceding to foreign dictation and menace, the hearts of the people were in advance of the heads of their representatives of both political parties, a case we have often seen illustrated in our own history. After all said and done, there *are* special occasions on which it may be accepted as Gospel that *Vox populi est Vox Dei*. The roar is less loud for the moment, that Lord Derby may have a fair chance ; but let him tamper for an instant with this deep and deaf popular sentiment, and he will have to follow the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.

In the midst of all these grave proceedings one cannot help being amused at some few manifestations of harlequinade. Almost in the same hour some score of ponderous politicians invade the Palace, hand their seals (supposititiously ?) to the Queen, kiss her hand, and bow backward into the grave of private life : and then advance an equal score among whom the seals are redistributed, who kiss hands, and who

stream like eagles, from the presence of her little Majesty, to the pinnacles of power! Observe, too, that the change in government exacts other more visible changes, as for instance, whereas the former score of functionaries sat, in either House, on long benches at the right of the presiding officer, Chancellor or Speaker, and the present score sat on similar benches on the left, now they must cross hands and front each other from exactly opposite quarters. And, as their chiefs do, so must the whole body of each of the political parties do; thus placing the ministry for the time being always on the right and the opposition always on the left. No doubt there is practical convenience in this conventional course of action, but it reminds one comically of the dancing among the Shaking Quakers.

You observe that Changarnier declines returning to France, until her population is "in possession of laws protecting their dignity and safety." This is throwing the glove at the foot of the throne, and, connected with subterranean rumours which have reached me, has much more than its apparent significance.

The new ministers are rapidly getting re-elected to their seats in the Commons; and I presume all will be ready by the 15th instant, the day to which Parliament adjourned.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 12, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR.

Two things are just now overshadowing the India and China wars, and intently engaging attention: 1, the uncertain tenure of the new cabinet; and 2, the critical relations with France.

Lord Derby is undertaking to do what has never been done before, that is, to conduct the government with a large majority against him in the House of Commons. That majority, however, is itself divided into Liberals, the greatest faction, the Radicals, the Lord John Russellites, and the Peelites; and it will require some address to start a measure of leading importance which will concentrate enough of these subdivisions to outvote the ministry. Of course much speculation is indulged as to the advance by which the opposition will find it politic to bring on the decisive contest. I received a hint last night from an eminent member that I had better be in the Commons this evening, when Parliament reassembles, as some demonstration is expected whence it may be possible to foresee the fate of Lord Derby. It will be too late for your enlightenment by this opportunity.

The alliance with France is fast taking the aspect of "a dissolving view." Very bitter feelings have seized the populations of both countries. France would seem to go with her military chiefs in pursuit

of some external quarrel whose effect at home will be the consolidation of the Imperial dynasty, and a succession of fields of glory. Nothing more in harmony with prevailing passions, or more promising, than a war with England. I think it a mistake to suppose this state of things to be the sudden creation of recent events. It has been long brewing ; and, as the Hindoo mutiny found its vent in greased cartridges, so this is rounded by the grenades of Orsini. You will see in the newspapers a remarkable paper, obviously emanating from the Napoleonic bureau, the tone of which is quiet and deprecatory, but the real influence of which is to prepare the French mind, by insidious allusions to Waterloo, St. Helena, and the Crimea, for an explosion of the alliance. On the other hand, Lord Derby, in the existing mood of his countrymen, in and out of Parliament, will find it hard to pursue steadily the policy of peace. The *Times* of to-day says they are "drifting into a war," and speculates on the facility with which they can protect the island from invasion and demolish Cherbourg at a blow ! Should the Premier exhibit the spirit and faculties of a war minister, and he has already shown some symptoms of the kind, he may become master of the political-party position, and through the ruling interest of the day greatly augment his popularity.

I must add to these views and impressions the undoubted fact that disaffection to Louis Napoleon

is becoming wide-spread and menacing. Arrests have been multiplied; spies, informers, and police swarm all over France; generals are planted in civil posts; Changarnier and Bedeau reject, rather contemptuously, the imperial invitation to Paris; Châlons, not far from the capital, has been the theatre of an *émeute*, during which was heard the ominous trumpet call *Vive la République!* and I was read parts of a letter from a highly distinguished and reliable source, two days ago, which depicted France as "*honey-combed*" with secret and affiliated societies. I think I perceive in my general intercourse the existence of that vague and undefinable expectation of some coming events which is said to precede a convulsion.

All this may blow over: it would seem hardly possible, and yet it *may*. But should it not, what then? We have vast interests, material and political, involved in the measures which it may please the two great European belligerents to take against the commerce and possessions of each other. The violence which followed the rupture of the treaty of Amiens may be revived under fresh Berlin decrees and Orders in Council: perhaps impressment! but I suppose we are not yet near enough to the catastrophe to render forecasting necessary.

Colonel Williams is here, on his way to Constantinople. He will probably remain for a week or ten days.

The Turkish Embassy to this Court expresses great

gratification at the manner in which you have welcomed their High Admiral.

You will much oblige me by saying to Mr. Toucey that I have been earnestly requested to intercede on behalf of the Atlantic Telegraph Company for another steamship as a consort to the Niagara; but I forbear troubling him, because quite sure that he will do what is right.

A gentleman just in from Paris states the universal dread of something impending as prevailing there: that the funds have gone down and are still sinking; that the railways are nearly all insolvent; and that business and movement are completely arrested. This is the very latest picture of that metropolis: what will be the next?

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 19, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I cannot permit the Persia to go to-morrow without a line, although I have really nothing worth communicating.

Since my No. 94 of the 17th instant, everything (always excepting the spiteful degladiation of the London and Paris presses) has been quiet. A few symptoms indicate that neither country is quite satisfied with the manner in which their respective

governments have closed the discussion on the Refugee question. After some subterranean fermentation, it is not unlikely that there will break out a fresh stream of hot lava.

You will have heard from Madrid that the actual ministry discountenanced war with Mexico; that Zuloaga has recalled Lafragua and promised another envoy; and that the prospect is fair for an amicable settlement under the mediation of France and England.

Everybody is anxiously gazing on the military movement against the Sultan of Utah. When you have dispersed the Saints and their seraglios, it is possible that the Church of England may proclaim a special thanksgiving.

Mr. Disraeli constantly and fervently begs for quarter. There is a beseeching character about his whole manner in the House of Commons which really begets a generous sympathy and forbearance.

I was a guest, the only intruder, at a consultation dinner caucus the other day, about twenty in all. They were maturing a plan for abolishing lighthouse duties, following our example therein. It has to be managed with great caution and skill to avoid corporate and vested interests. It will, however, be soon stirred.

A telegraphic despatch from Naples announces that his Majesty has released the poor insane engineer Watt, though he retains unrelaxed his clutch upon

the other Englishman. Public feeling is more excited here on this topic than it has yet been. "*Civis Romanus sum.*"

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 26, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Count Persigny withdrew from the French Embassy here, and we are expecting his successor in the person of the Duke of Malakoff. There are very many causes to which this change is attributable: the simplest is perhaps the effective one, to wit, the personal rivalry and ill will between Walewski and Persigny. The former did not feel the extreme solicitude to preserve the alliance felt by the latter, and suppressed or mutilated papers elaborately prepared to attain that end: he treated his subordinate as too English, and preferred, at any cost, to maintain in the Refugee controversy the "dignity of France" and her position. Persigny saw, or thought he saw, that this was not the Napoleonic idea, and has thrown up in disgust. He is said to be resolved on private life, or at most to restrict himself to the duties of a member of the Council of Regency. He has been devoted to the Emperor; is at heart, like most of the French absolutists of the hour, a republican; possesses independent landed estates: and is hardly

fifty yet. His lovely and pleasure-loving wife, granddaughter of "*le brave des braves*," is weeping her eyes out at the prospect of quitting her London throne of fashion for a rural *isolement*.

As far as I have yet been able to learn, the Duke of Malakoff is fitter for an Algerine Arab hunt than to hold the reins of diplomacy. Some regard his mission as a threat, or as a reply valiant to the manner in which the British Parliament and press have been lately dealing with the "cock-a-doodle-doo" loyalty of the French colonels and army; others, on the contrary, and this is the construction most favoured, esteem it as the highest possible pledge to preserve unimpaired the fraternization of the Crimea. *Nous verrons.*

I thought myself yesterday on the eve of another of those wretched pouts about Court Costume with which, as an intermittent, every Master of Ceremonies is liable to be afflicted. The new functionaries did not exactly understand or quite relish two suits of sable with which two of our countrymen shaded the brilliancy of the Levee on the day previous; and one of these functionaries very civilly called at the Legation, to enquire the particulars of the understanding between Mr. Buchanan and Sir Edward Cust which might authorize the appearance of those "*bêtes noires*." I frankly told him all about it, assumed the responsibility of the Yankee wardrobe, asserted its entire conformity with all the essentials

of etiquette, and then told him he had better see Sir Edward Cust, and dive into the mysterious depths of the great subject before he formed any conclusion, or said anything farther on the subject. Fortunately for the pacific relations of the two countries, my visitor was a gentleman, a gentleman in manners, sentiments, and ideas, Mr. Ponsonby, once in Washington with Sir Richard Pakenham, and he went away to investigate. On his return, after a long consultation, he declared my view to be entirely right; that he would make an official record of his decision, and that henceforward there could be no doubt or difficulty about presenting American citizens to her Majesty, from the General Circle, in the very dress of their diplomatic representative. *Laus Deo!* for I think this will enable our ministers here to walk, on this treacherous element of dress, as on thick ice, not as heretofore on what boys call "kiddly benders." Now that this 4th of July equipment has reached the zenith of its triumph, I am tempted to show that it has its injurious as well as its beneficial influences. But I won't. Let me only say that when worn amid a thousand embroidered red coats, it produces a peculiarity which necessarily gives the very distinction it professes to avoid, and so cultivates in the wearer anything but a plain republican spirit. *Credo experto.*

Both the English engineers are released by the Neapolitan monarch; a fact which may be esteemed

preliminary to his being readmitted to fellowship with France and her ally. Sardinia is, however, very emphatic in demanding the Cagliari, as yet without success.

Parliament has got along with the present ministry thus far pretty well. Prodigious efforts to propitiate members by the attentions and blandishments of private intercourse are obviously unremitting. They will have their effect; and probably that will be first seen in the care with which a test question will be avoided by the extreme Liberals. There will be an adjournment, possibly to-day, to the 12th of April next.

At the Marquess of Salisbury's last night, Sir Charles Lyell informed me that General J. A. Thomas, recently Assistant Secretary of State, had suddenly died in Paris from the effects of a neglected influenza.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 30, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The India bill, introduced by Mr. Disraeli on Friday last, as a substitute for Lord Palmerston's, absorbs attention. It is ascribed to the eccentric talent of Lord Ellenborough, and may be described as a brilliant specimen of imaginative statesmanship:

various, complicated, and incongruous. Some of its features are decidedly republican. It obviously aims to propitiate all sorts of interests, prejudices, and theories. The government is that of a representative council, under a minister of the Crown; and the constituencies are executive, popular, financial, and municipal. A scheme so odd and intricate can hardly commend itself to the gravity of Parliament, and its failure will be the knell of the Derby ministry. As soon as the Easter recess is over, this bill will be treated as *the* great cabinet measure, will be picked to pieces, and probably condemned by an overwhelming vote. Lord Derby will then determine whether to hand the seals quietly back to Lord Palmerston, or appeal to the people by dissolving a refractory legislature. Either course can be sustained by peculiar reasons.

Nothing not military floats now in France. The Duke of Malakoff, even as ambassador here, will be encircled by his aides-de-camp. The English press tries hard to contemplate this aspect of things graciously, but winces in a manner prophetic of early distaste and alienation. It is impossible to be blind to the war-footing on which Louis Napoleon is hastening to place his Empire, or to be deaf to the doctrines preached by his five Marshals at their respective divisional head-quarters. There are gloomy forebodings among the City merchants. Austria characterizes the course of the French Emperor, in

his repressive laws, his numberless arrests, his stringent system of passports, his ubiquitous espionage, and his filling civil posts with soldiers, as dangerous to the peace of Europe.

Sir Colin Campbell is besieging Lucknow with a force of about 50,000, and we are in daily expectation of news of the downfall of that great capital of Oude. It will probably be accompanied by immense slaughter.

It is said from China that Mr. Reed has joined the other plenipotentiaries in moving upon the Emperor at Peking. I am often questioned about our policy in that region; but you have not yet carried out your plan which would enable me to shape an answer.

I have just received the President's letter to the Queen; also the draft in favour of Mr. F. L. Campbell. By-the-bye, the Danish minister has been empowered to receive the money payable on account of the extinguishment of the Sound Dues, and is on the *qui vive* to hear of its arrival.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. LINDSAY, M.P.

London, April 5, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. LINDSAY,

You must not suppose that because I have delayed answering your letter of the 30th inst., I am insensible to its admirable object, your meditated

"History of Shipping." On the contrary, I have been thinking how I could most effectively throw in a mite of assistance as to that portion of your labours which will relate to the United States. Were I at home, in the midst of my own books, I should find no difficulty ; but here I want the familiar instruments of action, and am unwilling to rely on memory.

The British Museum ought, I think, to possess in its library a volume published some forty or fifty years ago, entitled *"Seybert's Statistics of the United States."* If my recollection be accurate, the author devotes several chapters and tables to merchant shipping, bringing down his narrative to a date subsequent to 1800. I knew him personally and well as a friend and associate of my father, and am sure that he enjoyed a high reputation, as a painstaking, discriminating, and trustworthy compiler.

The legislation of the United States, immediately after the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, may usefully be consulted. We then had, at the head of our financial department, one of those leading and powerful minds that never fail to send their practical wisdom down to a distant posterity, Alexander Hamilton. He was indefatigable in putting the new government into operation, especially as to the machinery for the *"regulation of commerce"* exclusively vested in Congress.

In our principal ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, are committees or

boards of trade, emanating generally from the active shipping merchants, who would, I cannot doubt, take pleasure in collecting such local information as you might desire to have.

But I reserve myself for another note after I shall have heard from the United States. In the mean while, I beg you to be assured that I shall take great interest in your arduous enterprise.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 6, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Arago, which quits Southampton tomorrow, is a favourite steamer, or I should be tempted to leave you without a line until Saturday—there is so little worth saying.

Indications are strong that an effort will be made on the India bill to cut short the ministry of Lord Derby as soon as Parliament reassembles. The Palmerstonians have had frequent private meetings; and the "extreme left," or radicals, strongly denounce the scheme of government proposed by Mr. Disraeli. The success of the movement may be doubted, for thus far the cabinet has rather gained ground than otherwise. Observe, however, that they who want to return to office cannot safely allow their adversaries to be gradually creeping into public favour.

A general impression prevails, without any decided cause for it, that an election is not far off. Candidates are being put in train. Should Lord Derby be in a minority on a division in the House, it seems agreed that he will march to the last Tory pitched battle (the Waterloo) by a dissolution.

The fondness of the good Queen Victoria for her handsome and irreproachable husband remains unabated; and I think it may enter into the propitiatory policy of the present ministry to gratify that conjugal feeling by proposing to Parliament that the former Prince Albert, the present Prince Consort, should be hereafter recognized as King Consort. What her Majesty takes to heart, her devoted subjects, however they may temporarily grumble, will not long withhold; and, as a mere piece of tactics, Lord Derby, as champion of the Queen's private wishes on this score, would not find his strength at the hustings impaired. A petition to Parliament, the natural start of an appeal to popular sentiment, is drafted and seeking signatures. The Prince is not as universally liked as he really deserves to be. He has exhibited great discretion in a very trying position for many years; but he is a German, and much jealousy is cherished as to his absolutist principles and his secret affiliations with the continental Courts. At this particular juncture, his known and busy liaison with Louis Napoleon is regarded with disfavour.

The French Emperor, although his diplomats are sufficiently soothing, takes care to keep alive among his subjects those reminiscences which invigorate their hatred of England. Waterloo, St. Helena, Libels on his great uncle, are common topics. By-and-by he will find it impossible to keep his throne without yielding to the "*vis a tergo*." In allusion to the mission of Pelissier to London, one of his newspaper wags has remarked that at the beginning he said, "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix*," now, by the slightest modulation of tone, he converts it into, "*L'Empire, c'est l'Épée!*" I am told his ambassador will bring in his suite some six or eight of those redoubtable colonels whose recent figures of valiant loyalty so exasperated John Bull.

News from India is daily expected to announce the bombardment and fall of Lucknow. It is, however, but one of a hundred strong fortresses in Oude. The Chinese demonstration, though successful against Yeh, looks, in other and broader aspects, very much like a "fizzle." The Cagliari affair has ceased, by the discharge of the two engineers, to have any English interest; but between Piedmont and Naples it is rankling into bitterness.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Now that we are officially and formally told that the extinction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will be followed by no discontent or protest, might it not be well to effect the abrogation, if possible, by convention? It would seem best to avoid throwing this complicated subject into the House of Representatives for endless debate, as must be done to obtain a statute of abrogation: and I do not see but that a treaty, although the supreme law of the land, may be rescinded by the *modus operandi* in which it was created. This subject reoccurs for reflection, in consequence of a short conversation had with Lord Derby at his reception on the 14th instant. He expressed a wish to know how soon they would be likely to hear of the result of the legislative movement to abrogate; for, said he, "though we make no objection, we should like to be apprised as soon as it takes place." Of course, I could not say when: perhaps a month hence, perhaps more, perhaps less.

You are the best, and indeed the only judges how far it may be prudent to precipitate the annulment of the treaty. There may be something in the actual relations between this government and the Central American States, and in the amount of British naval force present at San Juan or Panama, which may

suggest the expediency of at all events not immediately relieving England from the obligation not to acquire dominion in that quarter. The effect of a sudden push might be inconvenient: and although I can perceive no just reason to apprehend anything of the sort, yet no harm can be produced by treating it as imminent.

The arrival of the Duke of Malakoff, although publicly attributed to other causes, has been delayed by a lady's being obliged unexpectedly to keep her chamber in the hotel of the Embassy. He is now in London.

At the Levée on Wednesday, Baron Brunow said to me that he intended calling on me, with a view to a conversation respecting Russian and American policy towards the Chinese. Here again I experience the disadvantage of not knowing the objects Mr. Reed may have been instructed to pursue. The Baron will doubtless be very communicative, but he will get nothing in return, for I am in the safe position of having nothing to give.

The desire to monopolize the commerce with the western coast of Africa, under the guise of philanthropy, betrays itself more and more every day. They are quite convinced here, by their explorers, geographers, and lecturers, that they are opening a new India in that quarter. The coast will soon be too hot for any trade but their own. Spain is making reclamations like ours, for honest and legal

voyages harassed, impeded, and broken up on the slightest pretexts. No merchants can stand this; and in less than ten years, if these obstacles continue, all but the English flag will have disappeared. Monrovia may enjoy the benefits of a British protectorate.

You can see in the newspapers of this morning the debate in the House of Commons on Lighthouse Dues. I suppose it a result of the dinner caucus of members to which I referred in my letter of the 19th of March last. We are largely interested in the success of the movement. Lord Clarence Paget exhibited great research and ability in his opening speech. Lord Palmerston, though when Foreign Secretary in 1850 he resisted the diplomatic notes of Mr. Lawrence, seemed yesterday a convert.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 23, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

We are now in the enjoyment of the Duke of Malakoff's presence. He is an undersized, chunky, compact, white-haired figure, with a fine dark eye, black and arched eyebrows, jet moustache, and a manner at once tranquil and impressive. Efforts are obvious to give his advent the appearance of popularity. At his residence yesterday, on his return

from the Queen's Drawing Room, a crowd assembled and cheered him. He will doubtless accept the compliment as an ample amende for the acquittal of Dr. Bernard.

This verdict cannot be misunderstood. It has no connection whatever with the evidence on the trial. It is John Bull's natural protest against an excess of Gallicism in the government and at the palace. Had the proof been ten times as pungent and cumulative, the "Not Guilty" would only have been pronounced with tenfold emphasis. A great Law-Lord ascribes it to the republicanism with which the mass of the people are becoming thoroughly imbued. And, notwithstanding all this, the mere mention of the verdict, no matter in what circle it be made, is accompanied by a smile of secret satisfaction!

I think the ministry are gradually getting firmer in their seats. Their movements have, thus far, had lucky results. They have raked Watt and Parke, the engineers, out of the Neapolitan fire. They have adjusted satisfactorily the vexations of the passport system. They have dodged an open breach with France. They have steered their India bill, piloted by Lord John Russell, into smooth *no party* waters. And now Mr. Disraeli, in a speech of clearness and ability, has introduced his Budget, which is praised and accepted by the practical financiers of the City. To be sure, parliamentary reform may almost at any moment rise to alarm them; and if the

Brights, Roebucks, and Milner Gibsons can content themselves with what, on that subject, Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell is willing to concede, then the Derby cabinet must disappear like a whiff of smoke; but there lies the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of the opposition. The extreme Liberals whom I have named want manhood, or universal suffrage, and regard the ballot as a *sine quâ non*. Besides, they begin to look proudly on the ministry themselves; and I doubt whether any effective reconciliation between the disjointed sections of the Liberal party, which does not make Bright and Gibson members of a new government, be at all possible.

The Greek minister, Mr. Tricoupi, has repeatedly begged me to say to you that the gentleman whom the President has appointed consul in his country occupied that post some years ago: that he will undoubtedly be received and treated with the respect and confidence due to the United States: but when he was there before, he did something which obliged the Greek government to complain; and on the present occasion, nothing more is wished than that he should be instructed not to intermeddle in the politics of Greece.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 30, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

There is a current of conversation among politicians leading me to think that a decisive effort will soon be made by the Liberals to eject the present Conservative ministry. The rank and file within, and the editors without, are beginning to reproach Lord Palmerston and his colleagues with too easy an acquiescence in the exclusion of the party. More vigour and readiness to rescue the government are called for. The practical embarrassment in effecting the necessary understanding among the sections of the opposition is the claim of Lord John Russell to the Premiership. Lord Palmerston will not be restored while his restoration requires votes from the Bright and Gibson division; but if this rivalry of the Whig chiefs could, in any way, be surmounted, say by adopting another leader, as Granville or Clarendon, the doom of the Derby cabinet would be immediately sealed.

You will have noticed that Mr. Disraeli, though unexpectedly and admittedly successful with the Budget, has greatly damaged the position of the ministry by his management of the India bill. That measure was timidly sacrificed to a menace from Lord John Russell, and now, this very evening, Sir

Harry Vane proposes to move, and with every prospect of success, that the subject of a new government for India be postponed to the next session. The directors of the East India Company may thus, as I have expected they would, triumph by the quarrels of their assailants.

It is difficult to say in what way the issue will be made up for the final struggle. The gentlemen in power are so concessive, as to make a positive conflict upon a cabinet question hard to bring about. Their adversaries may be obliged to introduce a motion of a want of confidence. Room for such a step is afforded by 1. The weakness shown on the India topic: 2. The implacable spirit against the admission of the Jews into Parliament: 3. The bungling in the War Department as to military commissions: and 4. The general inability or reluctance, springing from internal dissension, to assume and avow a distinct line of policy on any subject.

It is not believed that a disposition exists, either in the two countries themselves or elsewhere, to push the controversy between Piedmont and Naples about the Cagliari to extremities. The point of international law, as to the right of capturing the vessel, is knotty enough to divide professional men of the highest ability and repute. King Bomba will continue to be gracious, as in the cases of Watt and Parke, and liberate the steamer; or the dispute, now the cause of bold and loud words, will be permitted

to "fizzle" out, in subdued tones, at the Paris Conference.

Sir Edward Cust, the Queen's Master of Ceremonies, who carries the warlike title of Major-General, has just put to press a military work to which he is paternally anxious to draw attention. He has begged space in the despatch bag for two copies, one addressed to the President, the other to General Floyd, and you will please to ensure their prompt reception.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 7, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lord Palmerston in opposition is singularly different from what he was as Prime Minister. He has become patient, discreet, and even conciliatory. He helps, with his whole following, Mr. Disraeli, whenever that gentleman is supposed to be in a tight place. He did so to the overwhelming discomfiture of Sir Harry Vane's motion against any present legislation on India government: and only the night before last he repeated the movement, by planting himself and forces under the walls of the cabinet, against which Mr. Gladstone and the Peelites, with Lord John Russell and the Radicals, were briskly aiming an address to the Queen in favour of the union and

independence of the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities! The tendency of this course of party action is to strengthen the roots of dissension among the Liberals. Recently a caucus of these, in number about 120, convened in a committee room, coolly denounced, as unsatisfactory or treacherous, all the Whig leaders of late years; resolving that until the Liberal party could be organized upon a broader and firmer platform, it would be unwise to oust Lord Derby.

The Niagara, with more than 1400 miles of an electric cable on board, will be ready to begin the experimental trip by the close of this month. Captain Hudson goes to Paris this afternoon, and will ascertain what Russian or French guest he is to have with him. He and his officers are all sanguine that the improved machinery will secure success. The melancholy condition of the *Susquehanna* will, it is concluded, prevent her participating in the exploit.

Consider me, my dear sir, as saying all that a modest man ought to say, in acknowledgment for the kind words in your letter of the 15th April, just received.*

Always faithfully yrs.

* The "kind words" alluded to were the following, and they are extracted as the stimulus and apology for the present publication :—

"I thank you very much for your graphic letters. I read them all to the cabinet, where they are listened to with great

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 11, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

We have a second youthful Queen at Buckingham Palace, who received the homage of the diplomatic corps on Saturday last. Her father, here also, is of the multitudinous secondary shelf of royalty, the German House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Some few years ago he abdicated, being too poor to maintain the dignity of independence; and ceding his position, whatever it was, to the King of Prussia, that sovereign dubbed him "Highness," and made him a Prince of his royal family. His daughter, Stéphanie, married by proxy to the King of Portugal, is on her way to Lisbon, and very naturally stops here to make her courtesy to Queen Victoria, the central link of the marriage compact uniting Prussia, England, and Portugal. She is just twenty-one, looks like an unaffected modest American girl, and probably is a little perplexed in thinking that, if the recent attempt to poison hermorganatic better half had succeeded, her position as Queen and yet no Queen, as *civiliter* wife and yet

interest. Your facts and speculations are just what we want, and what we can get nowhere else. I will say to you what I have said elsewhere, that, since the days of Horace Walpole, I have seen no more successful effort of this kind than is furnished by your lifelike correspondence."

religios not wife, would have been rather anomalous and embarrassing.

The struggle between the Lords and Commons on the Oaths bill (properly called the Jews' Admission bill) is ripening to coercive legislation. Lord John Russell, last night, seconded ably and sternly by the late Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, threw the gauntlet of defiance by moving the disagreement to the Peers' amendment of his measure, and his motion prevailed by a heavy majority. There will be a conference; and it is believed that some expedient will spring out of it to enable the hereditary wisdom to succumb gracefully to the elective. I doubt that. Lord Derby and his new Lord Chancellor have taken their stand "*inter apices juris*," and will I think inflexibly wait the "hazard of the die." If so, then will the Commons be invoked to rush into the illegal, and therefore unconstitutional, step of seating the wealthy Jew by a mere resolution of their own, dispensing with the phrase "*upon the true faith of a Christian*." At that point the fight may flag. Men, however disposed to urge into practice the principle of religious toleration, may recoil from the uncertain consequences of a really revolutionary step in parliamentary action. They are not ready to set the precedent of a *single* House of Legislature.

A new and grave topic of political contest has arisen. The Governor-General of India issued, on

the taking of Lucknow, a somewhat ferocious proclamation, confiscating the territory of Oude, with certain exceptions in favour of loyal chiefs and inhabitants. It has been disapproved by the India Directors, and by the President of the Board of Control, Ellenborough, in a manner highly offensive to Lord Canning and his friends. The first effect is a meeting of Liberals at Cambridge House, Lord Palmerston's, on Sunday, the day before yesterday, who seem to have seized upon the occasion as a peculiarly fortunate and promising one for an onset to overturn the ministry. Something will be attempted to this effect on the 13th instant. If it be shown, as vehemently asserted in conversation, that, owing to local ideas, Lord Canning is right and Lord Ellenborough ruinously wrong, then the cabinet ignorance of the true policy towards India, connected with the terrible break-down of their India bill No. 2, may make very dangerous a resolution of want of confidence on the great subject of their Eastern Empire, now uppermost in the thoughts and feelings of the nation. Here is a battery suddenly and indiscreetly provoked to open its deadly fire on an administration already tottering!

I have received a perfectly reliable letter, which has not been sent to you simply because you are worried more than enough already by unimportant matters, complaining that, owing to some irregularities or neglect of the agents you employ, the

books intended by the government for the British Museum very often fail to reach their destination. This is a waste or a misappropriation which perhaps a word from you might arrest.

Our quondam friend, Sir Henry Bulwer, functus as Commissioner to the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, has gone to the Porte, successor to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. This appointment is deemed a good one, and may, in a measure, be traced to the connexion of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, his brother, with the party in power. I have had the good luck to form a pleasant acquaintance with Lord Stratford, and to find that he has agreeable recollections of his stay in the United States, as well as an exalted estimate of the ultimate destiny of our country.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 14, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The specialty of the moment is the ministerial crisis. Mr. Cardwell's resolution, decidedly equivalent to one of a want of confidence, so accepted indeed by both sides, was postponed from yesterday, and will be discussed in the Commons to-night. Lord Shaftesbury has a corresponding motion, though less comprehensive and pungent, with which the Lords will be occupied at the same time. I don't

think hereditary wisdom will be excited to censure by this last, because Lord Ellenborough, against whose indiscretion in giving publicity to his despatch disapproving Lord Canning's proclamation it is particularly directed, has suddenly, obviously to save the cabinet, resigned. But Mr. Cardwell in the Commons is "an ugly customer." He has moulded his missile into a deadly shape: if it hits, it must kill. I had an opportunity last evening, at the Admiralty, to ascertain the forecastings as to the result. All admitted the "tight place" of the ministry. Some affected to regard the self-immolation of Ellenborough as an adequate atonement. The great hope, however, seemed to be in the extreme difficulty if not impossibility of combining a sufficient number of Radicals with the Whigs in the vote. Mr. Bright and Mr. Milner Gibson are, for the emergency at least, in "*entente cordiale*" with the cabinet; but Lord John Russell, though not immovably fixed, is deeply committed against. Gossip says that a perfect reconciliation would be immediately effected between Lord John and Lord Palmerston, and the Liberals at once disperse the Tories, but for certain in-door rivalries, each Lady's conjugal pride claiming the premiership. Those most intimate with the eminent quartette are profound, though probably deluded, believers in that article of secret history.

Possibly to-morrow's *Times* may take you the

finale of the great debate in the very steamer to which I am obliged to send the Bag by 5 P.M., but I doubt its ending so soon; and if it be adjourned beyond Sunday, it may be prolonged to Wednesday the 19th instant. If beaten by a large majority, Lord Derby will probably acquiesce, and retire as promptly as he went in: if the majority be small, or in other respects equivocal, he will resort to a dissolution of Parliament, *should the Queen consent*.

Have you noticed the contemptuous manner in which the Commons treated the amendments made by the Peers to the Oaths bill? A precedent of 1715 has been disinterred, upon the strength of which Baron Rothschild, the Jew bone of contention, without having qualified, but simply upon his electoral return, is sent as a member of the Committee to confer with the Lords! Lord Chelmsford, being a *parvenu* on the woolsack, and full to overflowing in zeal for his new Order, can scarcely articulate his offended dignity.

I sincerely congratulate our whole country, and yourselves especially, upon the news which reached London yesterday of the final votes on the Kansas question.

How odd, that you are still, after the lapse of seven months, as much at a loss to see the special and definite purpose of Sir W. Ouseley's mission as I was when announcing it immediately subsequent to a personal interview with him! Diplomacy brings

reproach upon itself by whatever looks double and disingenuous. Lord Napier labours very hard, and probably controls his real nature, in his explanatory and excusatory note of the 26th April last.

The opposition in Paris have carried their man : and thus, of that representation there are two to one against the Empire.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 18, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

As soon as my despatch bag had been forwarded to Liverpool on the 14th instant, with my letter to you of that date, I hurried to the House of Commons, and sent an aid to witness and report the proceedings of the Lords.

The truth is that more than the usual interest is felt at this legation as to the result of the vote of censure on the present ministry, proposed by Mr. Cardwell in the Commons and Lord Shaftesbury in the Peers. This arises from a strong impression that the gentlemen in power have in twenty various ways manifested towards the United States a more just and conciliatory disposition than was shown by their predecessors.

The debate in the upper chamber closed on the evening it began, with a division of nine in favour of

government: a small majority, which would have been smaller had Lord Aberdeen, with two proxies in his pocket, remained to vote. The announcement was cheered by the opposition, who expected a worse defeat.

In the Commons, the discussion is unfinished, and may be protracted beyond to-night. It was opened with measured care by Mr. Cardwell, who was poorly seconded by Mr. Deasy, and was fortified only when Mr. Lowe and Lord John Russell spoke. The weight of the last against the cabinet was the greater, as his course was ascribed, more or less, to a definite understanding with Lord Palmerston about the future. An adjournment to yesterday was agreed to after midnight. The defence has been marked by great ability and eloquence. Certainly the best speech I have heard in England was delivered by Cairns, the Solicitor-General, who was vigorously aided by Lord Stanley. Yesternight the debate continued until half-past 12, the principal advocates of the censure being Sir Charles Wood and Sir George C. Lewis, and against it Whiteside, Roebuck, and Sir Robert Peel. It was again adjourned, to be resumed this afternoon.

The question *may* be taken to-night, as the Races are attractive: possibly it may be suspended till Friday next: but what is expected to be the result? Judging from the sentiments expressed by the innumerable experts whom I have conversed with,

the result may be considered doubtful: but on the whole I incline to think that Lord Derby must sink under the united pressure of Liberals, Peelites, and crotchety Radicals. Let us hear, however, Palmerston, Gladstone, Graham, and Disraeli. The physiognomical expression of the last, in his seat on the Treasury Bench, imports the agony of crucifixion.

Our grand, full-dress, diplomatic, annual, Birthday dinner came off at the Foreign Office on Saturday last. Everybody, not excluding Mr. Cobb's Commissioner on International Coinage, was in appropriate costume. The *Turkish* ambassador, seated on Lord Malmesbury's *left* (not the *French* on his *right*), toasted the Queen; and shortly afterwards a little epigram in action made me and others smile. Our host had to embrace in one sweeping responsive sentiment the national constituencies of all his guests. He rose, hemmed repeatedly, as Englishmen invariably do when about to speak: "*Messieurs, buvons à la santé des SOUVERAINS* (here his eye became fixed on mine, he paused, hemmed again, and suddenly added), *et aux ÉTATS dont les honorables représentants sont présents!*" Of course, you remember that at such a table, even in London, no tongue can be admitted as either "*à la mode*," or universal, except the French. The Duke of Malakoff, I understand, *can* but *won't* speak the language of this Court.

Lord Derby, if censured, will resort to a disso-

lution; in doing which I am satisfied that, considering the condition of parties, he will act as a leader most unwisely.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 21, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The difference, in respect to us, between the Tory cabinet of Lord Derby and a Liberal Ministry selected and headed by Lord Palmerston, is perhaps distinctly illustrated by the slip which, cut from the Money Article of yesterday's *Times*, is enclosed. Contrasting the recently expressed sentiments of Lord Malmesbury, as to all the southern portion of the North American continent and as to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, with the tone of this piece, it is not difficult to see that whereas the *ins* are frankly favourable to the maintenance of the most pacific relations, the *outs*, now vehemently struggling for restoration, are disposed to pledge themselves to an opposite course. In the existing attitude of things, I cannot wish success to the pending motion of censure upon the government.

That motion is still under animated debate. Its fate will, no doubt, be decided by 2 o'clock A.M. to-morrow morning, and be carried as the latest telegraphic news from Liverpool to Halifax by the

present steamer. I have heretofore thought that it would prevail by so large a majority as would make it idle for Lord Derby to resort to a dissolution. Just now, appearances and impressions run in the other direction; and one cannot help thinking that there is a great probability of Mr. Cardwell's resolution being rejected, or, if carried, carried by so small a majority as would entirely justify an appeal to the people. The defence has been conducted with a striking superiority of boldness, fairness, and ability on the side of the ministers. Two important men, one a Peelite, the other a Radical, Sir James Graham and Mr. Bright, threw their weight into the scale of the government last night. Mr. Roebuck states in private that the censure will be negatived by a decisive vote; but he is a sanguine mutineer in the ranks of liberalism. Lord Palmerston, who exhibits quiet confidence in the result, reserves himself apparently for the final onset of this evening, and will rally his whole party with his accustomed skill. But, "lying low," ready for a spring, is Disraeli, and "keeping dark," to shock by a surprise, is Gladstone.

The electoral triumph of Migeon, in the Haut Rhin department, against the open and peremptory injunctions of the Imperial functionaries, Canrobert, Espinasse, the Minister of Police, and the Prefects, is a manifestation strongly resembling those which first developed the existence of our secret Know-

Nothing. The candidate had neither character, capacity, nor influence; but, without a symptom of organized effort, he is suddenly, as a sign, lifted to alarm Louis Napoleon on the score of his favourite pretence as to universal suffrage. This "portent" occasions much remark.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 25, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The motion to censure the ministry broke down on the very day it was expected to triumph. The adjournment for two days to enable members to attend the Derby gave just time enough for the arrival of explanatory documents from India, which were of a character to make the motion too palpably unjust to be farther pressed. Its withdrawal was loudly called for, and finally took place early in the evening of the 21st instant. Perhaps it might still have been urged to a division, but that there was a grim lion in the way to which the young members were unused, and whose aspect, the more it was looked at, the more terror it inspired. The dissolution of Parliament, positively resolved upon by the Premier, if the attack prevailed, was fraught with so much uncertainty, expense, and trouble, that a large

number, elected scarcely a year ago, could not bear to risk its possibility.

The effects of this abortive impeachment may, I think, be regarded as threefold. 1. It permanently splits, and so kills, the Peelite party. 2. It postpones for a considerable time any farther assault, and will probably involve in that postponement any definite legislation as to India. 3. It goes very far to produce throughout the country an impression that the men at present at the helm understand steering a little better than their opponents, and may be safely permitted to command the ship until some ruder emergency occur. Lord Derby will not be disturbed for a year to come; and the condition of the Liberal party will have to be vastly improved by the sacrifice of personal aspirations and antipathies, before it can disturb him at all. I repeat what I have before said, that I do not perceive as yet the slightest reason why the United States should regret the ascendancy of the existing phase of conservatism here.

At the request of the Royal Geographical Society, I attended their session of yesterday, and received for the Superintendent of your Coast Survey the great Victoria Gold Medal, awarded to him by those learned pundits. It is transmitted in the despatch bag.*

Always faithfully yrs.

* On the delivery of the Medal, the following remarks were addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison :—

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 4, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

You must bear with all due patience my *douche* of despatches by to-day's Bag. If I could only effect thereby a perfect *water-cure*, that is, a perfect relief of the Seas from the constipation of visitation and search, it would rather please me than

Mr. President,—I receive with much gratification, on behalf of my eminent fellow-citizen, Professor Alexander D. Bache, this mark of the approbation of your learned society.

The fame of her sons in the noble brotherhood of science is a most cherished part of my country's wealth and strength; and, as her national representative, I thank you, gentlemen for thus adding to her store.

Professor Bache has for many years discharged elevated, interesting, and arduous duties under the government of the United States. He was specially fitted for these by academical training and successes, by educational labours, by an intellect at once lucid, profound, and persevering, and by an aptitude, not too common with reserved students and philosophers, for practical method and administration. Without adverting to a rich series of prior and of accessory performances, I speak with entire certainty in saying that his chief work (though yet uncompleted), the Survey of the American Coasts, Sounds, and Estuaries, in all their expansion, intricacies, and characteristics, admirably delineated as if daguerreotyped in charts of extraordinary perfection, has earned for him a solid and enduring reputation in this, as in our own, hemisphere.

I believe him, Sir, in every respect entitled to the high honour you confer by awarding this Medal; and am happy in being made by your distinguished association the medium of its safe transmission.

otherwise to pour out a deluge by every opportunity for a month to come. Pray, be enduring. A little while, and that word "*discontinue*," if quietly but steadily used (*à la Poplicola*), will put into the President's bonnet something worth a whole "forest of feathers." The issue has been impudently forced upon us by the sudden and simultaneous spanking of our skippers, and that too under our very nose; and now let Jonathan keep a flock of starlings to iterate and reiterate, at every point of the compass, the cry of "*discontinue*," in every note of the gamut, "*advient que pourra*,"—not "war!" but "*discontinue*!"

You will possibly think this a light mode of treating a grave topic, and not precisely ambassadorial. Well, you are entirely right; but I seek a temporary relaxation from the oppressive solemnity of remonstrance at the Foreign Office, and I cannot but feel how gloriously right you are.

That sweeping search of our shipping at Sagua ought to be, as the French say, *constaté* with greater amplitude and authenticity. It is the grand climacteric, at which every independent nation will startle and mutter "Shame!" The informant of our consul may be mistaken, and the act is so transcendently outrageous as scarcely to be credible from the lips of one man only.

I have a fine group of compatriots here just now—the Aikens, the Fishs, the Fishers, the Sparks, the Tottens; but, alas! like an ill-omened bird whose

shadow deepens the blackness of the storm, onward comes flying the perturbed Senator! This advent is regarded as most unfortunate. Will your minister be countermined? If so, have we not a penalty in the Criminal Code? What says your Attorney-General? If I had a modicum of secret service money, this mole's underground activity might be watched and thwarted. However, a good cause, like good wine, needs no bush. Surveillance is almost as mean as treachery.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has entered the cabinet and taken the Colonies from Lord Stanley, The latter is transferred to the Presidency of the Board of Control. Both must be re-elected; and I tremble for my friend the great novelist. His nerves are strung to the trial, and his address out. Mr. Gladstone, after nibbling at the bait, peremptorily darted off.

While your representative was yesterday distilling his brains to form a decoction at once powerful and palatable for Lord Malmesbury, the Prime Minister of England was dashing away, indifferent to the cares of Empire, at the Ascot Races!

Mr. Locke King succeeded, the night before last, in the House of Commons, in carrying the second reading of his resolution for abolishing the property qualification of members, by a majority of 126. A pretty broad and flat "vestige" or footprint of republican progress! The old fogies of the close-

borough genus, especially of the German order, are stupendously aghast.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 11, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR, .

While I was sending my last despatch on the afternoon of the 8th instant by the Vanderbilt, the Foreign Secretary, on an interpellation by Lord Clarendon, was giving the House of Lords a very cautious insight into the arrangement I had effected with him that morning. This, I presume, you have seen. All right, *as far as it goes*. It made me, however, rejoice to remember that his lordship had himself made a *written minute* of the agreed points. Had these points been less full and distinct, there would have been no agreement at all. His speech bears marks of an apprehension that he will be attacked for having yielded. Our old Palmerstonian haters are said to be already on his track; but they will be kept at bay by the threat of exposing the orders issued to British naval officers by the former government, which are hinted to have involved not merely a search against slave-traders, but one also against William Walker and his associate filibusters. At the royal ball, the night before last, I was assured, with emphasis, by one of the ministry, that he positively *knew* what had caused and motived the sudden

outrages upon our vessels: he did not feel at liberty to communicate it, but it would come out. The men now in power had nothing to do with it. He rather thought too much had been conceded; but, he added, I am content, as, rather than bring our two countries into collision, I would concede a great deal more.

My colleagues of the diplomatic corps have, one after another, expressed their congratulations. They seem to regard with pleasure every check given to the maritime arrogance of England. Even Malakoff said he supposed I was now in good humour, or softened. There is no country in Europe which does not look upon the Right of Search as a weapon in the hands of a single bully; especially since your famous letter which stopped Louis Philippe's signing the Quintuple Treaty.*

* DIARY: July 17, '58.—“At 11 o'clock P.M. went to General Pool's. Here met, for the first time, M. Guizot. A small figure, white hair and crowning scratch, dressed in black, with large star on his left breast, and much activity of manner. His eye remarkably fine and expressive. He boarded me at once with a compliment for having removed the last source of quarrel between this country and the United States. He said he had tried the same thing while here as French Envoy, but could accomplish nothing. It was a great '*résultat*,' and would be felt everywhere. Enquired about the President's health: he had seen him in Paris about two weeks before his final return to America. I shall probably permanently regard this accidental meeting with Guizot as among the most agreeable incidents of my mission to London. However debatable he may be, he has made a strong mark on his times as a statesman and an author.”

We have apprehended some contest with the vessels you have ordered to the West Indies. Although far from afraid to measure swords the third time, I hope, as disclaimer and discontinuance have promptly followed your demand, that we shan't be embroiled just now.

The Niagara left Plymouth yesterday, on the final trial to submerge the cable and unite the two continents. I have my doubts, as the experimental trip had its accidents. We shall know the result in three weeks or less.

Always faithfully yrs.

The "*Minutes*" is as follows:—

"Minute of Conversation between Mr. Dallas and Lord Malmesbury, June 8, 1858.

"Her Majesty's government are not prepared to justify or excuse such acts on the part of their officers as have been complained of by the United States government, if they are truly reported.

"Her Majesty's government recognize the principles of international law as laid down by General Cass in his note of the 10th of April, '58, and that nothing in the Treaty of 1842 supersedes that law.

"Her Majesty's government, however, think it most indispensable, in the interest of civilization and the police of the Seas, that there should be a power

of verifying the nationality of a vessel suspected on good grounds of carrying false colours.

"Her Majesty's government would wish to learn from the United States government their views in detail on this point, in the hope that some mutual arrangement, by way of proceedings to be executed by our respective officers, may be found effective, without being offensive.

"The French have lately proposed and laid down this rule, viz., that a boat may be sent alongside of a suspected ship and may ask for papers, but not, unless invited, board the vessel. Such is our arrangement with France.

"Lord Malmesbury has given Mr. Dallas a copy of our instructions to our officers. Pending our negotiations on the above point, orders will be given to discontinue search of American vessels."

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 22, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The two principles of the Manchester men—peace at any price and anti-slavery—came into conflict on our subject, and you will see by the debates that the latter has been made to kick the beam. Mr. Bright, their leader, will not consent to force philanthropy down revolting throats at the point of the sword.

You will have noticed that the ministry of Lord Derby has continued in the groove of good luck. They obtained, on demand, £3000 for Watt and Parke, and, without any demand, the Cagliari for Piedmont. This sort of fortune imparts a prestige which is often equivalent to actual strength. Lord Malmesbury in addressing Carafa seems to have taken a leaf from our book.

English ill-will on the subject of the slave trade takes a strong direction against France. In the recent discussion of the Lords, language of bitter blame was not spared. It will farther concentrate there, when the letter of Mr. Cobb to the Collector of Charleston becomes known. The press here is in the habit of saying that we secretly import slaves through Cuba: the Secretary nails the falsehood on the front, and I shall try to have it generally seen. "No admittance here!"

Much is printed, and more spoken, about the quiet armament of France. In private circles anxiety and suspicion are apparent. Each neighbour is on the look-out—Belgium, Austrian Italy, and England.

Nothing yet from the squadron engaged on the sub-Atlantic cable. Indeed, as they start the submerging in mid-ocean, we cannot hear anything with certainty before the way is completed by attaching one end at Valentia. The Foreign Secretary and I have interchanged notes preparatory to the trans-

mission of messages. If it succeed, however, this will be rather late notice to you.

There is a vague rumour that the Emperor is somewhat dissatisfied with his Ambassador in London : that this great functionary has shown towards the Duke d'Aumale too warm a sense of Algerine reminiscences, quite an inconvenient explosion of old companionship : that, besides, his *brusquerie* among the ladies of the Court has occasioned some extravagant scenes ; and, in fine, that he himself feels like a fish out of water, and longs to return to his Parisian element. "*Se non è vero,*" etc.

The heat has been more oppressive than any I have before known here. Thermometer in the shade 91° and 92°. The effluvia from the Thames alarms Parliament and threatens disease. There is, however, enough unfinished public business to keep the session going for at least another month. Lord Derby has been incapacitated by illness for attendance during a week past.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. SAWARD.

London, June 22, 1858.

SIR,

I will thank you to present to the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company my cordial acknowledgments for the case of specimens of the component

parts of their cable, which you were kind enough to send me yesterday. It is a most interesting and highly appreciated memorial of a vast undertaking, whose success will be hailed with exultation by all civilized humanity.

Accept the assurance of my sincere esteem.

Most respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 25, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Bishop of Oxford's hereditary horror of slave-trading has drawn the House of Lords as it were to the confessional, and they have made a clear breast of it as respects the coolies. The middle passage was nothing worse than the accurate exposures of Lord Carnarvon. Here was a vindication of America for you! Here was something with which Walewski might unanswerably twit the expounders of the "modern requirements of a higher morality!" Nothing was left to the magnates but to get angry with themselves and the rest of mankind; and certainly the language of Earls Grey and Malmesbury, of Brougham, Clarendon, and others, exhibited unsparing and indiscriminating rage. It is quite interesting to note the ferocity of the attack upon the great ally whom their post-prandial eloquence is apt to make an idol of. The British Peers and the Pu-

risian press are interchanging a brisk fire of "*falsehood*," "*infamy*," "*hypocrisy*," "*barbarity*," "*murder*," and other equally courteous accusations. Of course, an occasional shot strays to the United States; but, like eels, we are used to skinning; and, on the whole, the two new targets, Spain and France, have been much worse riddled than we. That affair of the Regina Coeli, in which the *fettered free labourers* rose upon the crew and butchered all but the surgeon, is not without its parallel on our record. Lord Brougham, like Mr. Adams, thought the "killing no murder."

Notwithstanding all this, the Duke of Malakoff, the day before yesterday, at the Lord Mayor's dinner to her Majesty's ministers, was embalmed in unguents of flattery and applause! There is an inexplicable subserviency to the alliance, which may possibly outlive fanatical anti-slavery; rival pretenders just now.

The horrible condition of the Thames, aggravated by unusually hot weather, is the universal town talk. The parliamentary windows, overlooking the wide-spread flats of poisonous filth at low tide, have to be tightly closed; and so the heat becomes in its turn insufferable. The sickening odours, however, cannot be excluded from the passage ways and committee rooms, and these furnish a second-hand supply to the Lords and Commons. Perhaps the matter may be exaggerated by those who want to adjourn.

Nothing yet from the Atlantic Telegraph Squadron.

We ought to hear in a week. I reminded the Foreign Secretary by note of the preparation made last year for inaugurating the cable by messages between the Queen and the President, and, at his request, sent him a copy of what Lord Clarendon had intended should be the first transmitted. He will probably use it, if he have a chance, and of that you will be apprised before receiving this letter..

Always faithfully yrs.

TO LORD MALMESBURY.

London, July 2, 1858.

MY DEAR LORD MALMESBURY,

Your message of last evening will be forwarded to Valentia without delay.

I *hope* it may be in time to inaugurate the work, and yet I *fear* it will have to wait another year or two. Shoals of my countrymen, arrived by the last steamers, represent the weather to have been very unpromising, if not unmanageable.

Always faithfully your lordship's

Most obedient servant.

TO MR. SAWARD.

London, July 2, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Conforming to the course intended to have been pursued last year, I transmit to you the en-

closed from the Foreign Office, containing the message which it is desired may be the *first* or inaugurating one sent across the Atlantic to the President of the United States, as soon as the communication is established. Pray let me hear of its safely reaching your hands, and should any unexpected circumstances prevent the attainment of its object, you will oblige me by returning the package unopened. Ardently wishing success to your great undertaking,

I am very faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 6, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I put into the Bag to-day a long narrow box addressed to Mr. Cobb, which I will thank you to have sent to the Treasury Department. It contains drawings of the life-boat preferred in this country, and which the Duke of Northumberland, on behalf of the Society over which he presides, wishes to engage the attention of our government. I enclose also copies of the two letters written upon the subject.

They are still fashioning upon the parliamentary anvil a government for India. Perhaps, as the bill was last night ordered to be reported to the House, it will soon be adopted and sent to the Lords. That job accomplished, there will be great anxiety to ad-

jour, as the Thames continues to throw out a most disturbing effluvia.

Her Majesty has gone to Osborne ; and, as soon as Parliament disperses, designs visiting Germany, expecting to meet her daughter the Princess Royal at Cologne.

I am hoping to receive by the steamer which will be due the day after to-morrow, a despatch from you on the subject of the "*Minute*:" for although I have been apprised of its safe arrival, my solicitude is not quite extinct, and will not be until I hear from you.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Queen must, of course, keep her engagement with the Emperor, to grace the festivities at Cherbourg, by a short stoppage on her way to Cologne, and so, perforce, Parliament *must* adjourn before the 4th of August. It is easy to create a necessity, when the moors are attractive and the Thames offensive. You hear a grumbler, now and then, like Mr. Charles Villiers, while he throws an angry glance across the Channel towards the frowning fortification, ask, "Why does her Majesty go rejoicing *there*?" But such rough notions and suspicious jealousies are injurious to the alliance ;

and, though deeply felt in honest humbler classes, are repudiated by Court and ministry.

It is difficult to avoid seeing how closely the ties are drawing between Russia and France. The meeting at Stuttgart is fructifying fast. The night before last, while "assisting" at a ball in the hotel of the Russian Embassy, I stood for five minutes ruminating before two magnificent full-length portraits, just put up, of Louis Napoleon and Eugénie! *Ex pede Herculem*. Nothing in themselves; only, going back for a couple of short years, one thinks of the ants in amber, and wonders "how the devil they got there." The recent flagrant massacres of Christians at Jidda, and in Candia, by Mussulman mobs, may give rise to a fresh enquiry about the condition of "the sick man," under a new combination of the consultative faculty.

You will have noticed how exceeding angry, indeed irrepressibly furious, Spain has been at the language used in the House of Lords, and especially by the Earl of Malmesbury, on her slave-trade connivances. A word, said the *Times* in reply, from his lordship, would give Cuba to the United States. The Thunderer, indeed, seems so exasperated that he has been known to insist in private, as well as preach in public, that the fanatics against the traffic can best and easiest extinguish it by transferring the jewel of the Antilles to the zone of Columbia. Mr. Cobb's letter, prohibiting the desired clearance

for a vessel avowedly destined to bring a return cargo of Congo free labourers, has produced an agreeable surprise. It could scarcely at first be credited as anything but an elaborate and ingenious hoax—like Locke's wonders of the Moon—but it crept into the *Globe*, and is producing much sober thought.

Accounts from India are bad. The mutiny is spreading through all the Central districts. The numbers and resources of the rebels seem constantly on the increase. The scorching heat is decimating the European forces. A speculation admits as far from impossible that their armies may be driven for refuge, and be besieged in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, there finding safety in their inexhaustible navy. It would be a curious fact if, as the Lords finish the Government of India bill, they perceived that there was no India to govern! Yet, it is within the range of possibilities, or, as gamblers say, "within the cards." Their total effective strength has dwindled to 26,000 men.

The President has failed to receive the sub-Atlantic message of the Queen. The fates are averse. All the elements, above and below, combined against it. A more fearful storm than that which separated the vessels and enraged the sea, cannot well be imagined. It is a miracle that the *Agamemnon* survived. And yet the tempest is not the gloomiest occurrence of the abortive effort. There is a sad sense of a mysterious and unfathom-

able agency of some sort in the "lowest deep," which takes the liberty, at discretion, to treat the cable as a thread of sand; separating, perhaps dissolving it, without any kind of warning and at the most promising moment! Here is a problem which may baffle even Lieutenant Maury, unless some modern Empedocles will do the world the favour to engage the Nautilus, and dive three miles to verify the sub-aqueous facts. It is a terrible lion crouched in the pathway of the spark.

No doubt you are suffering from incessant toil and a burning sun, and I would not have my solicitude relieved at the cost of a single additional grain to your heap of troubles. Only bear with me while I say that you have had that little "*Minute*" about visit and search ever since the 21st of June, or twenty-five days, without a word to say what you think of it. Mr. Fitzgerald, to be sure, has eased me off in some measure by reading to the House of Commons Lord Napier's official narrative of his interview with you on the subject. But I had rather get a monosyllable from yourself than a quarto from his lordship. I have a faint hope that the Persia, due to-morrow, may be freighted with a line for me.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The day after the departure of the Europa I received, as was expected, your welcome letter of the 1st July, by the Persia.

The generous notice you take of my course in bringing about the abandonment of the vexed and vexatious pretension of visit and search, is most valued because it assures me of your continued friendship. I did my best in seizing the occasion; but what would that have availed without the firm attitude and language of the President, and your overwhelming letter to Lord Napier of the 10th of April? Armed with such weapons as these, almost self-acting, it was enough to follow the injunction "*Carpe diem*," and point them at the adversary.

I do not think it enters into the policy or character of this government or people ever to resume an international doctrine which they have once formally surrendered. They fight to the last for a false position which props a bad practice, but the instant they give it up, they rather hurry to deny they ever took it. This is a result of an exorbitant self-respect, the rivalry of political factions, and a quickly detective press. Hence, I did not anticipate that the "*Minute*" of what was settled at the

interview between Lord Malmesbury and myself on the 8th of June, could occasion doubt or misgiving. When those big fates, commonly called big wigs, the "law officers of the Crown," harmonized with Lord Derby's policy, and made a clean breast by honestly and frankly avowing the soundness of your public law, visit and search fell dead, and went to that bourn whence no mere expedient subtleties ever return. Peaceful resurrection is impossible. As to war, its chances, instabilities, and vainglorious fruits are proverbial; and were force ever resorted to to restore a disclaimed principle, all we could do—and that is the *ultima securitas*—is to invoke Shakespeare and cry, "Lay on, Macduff, and d—d be he who first cries hold, enough." England will never try our mettle again; and least of all on this confessedly untenable pretence.

The Atlantic Cable Squadron are out again on their desperate enterprise. None but enthusiasts look for success. They left Queenstown on Sunday last, and we may hear of them again in ten days.

The Queen's visit to Louis Napoleon at Cherbourg, like that of Sheba to Solomon, will be an affair of much ostentation. Her Majesty proposes to have a train of ministers, peers, and members of the House of Commons, flounced off by a fleet of some twenty ships of war! Newspapers affect great indignation at her going, and have urged a "town meeting" to stop her. When Victoria once an-

nounces her purpose, after accepting an invitation, all that's left is to shrug one's shoulders and make the best of it. A resolution against Her Majesty would be hooted down even in "Rag Fair."

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 30, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will have noticed that Lord Lyndhurst, in asking for a production of papers on Monday, the 26th instant, prefaced his capital speech by quoting from the *Times* report of my remarks at our 4th of July celebration here.* Those remarks *had*

* The report in the *Times* of the 5th of July, '58, was as follows:—

"His Excellency Mr. DALLAS rose to acknowledge the toast, and was received with loud cheers. He said,—Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens, I had promised myself, in consequence of continued ill-health for some time past, to abstain from anything so exciting as public speaking; but it is, unfortunately, the 4th of July (*laughter and cheers*), and I find it impossible to remain silent on such a day after you have received the mention of my humble name so kindly and so cordially. A few years ago it would have been thought discourteous and intrusive had one or more American citizens ventured upon the celebration of the 4th of July, 1776, in the great city of London. The old wounds were still fresh, old feelings still survived, and the citizens of the United States who were here had the good taste as well as the forbearance not to do that which might have been misconstrued, so as to be disagreeable to those among whom they were

their purpose, and have attained it. The slight doubt hinted in some newspapers, as to the extent of the renunciation on the boarding question, and the

residing. (*Hear, hear.*) But now, gentlemen, we feel much more at ease. The principles of the American revolution have gone on conquering and to conquer. (*Cheers.*) They have received the approbation, cordially but certainly, of all the wise and good in England, as well as in the United States. They have become perfectly well understood—they have beaten down the impressions of hostility which, being misunderstood, they originally created. The principles of the American revolution are acceptable here as they are at home. (*Cheers.*) The men of our heroic days—our Washingtons, our Jeffersons, our Madisons, and our heroes in the battle-field, are known now in England almost as well as they are in the United States, and are honoured as much here as there. (*Cheers.*) The progress, then, of the principles of the Revolution of the United States has been striking, and has produced that to which I have already adverted—the propriety of our meeting to celebrate the origin of those principles in London as well as elsewhere. (*Hear, hear.*) Do not for a moment suppose that I am availing myself of a detached part of the toast just given in order to draw the conclusion that the recognition of those principles has been brought about in any degree by the diplomacy of the United States. (*'Hear,' and a laugh.*) The truth is—and you are, perhaps, not aware of the fact—that we have no American diplomacy. (*A laugh.*) In England and on the Continent diplomacy is a life-long career. With us it is nothing of the sort. American diplomacy, compared to European diplomacy, may be likened to the militia, as contrasted with the regular army. (*Laughter.*) To be sure, in the United States, from the outset, we have always had a partiality for the militia. (*Hear, hear.*) Our first military achievements were gained by men among whom were some of the rawest possible militia. (*'Hear,' and a laugh.*) And it has so happened, probably by accident, that our militia has over and over again proved equal to the best regulars of Europe. (*Cheers.*) It is in that way, perhaps, that the

reticence of ministerial M.P.s when interpellated, seemed to make it important that the exact character of what had been done should be fixed before

diplomacy of the United States has been able to do something towards giving expansion and popularity to the principles of the American revolution. Although our Ministers abroad have been drawn from the ranks of private and professional life, on very many occasions, at the most distinguished Courts of Europe and throughout the world, in conflict, or rather in argument with the most refined diplomatists of any country, those militia-men of diplomacy have achieved remarkable success. (*Hear, hear.*) I might refer, if I were disposed to empty upon you the archives of the American Legation here or elsewhere (*a laugh*), to many striking instances of this kind; and as I propose to conclude my remarks by suggesting a particular name to your approbation, it may be proper to say that the list of our American diplomatists, beginning with Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and William Pinkney, includes a long array of illustrious 'militiamen diplomatists,' who have left behind them a record of the most glowing and gratifying character. (*Cheers.*) At this very Court some of my predecessors may be compared to the very best of the drilled cohorts of European diplomacy. There is one little comment which is, to a certain extent, connected with American diplomacy, on which I will say a word. You know that we have recently had some little difficulties on the coasts of the United States and in the West Indian Sea (*hear*)—a matter with which, as one of the militia-men in the diplomacy of the United States, I was lately charged. Now, without referring to that question more closely, it is a point which is essentially connected with one of the fundamental principles of the American revolution,—that principle being the necessity of maintaining on behalf of the great American people, as a great community, the independence of their flag. (*Cheers.*) Well, I am not going to argue the question as to visit and search. It has been over and over again, for years back, argued and reargued. But I should like on the 4th of July to announce to my fellow-countrymen that visit and search in

Parliament adjourned, and before the possible contingency of a change from Derby to Palmerston could take place. The post-prandial device worked to a charm; and Lords Lyndhurst and Malmesbury have left nothing to desire in their public and precise avowals. The same thing as to the press. And now England, through her omnipotent Wittenagemote, through all her leading journals, specially the Thunderer and Lord Palmerston's organ, as well as by table oratory, is made to know the identical pretension her government has finally withdrawn from as illegal. After-claps, such as followed the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, are impossible.

By a lucky accident, Mr. John Y. Mason and myself were in the diplomatic gallery when Lord Lyndhurst addressed the Peers. I felt personally a

regard to American vessels on the high seas in time of peace is frankly and finally ended. (*Tremendous cheering, the whole company rising and manifesting the liveliest enthusiasm.*) While, gentlemen, I am able to announce this gratifying fact, I think it ought also to be accompanied by the assurance that the termination of that for which we have struggled for nearly half a century has been brought about with a degree of honourable candour and fair dealing on the part of the British government which is worthy of every acknowledgment on our part. (*Loud cheers.*) With a view to draw these remarks to a close, I beg leave to offer you as a toast the name of one of the earliest representatives alike of the principles of the American revolution and of the Constitution of the United States—I mean Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence. (*Loud cheers.*)

“The toast was drunk in solemn silence.”

little awkward at being present to hear my own name mentioned: but the gratification of your Parisian representative at the force and lucidity of the Sage of eighty-seven years was unmeasured. It was, indeed, a rare realization of Homer's Nestor, and it beat down the assault of mere party.

Cherbourg will throw into shade the Field of Golden Cloth. But her Majesty will not, as has been erroneously rumoured, be escorted by a large fleet; nor will her subjects cease to grumble or soon forget this her first omission to uphold their national pride. Lord Derby did not foresee or he would have deprecated an invitation. As it is, "there's nothing left for it!"

The American horse "Charleston," running for the Goodwood Cup, has been terribly beaten, coming in only 7th. The Niagara and the electric cable are unheard of since leaving Queenstown for a re-trial. The driving current of American travellers to the Continent knows no abatement. It is a social phenomenon.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, August 6, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The salvoes of artillery at the meeting of the Sovereigns yesterday in the basin of Cherbourg

were drowned by the sudden and unexpected annunciation that the Atlantic cable was laid! All London is in a tumult of surprise and exultation. The stock, which two days ago stood at £200 or £300, has with the quickness of its own electric fluid risen to £800 or £1000. New Columbia (Frazer's river) is at once, to the great relief of Sir E. B. Lytton, brought within hailing distance. I hope the Secretary of the Company, to whom it was specially confided, has not failed to transmit to the President the inaugurating message of the Queen. The reply ought to reach us to-day!*

* The telegrams here referred to were the following: they were undated, but were interchanged on the 18th and 19th of August, 1858:—

1.—*From her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to his Excellency the President of the United States.*

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the greatest interest. The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervent hope that the electric cable, which now already connects Great Britain with the United States, will prove an additional link between the two nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus directly communicating with the President, and in renewing to him her best wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

2.—*The President of the United States to her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain.*

Washington City.

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of her Majesty the Queen on the occasion of the great international enterprise accomplished by the skill, science, and indomitable

I received on Sunday last an exceedingly interesting letter from Mr. W. B. Reed, written on the very day, the 20th May, of the taking of the Chinese forts at the mouth of the Peiho by the allied squadrons. He appears to have acted with great judgment and forbearance; and yet perhaps the vigorous movement of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in pushing nearer to Peking may break down oriental form, and incline the brother of the Sun and Moon to be as courteous and kind to the Earth as are his relatives. Mr. Reed kept pace with the advance, a mediating pacificator always at hand. The complication is delicate and very interesting; and our representative expresses a doubt where it will end: possibly in territorial acquisition by one or the other of the allies.

Was there ever any paper so wretchedly devised and penned as the speech on the prorogation? And yet there are in the ministry Bulwer Lytton,

energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by a conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this view will not all the nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be for ever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the place of their destination even in the midst of hostilities?

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Disraeli, Stanley, and Cairns! It must have been left to the bewildered cookery of a Law-Lord.

Mr. Miller, our Despatch Agent, whom I had desired to keep a sharp look-out for the Blue Book promised by Lord Malmesbury on the boarding question, informs me that he has ascertained it will not appear before the next session. There is an habitual, and often an inexplicable fondness for procrastination: they don't think it the *thief* but the *physician* of Time. Possibly, on this occasion, discreet views of party popularity suggest the expediency of extending the record.

You have no doubt remarked the interest attached to a recent and absorbed interview between the French Emperor and the Sardinian Prime Minister, Cavour. The general impression forecasts a breach with Austria and the Unity of Italy. As this country may probably side with Austria, hence the expediency of having Cherbourg in the rear, more as defensive and a refuge than a measure of invasion.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe returns to Constantinople. *Pourquoi vient-il, l'enragé?* asks Thouvenel. His lordship says, to take leave of the Sultan; others intimate, to teach, as privy councillor, the Divan how best to act in existing difficulties. *Perhaps* Sir Henry Bulwer has missed a figure somewhere, and made the temporary presence of De Redcliffe necessary.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, August 13, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nothing exceeds the desertion of London—except the crowds in the streets. The heat, the odorous Thames, the Royal Highnesses in Prussia, and the whirring grouse of Scotland, are fast depopulating all the great squares and abandoning the parks to the million. The clubs are vacant. The theatres slam to their doors. Science closes her lecture-rooms, and Art wraps her galleries in muslin. Even the Press, the Metropolitan Press, unheard-of thing! is somniferous and stupid. In such a state of affairs the affairs of State are apt to sympathize, and the despatch of a diplomat takes irresistibly a turn of tameness. I doubt much whether this my weekly missive don't fall sound asleep.

It would seem that Lord Elgin and Baron Gros have a fair prospect of demolishing the Great Wall. They are comfortably seated at Tien-Tsin, about sixty miles from Peking, in daily communication with a new Grand Commissioner clothed with the indispensable full powers; they have propounded their ultimatata; and they give infinite persuasion to these by the display of 2500 European soldiers before 300,000,000 of Asiatics! Mr. Reed and Count Putiatin follow the belligerent Admirals in a Russian vessel called the *America*, with their respective flags

flying, steadily prepared to join the triumph and partake the gale! It is difficult, with our "western" habits of thought, to realize this extraordinary invasion of the oldest and hugest existing empire on earth. And yet there they certainly do go; winding their diminutive cavalcade through river and canal towards the Imperial Palace, with that sort of audacious indifference to the Chinese that Cortez exhibited to the Aztecs!

Parties here are at odds about the character which the parliamentary and official measures of the ministry ought to bear. Well! as a stranger, a mere looker-on, I can judge impartially. Lord Derby has shown wisdom, tact, and statesmanship, far beyond what was expected from him, and the natural result is a corresponding triumph over public opinion. The spirit of exterior conciliation is quite distinct. He soothes and satisfies everywhere: France, United States, Naples. At home, he has ceased to fight with the age, concedes more liberally than he ever promised, accepts the Jews, abolishes property qualification, contemplates manhood suffrage if not the ballot, gives a government to India, and makes an acceptable budget! Surely, there is nothing equivocal in these traits of a six months' policy; shown, too, in the midst of difficulties, which might have provoked their angry relinquishment without exciting surprise. I have no tendencies to what is called Toryism (perhaps you know that without my

telling it!), and I may rather fall short of than exaggerate the merits of the Premier and his colleagues. If—as some anticipate, especially since that passage of the Queen's speech read on prorogation, which refers to the exercise of members' *influence* during the recess—a dissolution be attempted in the spring, it would not surprise me to find the new House of Commons more disposed than the present one to sustain the existing government.

We are having hourly messages from the Niagara, but none yet from the office on shore.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, August 27, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR.

Note, that Marshal Pelissier is about marrying. At Cherbourg the predestined couple met for the first time. "*Mons. le Duc*," said the sovereign, Eugénie, "*prenez la main de la Comtesse Paniéga pour le souper ; eh ! pourquoi pas pour la vie ?*" and so, we shall have a Duchess added to our corps in less than a fortnight. Malakoff is affectedly pitied as a victim, though sixty-two: his intended being thirty and surpassingly lovely.

Count Persigny deems it necessary to spread more sail. He would probably like to regain his diplo-

matic residence in London. So he has made a long speech at the Council General of the Loire, in which he reminds the world that he was among the first to attach himself to the fortunes of Louis Napoleon, and that the French and British alliance is essential to the interests of both nations. Although he used some very offensive words in addressing the Lord Mayor after Orsini's attack in February last, yet, take him for all in all, he is rather a favourite here.

Royalty has periodical fits of peripatetic restlessness. Just now the great thrones are vacated. France, Russia, England, Prussia, Spain, Holland, have their monarchs wandering. Queen Victoria returns from her trip to Potsdam during the next week, and will hold a Privy Council at Osborne on the 2nd September.

Lord Elgin has effected his objects;—opened China to commerce and Christianity, got an indemnity of \$6,000,000, and made Peking a residence for foreign diplomats and consuls. Such at least is the credited news from St. Petersburg. It is understood that the quiet Putiatin has dexterously managed to obtain great advantages for Russia. France claims a large half of the "glory" of the enterprise.

The Conferences at Paris have closed. The details of the arrangement respecting the Danubian Principalities have not transpired. Generally it is said the Suzeraineté of Turkey is maintained: Wallachia and Moldavia are each to have a Hospodar elected for

life, and a separate legislature: on what points a junction is effected, whether ecclesiastical, judicial, or electoral, don't appear yet. It is strongly illustrative of the irresistible tendency of the age that these consultative agents of despotic powers could come to no result but one essentially republican.

Doubts are whispered as to the state of France. The steadily continuing transportations of squadrons of "suspects" to Cayenne, indicate a widespread discontent, and must aggravate, not repress it. Your old assailant Lord Brougham, in the course of a long call with which he honoured me, expressed serious anxiety as to what might soon follow. By-the-bye, after all his termagant fury against your defeat of the Quintuple Treaty, he has come round to your letter of the 10th April last, and says that visit and search are the same, both against the law of nations, cannot be forced, but he hopes a succedaneum may be devised by negotiation. A few firm phrases in the President's message will place "The Police of the Seas" beyond the reach of the hand of resurrection.

Lord Derby obtained the prompt consent of her Majesty to the publication of the telegraphic messages between herself and the President. They appeared in the *Times* and other journals of the 23rd instant. The contrast between the manner in which the success of the cable has been treated here and in the United States, is very marked and strange.

Except at the first surprise, and in the rise of the company's stock, nothing symptomatic of enthusiasm has broken out; not even a dinner! Some hyfalutin articles got into a paper or two—obviously, however, more inspired by pique against the glorification at Cherbourg, than by joy over the wire. What is the cause of this difference? Is it that your ecstasy arises from an instinctive consciousness that the cable will be a medium for propagating quickly and directly your swelling thoughts? of indoctrinating this old continent with your principles and aspirations? There is vastly more in it, rest assured, than trade, and peace, and fraternity. If not, why is the lion tame and tranquil, while the eagle is huzzaing in the clouds?

I am meditating a short visit to Tunbridge Wells with my family, to give opportunity for certain repairs and improvements in the house I occupy. If I do not write as often as before, ascribe it to this and to the intolerable dulness of everything in London.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 10, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

An annoying uncertainty lingers about the Atlantic cable. It has stopped speaking; and White-

house, the electrician who has heretofore taught it speech, ascribes its present dumbness to some injury inflicted upon the small line of wire by the violence of the sea off the Irish coast. He applied a remedy once, and can, he thinks, apply another; but then, men of science are akin to poets, the *genus irritabile*, and the cluster around the telegraphic instruments have got squabbling. The physician who cured the disease was dismissed as soon as he succeeded; but now comes a fresh attack, and he won't stir unless soothed by ample reparation. If the Professor be not promptly propitiated the mischief may get beyond the power of repair; and then, how idle the conflagration of the City Hall!

The cable's rival, Cherbourg, the "*standing menace*," seems to have won the day. John Bull is still loquacious about the splendour of that spectacle, and harps, at political meetings and dinners, about its incidents and meaning. He comforts himself, under the warnings of Roebuck and Lindsay, by preaching faith in the alliance, by mounting a few enormous cannon pointed in the direction of the French fortification, and by frequent iteration of "Forewarned, forearmed!" But the old gentleman cannot divest himself of uneasy feelings; and a stern determination is everywhere evinced that Parliament, at its next session, must not lose an hour in strengthening the defences of the country. In connection with this, observe that Paris is flooded with anti-Anglican

pamphlets, fostering and augmenting every sort of national prejudice: and remember that the completion of Cherbourg places a weapon in the restless hands of the metropolitan blouses which they will long to try. Should the army, to whom Louis Napoleon has undoubtedly pointed the way to England, become infected by the same popular yearning, nothing is left for it but a trial, either with or without his Imperial Majesty. You may have noticed that a wag, during the magnificent pyrotechnics, construed the initials N. E. (Napoléon, Eugénie) and V. A. (Victoria, Albert) as an implied compliment to the Czar on the NEVA. Who knows?

The news from China is not yet definitive. No doubt, however, is entertained that Lord Elgin has accomplished all that mere treaties can secure. I have just received an interesting letter from Mr. Reed, dated at Tien-Tsin on the very day, the 18th June, on which he signed his own treaty, which he describes as entirely satisfactory. I should judge from what he says, that he and the British Plenipotentiary have not harmonized. Some supercilious flings have already appeared in the newspapers here, against the American mode of getting honey without working for it, which are perhaps distillations of diplomatic ill-humour.

Much noise is just now occasioned by a Protest or Remonstrance against the intolerance of Sweden for having driven into exile some half-dozen converts to

the Roman church. The paper, signed by the great body of ecclesiastical dignitaries, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was formally sent to Count Platen, the Swedish minister at this Court; and his reply to it is at once curious and dignified: curious, as it explains the intolerance to be the law, which the legislature will not, though pressed by the Sovereign and Court, change: and dignified, as his Excellency plainly intimates the impropriety of one country meddling with the institutions of another.

Permit me to offer to yourself and your daughter my sincere felicitations upon the event which I see announced in the public papers.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

My despatch by this Bag will lead you to speculate as to what may be the possible objects of Lord M.'s sudden eruption. It may go farther than it has gone. Whether the deficiency of party capital be felt and must be made up; or whether it be conceived necessary to "tack ship and about" on the visit question; or whether the everlasting dripping of fresh reclamations for "outrages" has wrought what the French term "*un accès de fièvre*;" or whether the atmosphere of Potsdam exerted an un-

wholesome influence; or whether, after all (for Oxenstiern found the world very contemptible), there be at bottom meaner promptings than these,—let us leave the future to disclose. As for my own action, it lies plainly before me, and I have to make it clear by quietly repelling encroachment, preserving both temper and dignity.

Mr. Rücker, the minister of the Hanse Towns, who, by-the-bye, has greatly lifted his mission by marrying an exceedingly pretty and most fashionably toiletted wife, has once more begged me to intrude the “Stade Dues” upon your notice. Europe is not unwilling, on some topics, to *feel* us on this side of the Atlantic. The House of Commons has had its committee, a copy of whose report I send you. Is it worth our while to take, as respects our treaty with Hanover, the course England is taking with hers? One word in reply, to assuage the solicitude of the Hanseatic diplomat.

Russia has, with aly insinuating softness, nestled herself at Villafranca with Sardinia. She has bought a steam navigation depôt on the shores of the central sea—and already England foresees naval rivalry, and is, of course, vehemently excited. Lord Derby will be interpellated to explain how he happened to be thus outwitted. But the step was, it is said, accompanied by political engagements of much significance—Russia promising to aid Piedmont should she be assailed by Austria.

Another letter from Mr. Reed, dated at Tien-Tsin 1st July last. The airs played off by the British Peer among the effeminate Orientals are approvingly described in the *Times*; Mr. Reed speaks of them in a wholly different strain.

The Cable don't speak; the cause is yet undetected, not "*in nubibus*" but "*in profundis*;" and the electricians are at loggerheads. Everybody looks blank, and croakers are beginning their bull-frog songs with, "Well, you know I always doubted!" The absolutely perfect isolation which it is necessary to secure for the wire through the whole 2000 miles may remain for a short time; but can it, in reason, be expected to last amid the lashings, grindings, abrasions, and corrosions of our stormy sea?

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 23, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nothing more from Lord M. after the lapse of ten days; so I suppose he may be considered as persuaded that "Her Majesty's Captains who visit suspected vessels" may sometimes be handled without kid gloves, and yet no offence be justly taken.

Mr. Bradley, our consul at Ningpo, who accompanied Mr. Reed up the Peiho, passed through London to Galway, bearing with him our Chinese

Treaty. He must reach you some days before this note. Lord Elgin is much eulogized, no doubt deservedly, but he has obtained nothing which does not enure to the equal advantage of the United States, and there are stipulations in Mr. Reed's treaty which they are here congratulating themselves will, under the most favoured clause, enure to the benefit of England.

Lord Brougham has made a most elaborate and unreadable speech on the occasion of inaugurating, the day before yesterday, at Grantham, a statue in bronze to Newton. He exhibited his own familiarity with the highest ranges of science, but he does not appear to have, by effective words and generalization, brought into any stronger relief the creative genius of Sir Isaac. There are some fames, such as Johnson considers Shakespeare's, whose adamant nothing can strengthen or impair.

The Premier, apparently sacrificing his stud to his studies, tried a sale by public outcry; but his heart caved in, and he fixed such enormous prices upon his favourites—on one, Toxopholite, 15,000 dollars—that all the really good nags are left upon his hands. He will be obliged to retract his abjuration of the turf. Why, indeed, should a man affect to be what he is not, even though he be prime minister?

Every day gives rise to some new theory as to the cause of the Cable's failure. The last is the least hopeful: it is in the shape of a report from an en-

quiring electrician, appointed for the purpose by the Company. He seems to think that an injury may have been inflicted when the Agamemnon, overrunning her log, unconsciously quit the submarine plateau of Maury ; or, as he intimates, the excessive force with which the fluid was impelled at each extremity may have transcended the ability of the wire to hold it, and so ignited the contiguous coating to a considerable length. At any rate, he doubts whether the fatal wound was given short of 300 miles from shore ; and, since it was given, whether it was by fire, or water, or rock, it may have spread its coils several hundreds of miles. I hope you quite understand this, although it be too erudite for me, partaking as it does of the wild invention and incomprehensibility of Southey's Curse of Kehama. *Vates ambo !*

You must not find fault with the subjects on which I write. At this season I grasp at whatever has any sort of interest. The Atlantic Cable has, besides, risen to be a great political institution, and its flaws have a tendency to check international intercourse and universal civilization ! Ask Mr. Cyrus Field if that be not so. The wits of Paris, after long calling by the name of "canard" any piece of false news, have now christened immortally every signal failure "a cable."

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I avail myself of the steamer City of Baltimore in order to beg your attention for a moment to the subject of the enclosed copy of a letter from solicitors long connected with this legation.

It is quite clear that a sharper has been for some time at work defrauding many of our too credulous countrymen by pretending to have discovered property in this country to which they are entitled; and inducing them to transmit small sums of five or ten pounds to meet the fees and costs of preliminary enquiry. The expediency of a short and prompt notice is suggested; and I submit whether something of the sort may not with propriety be inserted in the *Union* and *Intelligencer*.

The dumbness of the Cable seems alike incurable and inexplicable. Every day brings out a tedious rigmarole of imaginary causes; but as yet no positive action to fix the distance or character of the mischief.

The Queen of Greece has resolved upon restoring the Olympic Games: not, Mr. Tricoupi tells me, on or near Mount Olympus, nor exactly in their ancient simplicity; but on an estate left for the purpose by a private millionaire, near Athens, and much in the form of modern industrial exhibition!

The *very* last *on-dit* about the Prussian crisis seems to be that the Prince has become permanent Regent, the King incurable. When his Majesty dies, it is not improbable that the Regent will abdicate and permit his son, who married *our* Princess Royal the other day, to take the crown.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, October 8, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The rumour of the day is that apology and reparation are to be made for Captain Pullen's bombardment of Jidda! How different this from what would have taken place had Lord Palmerston remained in office may be seen from a characteristic anecdote which I know to be true. His Ex-premier-ship recently met Fuad Pacha, the Turkish plenipotentiary in Paris, who complained to him bitterly of the cruelty of firing upon a defenceless town, especially as the offence given was in train of diplomatic enquiry and reparation. Very harsh and very sad, was the reply: but as the fanatic massacre at the consulate was incontestable, had I been minister I would have ordered the immediate destruction of the town. This goes a little farther than the precedent set at San Juan.

Another long and able report from the electrician

Henley on the Atlantic Cable. He permits a scintilla of hope to survive that, by the use of *his* instruments, the mischief may be gradually remedied. He leans, however, to the opinion that the fault was in the cable when laid, and that it would have been discovered had a proper series of experiments been previously made. There are some subjects on which scientific men seem to delight in theorizing fancifully: the two most attractive just now are the deepest in earth and the loftiest in the heavens—the Cable and the Comet. I am told that the Earl of Clarendon has written a book to prove that this latter beautiful visitor is on an errand to execute the judgment of Daniel and destroy the world! Implicit faith is due to the sacred prophets; the difficulty lies in fallible constructions and calculations by imaginative laymen. However, nothing is too incredible not to have some believers. *Credo, quia impossibile.*

Lord Derby, though physically excruciated by the gout, continues politically in the groove of good luck. The public revenue has augmented beyond expectation. Some, to be sure, predict a deficit of £8,000,000 at the end of the year; but the most sagacious are unable to perceive whence it can arise. The ministry are allowed six months longer life by their sanguine opponents: the lapse of that period brings them to the second month of the parliamentary session, and what may then be the topics of

eventful discussion it is impossible to foresee. Reform will not shake them.

Lord Canning has written a very able defence of his policy against the attack made in Lord Ellenborough's celebrated despatch, condemning his confiscating proclamation. His defence, to be sure, consists more in averments of intention than in denying facts; arguing it to be wise to declare the territorial forfeitures, but not to retain them—to restore or redistribute them.

The Czar says he will visit Paris and London, *if possible*, in the spring. He had better move slowly in the cause of serf-emancipation, or his boyars will make the visit *impossible*. He has been, as it were, "stumping" his empire; and his published addresses are underlaid by an apparent consciousness that the task which baffled his father may endanger him.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, October 8, 1858.

MY DEAR MARKOE,

You never write. The steamers bring me nothing. I hope you are taking your fall trip, for that will be your best apology by giving me the assurance that your health is invigorating.

I suppose an Ex-Premier may be likened to an "archangel ruined," and so, worthy even in his fall,

of some respect. Well! the ladies, by a rapid interchange of notes, so fixed it that we closed our vagabondish month of September by a visit of five days to Broadlands, Lord Palmerston's delightful residence in Hants. What a lovely region of country! That river Test! running at the foot of the lawn, in all sorts of curves, limpid, crystalline, sparkling, murmuring, with the quick-eyed trout stemming its current while seemingly motionless three feet below the surface! The huge elms, with trunks thirty feet in girth; the towering cypresses; the pinnacled cedars; the age-worn oaks; the magnolia grandifloras with their capacious (but not fragrant) white flowers; the glowing beds of roses, geraniums, rhododendrons, heliotropes, pinks, chrysanthemums; the sculptured vases, fountains, cascades; the interminable park, clusters of trees, gravel walks, and clouds of ever-cawing rooks; and there, right in front, high in the heavens, yet glittering in the rippling Test, shines the magnificent tail-bearing Comet!

Don't ask me about paintings and rare objects of *vertu*. I am not now in their vein. Take them to be multitudinous and infinitely curious. I want to boast, that while Morphy was challenging and beating all Europe at chess in Paris, I was following his illustrious and patriotic example by conquering the conqueror of Derby at billiards, and by outshooting him marvellously during a five hours' tramp after

partridges: he in the finished jaunty costume of a thoroughbred English sportsman, I under my heavy beaver, in common frock coat and light thin boots. Our coveys were shy, and required more than usual activity of pursuit; and it was glorious to see how this veteran managed to keep up his animation and brisk step to the very last, dressing and coming to dinner too in an hour afterwards as if he had been upon a satin sofa all day.

Don't abuse me for this harum-scarum style of epistle. If I stopped long enough to arrange ideas and words, I should be worse fagged than I was in shooting, and you would lose this precious piece of fanfaronade by the flight of my Bag.

Ever faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, October 15, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Emperor and his resolute minister Walewski show no yielding on their device of black emigrants from Africa to the West Indies. You have doubtless noticed the new case of the ship *Charles et Georges* seized off Mozambique by the Portuguese, first for being in prohibited waters, and second for carrying on the prohibited trade. She was crammed with negroes and crowded with fetters: both of which "our great and good ally"

vindicates by the presence of a public "*Commissaire de France*" on board. Sent for condemnation to Lisbon, two Imperial line-of-battle ships have repaired thither, anchored in the stream, and demand that either she shall be forthwith surrendered, with indemnity, or that Louis Napoleon's diplomatic representative shall repair to Paris. Of course, poor Portugal will have to succumb, violate her own laws, annul the judgments of her courts, and sacrifice the vested rights of her subjects. There is a talk of saving honour, etc., by a mediation. What will England say? *Vive la sainte alliance!* maugre the capture of a slave-ship *flagrante delicto*.

His Prussian Majesty has finally withdrawn before a Regent, and may be regarded as a "dissolving view." Like several other supernumerary royalties, he ceases to be talked of, and must soon either die or be forgotten.

The condition of the Venezuelan controversy is just now somewhat inaccessible. Lord M. sticks tenaciously to his "shooting box" in Scotland, and nobody in London cares a pinch of snuff for all the parties concerned. Monagas is reported to be in Paris. But your ex-minister, Eames, must by this time have repaired to Washington and put you *au fait*. A loose rumour represents the difficulty as settled by mutual concession.

The Duke and Duchess of Malakoff, married two days ago, ought to be in London this afternoon.

Thus far the Crimean conqueror has been a model of loyal acquiescence to a command which secured for him a combination of Venus and Juno. His predecessor, as I suspected in one of my former letters to you, is longing to return to Albert Gate; and his pretty countless haunts, like a desponding spirit, the courtly scenes of her past enjoyment.

The Association of Social Science, met and still sitting at Liverpool, is really exhibiting great ability and vigour. Still it is noticeable what an infinity of talent and trouble they expend in proving positions long since accepted by us as almost axiomatic truths. Lords John Russell, Brougham, and Shaftesbury are the leading figures.

Though no chance of acting efficiently for some time is apparent, I hope our Coast Survey is on the alert to seize the first opportunity offered by the Cable for fixing the longitude by means of clocks at each end. Men of science are referring to this here.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, October 22, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The first duty and pleasure of the moment is to thank you for your private letter of the 4th instant.

I wish I could answer your enquiry as to the per-

sonal deportment of the explosive *pétard* of the Foreign Office, but I cannot; he has been shooting grouse or stalking deer in Scotland, or perhaps, preparing like an irritated lion for another spring; he coolly for the present lies low and keeps dark. However, to speak seriously and sincerely, my impression is that his rage exhausted itself in his note from Potsdam, that he has not a drop left with which to treat my reply, and that we shall slowly (on my part very slowly) resume our previous relation. You will have seen that our diplomatic correspondence on other topics has not had the faintest smack of this particular acid.

Will you have the Bahamas? They are not so attractive as Cuba, and scarcely comparable to the bay of Samana; but they lie in the great thoroughfare of our Gulf, and might yield a cluster of harbours for coaling or against storms. What will you bid for them? The "Baron E. Graves van der Smissen," a highly intelligent Dutchman of about thirty-three, claims them or rather their sovereignty as vested in himself and co-heirs under an express grant of Charles I. The Baron is a grandson of Admiral Graves, whom I knew here in 1814, who had been naturalized in the United States and married there. The Baron can and will deploy a perfect title; he has undertaken to put it on paper, to exhibit copies of deeds, and to set forth the chain of proofs. His price is reasonable. Will you offer?

I send you the copy of a letter addressed to me by a surgeon of the 2nd West India Regiment. He thinks himself entitled to a share of the \$3000 appropriated in June last to make suitable acknowledgments to the Jamaica authorities for the relief extended to the sick officers and crew of the *Susquehanna*. Not, as it would seem, that he actually partook in the kind offices rendered, but that he was on board of the vessel which carried the sufferers to New York, might have succoured their bodies had his aid been invoked, and no doubt soothed their minds by the consciousness that he was at hand. The surgeon might quote precedents of high authority.

The Chinese Treaties are still favourite topics. Of course, John Bull claims all the merit. Even Baron Gros was on the point of yielding to the views of forbearance and national courtesy inculcated by Mr. Reed; but Lord Elgin held on his course sternly.

The Queen returned from Edinburgh to Windsor Castle on Wednesday last; of course with her usual "*entourage*." All the peripatetic royalties have gone back to their homes.

I am strongly inclined to convey to you my speculations on the drift of political affairs just now, this side of the Atlantic; but this letter is already too long, and you are too busy for generalities. To me, let me say briefly, the indications of approaching

change, convulsion, and war, are marked and multitudinous. "Watchman, what of the night?" Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it. Keep our western star steadily shining, that the world may see it above the storm.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, October 26, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

What of Lord M.?—you will ask. Well! these collateral entanglements about words are by no means the easiest to unravel; and they who rush impetuously into them must sometimes be fain to creep backwards out as they may. His lordship would appear unable or unwilling to put in a replication to my answer, and so resolved, after six weeks' meditation and a visit to the Premier at Knowsley, to bury the hatchet with short blessing, and with as much grace as his nature would allow. He invited me to the Foreign Office, and I went yesterday at 4 P.M.

I entertain a high and sincere respect for the Earl; none the less because as a British statesman he has done the United States justice on a point of momentous concern long in angry controversy. Let me then restrict myself to saying, that after I had tranquilly looked at him for one or two minutes,

waiting the communication he had invited me to receive, he went on to talk, discursively and incongruously, upon all sorts of topics, without for one instant adverting to the one uppermost in my thoughts, and the one which it was impossible not to perceive was the bee in his own bonnet. A pointless and profitless course of commonplace was selected as the harmless means of bridging over the fissure in our relations. He began by awkwardly saying that though he had requested to see me, he really had nothing to communicate; and he proved his words by much talk on ordinary topics which he forbore to illuminate by the least novelty of idea. I saw very soon that the controlling sentiment was "the least said soonest mended;" and I abstained, during the fifteen minutes' visit, from interfering in the slightest degree with what was no doubt prescribed as the course fittest and fairest for all concerned. There then is an end of that tantamarara: *redeunt saturnia regna*: and you may rest assured that your minister is henceforward safe from such storms.

Lord Malmesbury's department would seem to me to give him something better to attend to than deerstalking. This abandonment of Portugal to the swoop of the Imperial eagle, on a point too of so much professed tenderness, puts a sharp arrow into the quiver, as well as a broad grin on the face of the Palmerstonian opposition. One of two things:

either the government of Lord Derby did, or did not, intervene to shield at least the honour of their feeble friend: if they did, why was their intervention repelled by their dear ally? if they did not, why thus palpably sink from the position of a first-rate power? The question grates closely on the very spirit which, suddenly evoked by Milner Gibson, deposed Lord Palmerston. The French editors, too, are taking now pretty much the contemptuous and defiant attitude taken by the French colonels then. Popular feeling is rousing, and by the time Parliament meets, it may become a small hurricane like that of February last, only taking the opposite direction.

Flags, as well as feathers, show how the wind blows. On the very day that Portugal surrendered the *Charles et Georges* at the summons of Louis Napoleon, Marshal Pelissier, for the first time, hoisted over his embassy at Albert Gate the tricolour, and there it has continued, flouting the air, and exciting curious inquiries as to its import. Just at the same time, as if to console by blandishment, the excellent Count and Countess Lavradio are commanded to Windsor Castle. Of course, the despatch of the Count soothed the Court of Lisbon with the idea that his flattering reception at such a juncture was an ample equivalent for the loss of the slaver.

The controversy about the Jewish boy, who was baptized into Christianity by a sort of nurse, then taken in charge by the Roman priests as a brand

plucked and to be saved from the burning, and as to whose restoration to his parents the Pope says "*non possumus*," is in full blast all over Europe. It is egging on Louis Napoleon to a quarrel with the Holy Father; some say, nothing loth to find pleas for re-enacting his uncle's coronation courtship of Pius VII. If the case of this child, Mortara, were for judgment before King Solomon, he would be puzzled, as he was once before; and I think that I perceive that his reference to the headsman is a hint for the disposition of such knotty points not altogether forgotten, though perhaps perverted. The lad, at a college of catechumens, is reported very, very ill.

Much power of oratory expended on her Majesty's subjects of late! as a general current, not unlike the dull, turbid, and repulsive Thames of the last summer solstice. Mr. John Bright, M.P. for Birmingham, has, however, in addressing his constituents the day before yesterday, made a stirring speech on Reform, almost sufficiently democratic for a 4th of July at Tammany Hall. This rich cream is more to one's taste than the bonny-clabber of the Liverpool meeting of the Social Science Association. One result of these agitations is striking, and is apparent more to veterans than to novices like myself: they are said to foreshadow the early downfall of the present ministry. In his brief compliment to Lord John Russell, Mr. Bright is thought to have indicated

the only Premier the Manchester party will accept as successor to Derby.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. GILPIN.

London, October 31, 1858.

MY DEAR GILPIN,

Mr. Bright's picture of England's domestic politics must have its "pendant" on foreign policy : so here it is, and perhaps you will say the better of the two.

I forget whether even a scrap of the eloquence of either of the Gracchi has come down to us (how is that?) : they were always favourites of mine. Now take the two speeches of Mr. Bright together, and do they not give him a claim to rank with these jewels of Cornelia, and as a diamond of the first water?

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, November 5, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

One can't help being struck by the singular sensitiveness which seems to prevail here about a French invasion. All the stump speakers, all the daily papers, all the ponderous periodicals, do their best

to argue it down, or laugh it off. This very effort keeps it on the *qui vive*. Two days ago, at Queens-town, in Ireland, a junior lieutenant, left by superiors in command of a war steamer, took it into his head, after a late dinner given to some shore companions, to signalize the occasion by a succession of salutes. He fired away, larboard and starboard, for some twenty minutes, and this far in the night. *Con-tic-uere omnes, intentique!* "The French are come!" the whole town shook with panic. Officers convened, movements were concerted, deputations arranged, and imaginative ladies fainted. Returning silence set guessing at work; and when day came it was soon ascertained that the eccentric and insubordinate son of a gallant old admiral had kicked up all that there was of a "French invasion." In revenge for the terror he had inspired, he was arrested; and I suspect he will have a hard time of it for causing the universal apprehension to betray itself. All this is natural when you consider the peculiar locality, press, principles, pretensions, and antecedents of England. As her hand is ready against every other nation, she instinctively feels that the hand of any one sufficiently powerful must be against her.

The *Times* of this morning contains a merciless column against the present ambassador of France. It rakes up the savage exploit of burning 500 Arabs in their rocky den, and quotes the strong denun-

ciations pronounced at the time in Paris against so barbarous an act. What is meant hereby? To make London, like the refuge of his victims, too hot to hold Pelissier? To prepare the reinstatement of Persigny? Or is it a mere catering to the existing and swelling discontent with the Imperial ally? Most likely, the last: for the *Times* has gone far and deep in multiplying attacks on Louis Napoleon, especially since his treatment of the Portuguese for intermeddling with the black emigration scheme.

London is reviving. The members of the cabinet have returned to their official residences. The Queen has held a Privy Council at Windsor. Courts of Justice have begun business. Galleries of Art are opening. Science is marshalling her lectures. Soirées, theatres, and equipages are agog. "The noise of battle hurtles in the air." Be patient a little while, and I shall have more dainty food to dish up in these "*note variorum*."

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, November 12, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Pickens has sent me by a private messenger such loads of despatches from St. Petersburg, which he describes to me in a note as specially confidential, that I shrink from putting anything in the

Bag which can distract your attention, especially at the season when the Message is on the anvil.

Count Montalembert would seem to have a peculiar relish for martyrdom. His pamphlet of panegyric upon England in derogation of France introduces him to a criminal court in the manner most acceptable to the Emperor, for it brings the national feeling to co-operate with the Crown in its policy of silencing the Press. The gauntlet thus indiscreetly thrown is instantly picked up by one who, in so doing, loses the character of oppressor, and becomes, as against a hated rival, the champion of his country. This result is being aided by the *Times*, which devotes countless columns of exultation to the republication of the essay. The Count's purpose was doubtless generous and brave; but like many an imprudent advocate, he has, in his Anglo-maniac zeal, given to his cause the very worst stab it has yet received.

In general opinion here, the *Morning Herald* is the government paper. It has latterly sought to be interesting by commenting upon our uncontrollable tendency to expand and annex. The Monroe doctrine is stigmatized as a "*sop addressed to American vanity*;" and it is insisted that on the other, as on this side of the Atlantic, a "*balance of power must be upheld*." Yesterday the Central American States were the pivot on which these remarks revolved; to-day it is Mexico, and the necessity of European

intervention to preserve her demoralized weakness from sinking into our athletic embrace is distinctly stated. Now, this is all fanfaronade if it be not ministerial: but if the latter, it mounts into importance, is inconsistent with protestations to which I have heretofore listened at the Foreign Office and have formally reported to you, and is entitled to grave attention. Spain may yet, under the auspices of England, be tempted to make a spasmodic effort for the restoration of her Mexican dominion. A word, a single word, importing American unanimity and inflexibility on the topic, would crush the egg-shell project for ever.

You have doubtless observed the French Emperor's retreat from his free emigration scheme as to the negroes; his letter to Prince Jerome directing a thorough investigation, and hinting that white slavery is perhaps as good as black, and that Coolies may be made to work as well as Africans. Some persons are ill-natured enough to regard this as a mere ironical feint on the part of his Majesty. I do not. He is a sincere politic penitent. "*Les Amis des Noirs*" are at once numerous and fashionable in Paris; while pig-tailed and scalp-tufted Chinese are rare and no go.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. FAIR.

London, November 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 13th instant is just received. The positive provision of the Act of 1856, that "no attaché shall be allowed in any case," has, I presume, been conformed to by our foreign legations since it became known. I am aware of but a single instance of what bore the appearance of its evasion: that of a young gentleman whose card, brought in to me about a year ago, described him as "*secrétaire intime de S. E. le Ministre des États-Unis.*" Perhaps as personal or private secretary he obtained all the circulation he desired.

The mischief against which the law is aimed had long been noticed at the department of State, and was often embarrassing to our diplomatic representatives. Under the old usage, unpaid attachés might be created without stint as to number; and a train so composed was thought, and justly thought, to give *éclat* to a mission. Now it frequently happened that the minister, always conscious of the invidious nature of *selecting* from his young countrymen, preferred giving his appointments without discrimination and to every one who asked. American attachés became as plentiful as blackberries, and sometimes deranged by their intermeddling the business of, or by their deportment, threw discredit upon, the legation. Con-

gress, moved no doubt, by the Secretary of State, Gov. Marcy, who was pitiless against showy pretension, struck at the root of the evil by an express prohibition. I have occasionally wished to possess the discretion; but, on the whole, perceive many inconveniences in which I should be involved by it, and have therefore no reluctance in strictly complying with the law.

Do me the favour to believe that it will always give me pleasure to be allowed to interchange with you views on public topics.

Faithfully and respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, November 19, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will find in the Bag of to-day a despatch addressed to Mr. Toucey which conveys an interesting document respecting the pay and allowances of British naval officers, and will enable him satisfactorily, as far as this country is concerned, to answer a resolution of the House of last session. Pray expedite his reception of it.

You will have noticed that England has rather tired of the Protectorate assigned to her over the Ionian Islands, and is planning to pick the plum out of the pudding, that is, to retain Corfu as a military post, and let the rest go to Greece, or elsewhere.

This course, hardly reconcilable with her public obligations, must be made at least plausibly proper; and so Lord Derby has lately sent Mr. Gladstone to visit these Homeric regions, and to report what is best to be done, not doubting that he will reach the conclusion already attained by the cabinet. The member for the Oxford University, the finished scholar and too musical rhetorician, the *Preston*, as I might describe him, of the House of Commons, scarcely crossed the Channel, in his progress up the Mediterranean, before out came a series of official documents in the newspapers showing that the alleged enquiry for which he was appointed had been fully, effectually, and satisfactorily made by the British representative actually there. All the opposition at once open cry. It is termed a shabby and treacherous treatment of an eminent statesman, who committed himself by accepting office under this ministry merely because he wished to render a patriotic service. Mr. Gladstone is depicted as placed in a most awkward and ludicrous predicament, to get out of which it is predicted that he will at once throw up his commission in disgust. What follows on the heel of this seemingly well-founded explosion? Why, another complication. The Colonial Department, under the signature of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's private secretary, alleges that the official documents have been surreptitiously taken from the files and published, without the assent or knowledge

of her Majesty's government! This is the present almost absorbing topic. No doubt the desire is great to "fan the embers" of a quarrel which may induce the Peelites to merge into the ranks of opposition.

The appointment by Prince Jerome of Count Persigny, whose Anglomania is even greater than that of Montalembert, to be president of the committee to examine and report upon the nature of the Black Emigrant scheme, removes all doubt, and is thought to denote a foregone conclusion in the Imperial mind to give it up.

Lords Palmerston and Clarendon have gone to Compiègne, and the political *réunion*, or rather the reunion of politicians at that place, is regarded as something significant. Of one thing its significance is strong, to wit, that her Majesty's late Premier and principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs are being very careless of their popularity at home. This visit of theirs gives countenance to the subservient predilection of which they have been accused, and the belief in which produced their fall on the 19th of February last. Ordinary minds draw ordinary conclusions, and this sort of intimacy, wholly uncalled for in the existing state of feeling among the masses of both countries, gives rise to the most prejudicial inferences.

Parliament has undergone a second prorogation, to the 2nd of January, when a similar formality will

be enacted for the first week in February, and—for *the despatch of business.*

Lord Elgin's two brothers, Bruces, mount the back of his Chinese Treaty, one as Ambassador to Peking, the other as Governor to the Prince of Wales.

Since my last week's note I observed in a newspaper's correspondent at Madrid that, after a long interview held with the Foreign Secretary by the English and French ministers, a squadron had been ordered to Vera Cruz.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. TOUCEY.

London, November 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

After my letter to you, returning the credit on the Barings for \$500, Colonel Guernsey obtained the written consent of the Queen to his engaging in our service, and showed me a note from Mr. Hammond, saying that the document was at the Foreign Office, to be had on the payment of about fifty dollars office fees. He exhibited also strong testimonials from the Duke of Cambridge, General Burgoyne, General Evans, General Hill, etc., as to his military qualifications; and he impressed me with a conviction that his familiarity with the topographical features and garrison equipments of Paraguay would make his presence on board our squadron quite use-

ful. Military operations, dependent upon the depth of water in the river, could not begin before February, so that there was ample time for him to reach Buenos Ayres.

I determined to send him; and arranged with Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co. for an advance of \$500 to pay his expenses out. During the whole of last week I expected him daily at the legation to complete the transaction, bring me her Majesty's leave, take his money, letters, and final instructions, and speed to the rendezvous. I agreed that his compensation should be at the rate of pay allowed in our army to a Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers. He came not; and my two successive notes to you of the 23rd and 26th instant were written in impatient expectation of his coming.

The mystery of his dilatory action has been suddenly solved. The evening newspaper of last Saturday, the *Globe*, contained a detailed examination at the Bow Street Police Court on that morning, showing his arrest and commitment upon the criminal charge of having stolen the much-talked-of Ionian despatches from the Colonial Office! So there is an end to this Free Knight: he won't destroy Lopez; he won't disgrace the American service; and he won't pocket our cash! I send you a printed narrative.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. SPEAKER DENISON.

London, December 4, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg you to excuse my apparent remissness in not before answering your note of the 22nd ultimo, attributable to a short absence from town and a press of official engagements.

The spirit of party, in America as in all free countries, is prone to goad in moments of excitement to acts of injustice. Majorities, each in turn, may abuse power by dealing with the minority impatiently and illiberally. But what has long stood its ground as a rule of legislative action, surviving changes in party ascendancy and the criticism of tranquil times, must be presumed to possess substantive and independent merit. Such I regard to be the case with our Congressional "*Previous Question*."

It is not practised in the Senate, whose numbers are comparatively few and graver in age. But in the House of Representatives it is resorted to with a view to expedite measures known to be exigent, and to break through the entangling meshes of amendments, or to close a worn-out debate. The Rules of the House, carefully matured in advance, prescribe its modes of use and its effects. It has disadvantages no doubt; but its conceded beneficial working on the whole has preserved it through shifting currents of political storms. Public opinion, which soon

becomes all-powerful with us, has never yet condemned the "Previous Question" as exercised in the House. On the contrary, it has been generally esteemed, as well by the enlightened as the popular mind, a check upon factious dissipation of time and money, and a wholesome corrective to profuse or "bunkum" speaking.

Your "distinguished American who was in London last year" had perhaps personally suffered under the rule, and owed it a grudge. If he mentioned the instances of the Annexation of Texas and the Fugitive Slave Law as unaccompanied by discussion, he was sadly in error. Pardon a few particulars to show this.

The former question not only occupied the whole country during the Presidential canvass of 1844, in which one party made it the principal and victorious issue for the popular verdict, but, after being recommended to Congress by President Tyler in his Message on the 3rd of December of that year, it was on the 19th, in the form of a Joint Resolution, referred to the "Committee of the whole House on the State of the Union;" and thenceforward, at fifteen full meetings of the House in Committee, during nearly half the session, it, was debated with great ability (but "*usque ad nauseam*"), and it was only (a directory order for closing the discussion having passed the House on the 21st of January, '45, by 102 to 54) finally decided under the "Previous Question" on the 25th of January, '45, 120 to 98.

Being now transferred to the Senate, it underwent farther and more elaborate consideration. The same question had engaged that body upon movements of its own members. One Senator, McDuffie, had introduced a joint resolution for the annexation of Texas, on the 10th December, '44; another, Niles, on 7th January, '45; and a third, Foster, on the 13th January; but the great debate, or pitched battle, was reserved for the coming House measure. That measure came in on the 28th January, '45, was sent to a committee, was reported upon *adversely* on the 4th of February, but was taken up in its order on the 13th February; and thenceforward, at every daily meeting of the Senate, and sometimes twice a day, it was the standing order and exclusive topic, until the 27th of February (within four days of the close of the session of Congress), when, debate being drained to the lees, no one capable or willing to add another word, it passed by a majority of two votes only.

I very much doubt whether any act of legislation has undergone a more thorough, full, fair, and satisfactory discussion than did the annexation of Texas by Congress.

As to the Fugitive Slave Law, the sphere of its discussion was, owing to exceedingly special circumstances, almost exclusively the Senate. It was introduced there by the Committee on the Judiciary, on the 16th of January, 1850, and was soon after made

by Mr. Clay one of a set or cluster of measures which constituted his celebrated Compromise of that year. As a feature in his comprehensive plan, it underwent debate, as unrestricted as able, for *thirty-three days*. So much time, indeed, was taken up by these discussions, that the bill did not reach the House of Representatives until the 26th of August, nine months from the opening of the session. As a component and indispensable part of the adjusted compromise, its prompt adoption, in the approved shape, was required by the state and voice of the country. It passed upon a demand for the "Previous Question," on the 12th of September, 109 to 76; and Congress closed one of its longest and most agitated sessions in about two weeks afterwards.

I have gone into these two cited instances of what is thought an abuse of the "Previous Question" by the House of Representatives, as pieces of legislative history which you will perhaps think interesting, and principally to show you how little they justify the grumblers against its exercise.

I have said it has not found its way into the Senate. But there is another expedient there for maintaining, on emergencies, the rightful power of the majority to control the business of the Body; that is, a motion to lay whatever is under discussion *upon the table*; whence, indeed, it may be subsequently taken, but not without a successful motion to that effect.

Always very faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 10, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The young *roués* of London, on crossing the Atlantic, would naturally be curious to see the wild life of the Western savages. No one, therefore, doubted the rumour, published two days ago, that the three English noblemen who have been travelling in the States, had penetrated far into the north-west of Canada, had had a fight with a tribe of natives, and were all murdered. The sensation produced was after their own hearts. Fortunately, Lord Shaftesbury, one of the fathers, had received an explanation of the story, and was able yesterday, as he says "*providentially*" (for his lordship is of the class particularly pious), to contradict "the massacre," taken from "American journals" whose origin is only "the murder of two traders" by Indians last August. Poor traders! still, we are all pleased to hear that the nobles are safe.

Louis Napoleon and Montalembert are still at their game of chess. It is the Emperor's move. The epigrammatic pardon (whose sting lay in reminding the Count that he was among the faithful actors of the 2nd of December) is spurned, and the appeal perfected. Can his Majesty pardon what Mr. Berryer reasons and the court may adjudge to be no offence? Various are the opinions on this

subtle point. The Count is pushing boldly before the Judges to checkmate his adversary; let him take heed, lest by the sudden refusal of the Procureur Imperial to make another move, the game takes the unsatisfactory turn of a "*stale*." That would subject him to the "*loi des suspects*" of last February for the rest of his life, or rather for the rest of the Emperor's reign, which promises to be the shorter of the two. Professors Morphy and Stanton, hide your diminished heads!

A bitter hatred to each other is vented daily by the masses on the two sides of the Channel. It is getting beyond the power of repression by the respective governments. As I ventured to foresee would be the case, the visit of Lords Palmerston and Clarendon to Compiègne has brought a cataract of reproaches upon their heads. Count Montalembert is prosecuted without a single popular murmur, because he praises England. Where is the wisdom that can tell which of these two nations is right in her hostility? Or are both wrong? One thing is clear to the rest of the world, to wit, that it is easier to like a volatile Frenchman than a bullying Briton. Here is a mangy M. P., one Henry Drummond, an F. R. S. (which may sometimes mean a Fellow Rather Savage), who, because he chooses to pick a controversy with Mr. Bright, snarls at the whole world, and especially snaps at the United States in the following precious sentences:—" *Their pretended*

love of freedom is the most barefaced falsehood that ever existed. They are utterly without private or public honour, and the only people on earth who ever avowed that gain was their sole object in every relationship of life." That from an F. R. S. of 72! Out upon such fellowship. If English philosophy deal in calumny, in what may not English anger and arrogance deal? We can't honestly say "*ab uno disce omnes*;" but, in reference to national attributes, it is impossible not to acquiesce in the "*ex pede Herculem*." Drummond, it may be feared, is a specimen brick.

A careless phrase or two, let drop at a review by the King of Sardinia, combined with a general restlessness and discontent in the north of Italy, fanned by the anti-Austrian feeling in France, gives promise of an outbreak in the spring. Let it come; for really Europe, under the auspices of a Bonaparte too, is retrograding so fast into mediæval wretchedness, that nothing can save it but a grand smash. This is not mine, but the sentiment of the day. At present, Victor Emmanuel is busy in riveting the affections of Russia, conceding Villafranca, and entertaining most cordially H. I. H. the Grand Duke Constantine and his household.

I ought to hurry in retracting some of the conclusions expressed in my last, drawn from the premature publicity given to the despatches of the High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. It now appears

that these documents were purloined by a military engineer (upon whom, by-the-bye, Mr. Toucey and I were very near conferring the immortality of sharing in our Paraguay demonstration) from the Colonial Office; that their contents never had received the approval of government; and that the duty of adhering to provisions of the Treaty of 1815 establishing the Protectorate is recognized and avowed. To be sure, this would seem to reduce the extraordinary and vaunted mission of Mr. Gladstone to a mere act of patronage.

Lord Derby steers more skilfully than was anticipated. A few things have recently deepened the groove in which he moves. The proclamation of the Queen, on assuming the sovereignty of her 200,000,000 of Indian subjects, obtains unanimous praise. It is ascribed to Lord Stanley. So, the discountenance given to the efforts of ship-owners to unsettle free-trade by insisting upon sharing in our coast trade as a right of reciprocity, is commended by the opposition. Then again the decided aversion to filibustering, manifested in the repulse of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, is favourably contrasted with the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston; and what perhaps just now tells powerfully on popular sentiment, is the cooler distance taken towards French rulers and men, set in contrast with the course of their rivals both before and since downfall. It is said that Lord Palmerston frankly declares that a change would not

at present be an improvement. Mr. Lowe, whom you had in Washington two years ago, a man of great political acuteness, told a large dinner party of his constituents two days ago, that he was unflinchingly devoted to the late Premier, but that his restoration could not be thought of for a year or two to come. All things are uncertain; but I am inclined to think that, sportsman as he is, more of the *stable* will be found in Lord Derby than in most prime ministers.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 17, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Toucey, like all the London public, will be surprised to hear that my quondam recruit for Paraguay, Colonel William Guernsey, has been tried for larceny of the Ionian despatches and—acquitted! His dexterous counsel triumphed over the Attorney-General and the court; making the jury believe that to purloin in order to publish an official paper, not to appropriate it to his own profit, was an offence which lacked the essential quality of a felony. Government prosecutions thrive only in France: here, as with us, juries like to rescue hapless sufferers from the grasp of authority.

You will have noticed that while the Emperor's

commissioners are actively engaged in ascertaining for him the real character of free emigration from Africa, and just at the moment when they are supposed to be ready to report in its favour, a case like that of the *Charles et Georges* occurs on the western coast of Africa. The zealous commander of H. M. S. *Alecto* (you remember that name, don't you, in connection with Cobb and Ellis's *Caroline*?), egged on by the President of Liberia, captured the French vessel *Phoenix*, with an Imperial representative on board and negroes stowed in the hold. The culpable craft was taken to Monrovia. As this government lost, in the estimation of Europe, much of its dignity by failing to shield Portugal from the peremptory resentment of Louis Napoleon, it may be willing to lose a little more by disavowing Captain Hunt's act, and pointing to President Benson as the scape-goat.

The Reform leader, Mr. Bright, is steadily making headway. He successfully, if not victoriously, withstands the combined contumely of the *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and *Punch*. His speeches are read by everybody; his photographs hang in all public nooks and corners; his audiences are multitudinous and enthusiastic. If he maintain his attitude in the House of Commons, and once enforce a principle by carrying a measure, it will be difficult to assign a limit to his progress.

All the world are on tiptoe for *the Message*. It

cannot reach us until two days after this letter shall have left Liverpool. These democratic state papers have now for more than half a century been giving annually their ponderous blows upon the intelligence and integrity of Europe, until they seem to be accepted as the periodical strokes of some great spiritual bell marking the advances of humanity.

I am disposed to think, notwithstanding some equivocal indications, that you will not be harassed with fresh complications in Central America, arising out of the landing of troops. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, of the Foreign Office, has just proclaimed with emphasis that non-intervention is Lord Derby's cardinal principle; and, to say the truth, I have more confidence in Mr. Fitzgerald than in the Earl of Malmesbury.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 24, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

During the last day or two a protracted spell of some six or eight weeks of wretchedly dark and damp weather has been broken in upon by glimpses of sunshine. Let us postpone the project of suicide, at least during the festivities of Christmas. So, many compliments of the season to you!

General Pierce is tracing the vestiges of his execu-

tive predecessor Tiberius at the delicious little island of Capri in the mouth of the Bay of Naples. I heard from him yesterday. The cold at Florence was disagreeable and unkind to Mrs. Pierce, who, though improved by travelling, is still exceedingly delicate. The picturesque islet promises much better, and will be adhered to until the close of next month. Thence to Rome.

It is difficult to say whether the game of chess played by Napoleon and Montalembert has dwindled to a drawn one, or which of the champions comes off the better. The Count exults in having by his appeal proved the absurdity of his pardon; in reversing that portion of his sentence which subjected him to the arbitrary provisions of the February law of "suspects;" and in reducing by one half the term of his imprisonment. The Emperor, on his part, makes a merit of mercy, fastens upon his victim the discredit of petty police offences, has him roundly lashed for Anglomania by the eloquence of the Procureur-Général, Destange, and either puts him in gaol for three months or forces him to swallow the pill of a pardon. No political result can follow; because there is nothing excessive in the penalties, and praise of England is treason to France, in the sense of the Blouses.

You must not be too credulous of the Earl of Eglintoun's Proclamation. There may be secret societies in Ireland as elsewhere: apprentices, clerks,

and counterboys achieve importance and notoriety by mysterious affiliation, but there are no revolutionists and no filibusters. The arrests thus far have pompously secured some twenty lads of fourteen or fifteen years of age, accused of drilling at night in the open fields, and one girl charged with writing sedition! And these are the heroes said to be awaiting the arrival of Generals Walker and Henningsen! It is hard to discover a decent apology for all the police pother of the Viceregal government.

The signal failure of General Prim in the Spanish legislature to have a war with Mexico discountenanced, would seem enough to put you all upon your guard. The only question is whether the invasion which it means is to be a joint one by France, England, and Spain, or a separate one by Spain only.

No doubt your news from China is later than mine. But it may not be amiss to say that my last letter from Mr. Reed is dated Shanghai, 20th October. He had returned from Japan, and was engaged with a new tariff. He quits for home about the present time, and contemplated reaching London, *via* Bombay, Egypt, Malta, and Italy, in March next.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 31, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. H. F. Polydore, a much-respected English solicitor, desires to express his thanks all round for the rescue of his young daughter from the sink of Mormonism. I enclose you a copy of his exceedingly well-worded letter to me. The facts are doubtless fresh in your remembrance. As the incidents which preceded the child's abduction and captivity in Utah have been extensively published, and as her restoration to her father is a pleasing episode of warlike operations, I suggest the propriety of letting Mr. Polydore's gratitude find vent through the *Intelligencer* and *Union*.

You are tired hearing of Montalembert, are you not? Well, this is "positively for the last time." He is pardoned *again*, nett and comprehensively, without a witticism, and even his companion in offence, the straw publisher of the *Correspondant*, shares the Imperial quotation of Uncle Toby's address to the fly—"There, go: room enough in the world for both of us!"

As the result of the bold speeches made by Dufaure and Berryer on this trial, I think the press in Paris appears disposed to resume a little more liberty. It is plausibly argued that the prevailing silence fosters secret disaffection, and that the dynasty

founded on universal suffrage, and aiming at universal good, must be invigorated by a certain legally limited freedom of discussion. Fortunately for the world, despotism cannot be rational.

I suppose you have noticed the admirable example set by the Servians, how to effect a revolution promptly, quietly, and without shedding a drop of blood. Almost as smooth a process as our State-constitution-making. The people of Servia discovered their Prince Alexander to be no better than he should be: they invited an extraordinary session of an old body called the Shupkina (something analogous to the French States-General), and when this assembly met, it composedly adopted a resolution deposing Alexander, who took sanctuary in a Turkish garrison, and recalling, as purified by adversity, their former Prince Milosch. The scale is small, but the fact as a movement of popular self-government is immense: and how it will be regarded by the adjacent neighbours, Austria, Russia, and Turkey, is an interesting question.

Annexation of contiguities is an impulse of governments at once instinctive and irresistible. All past nations have exhibited the disease in its natural form, and all existing ones are constantly breaking out with it. Here now is Greece, little, delicate, infantine Greece, eager to embrace and absorb Corfu, Kefalonia, Zante, and the others of the seven Ionian Islands! No child ever had the measles

more virulently. Mr. Gladstone finds a sympathizing disorder impetuously proclaiming itself among the islanders wherever he goes. What's to be done? The Colonial minister, Bulwer Lytton, seems, by a very neat despatch, recently written to Lord High Commissioner Young, disposed to treat the case as the old physicians treated the small-pox, by fastening down the window sash, excluding the air, locking the door, throwing the key away, and preventing all spread of the malady by declaring intercourse impossible! This won't do, Sir Edward! You have, by sending the Homeric statesman on his mission, created the occasion for a full and frank interchange of sentiment, and must not now turn a deaf ear to unanimous utterances. Parliament will no doubt, as soon as it meets, be exercised upon this topic. The Manchester men are in favour of letting people whom they do not regard as fellow-subjects manage their own destinies as they like best.

Although I am before an eight or ten feet wide window, extending to the ceiling, I have not been able, from 11 o'clock in the day, to write this letter without the aid of two candles. Such has been the wretched, smoky, foggy, dirty, rainy atmosphere for the greater part of six or eight weeks! One comfort: my daughter reports Paris to be quite as bad, if not worse.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. PIERCE.

London, January 2, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 15th ultimo reached me some days ago, and communicated so much pleasure that I have chafed a good deal under the pressure of engagements which prevented an immediate reply. It was warmly welcomed, because in the first place it assured me of the well-being of Mrs. Pierce and yourself, and, in the second place, it flattered me with the intimation that my course of action in this arduous diplomatic post had not disappointed the expectations of the gentleman who sent me to it. Many, many thanks for the kindness.

What you have noticed in the newspapers about me has, as far as I myself know, no foundation whatever. I have not invited a recall, and do not believe one to be contemplated. At this particular moment, the step would be an unwise one, and would be so until the Central American complications are definitively unravelled and settled. The period for their adjustment is not far off. On purely public considerations there should be no change in this mission *pendente lite*. As to private considerations, I confess myself agreeably disappointed by the hospitality and respect which have invariably been shown me; but my Anglomania is not sufficiently intense and concentrated to survive three

years' close observation of the mediæval barbarism of caste by which the social intercourse of this country is broadly and painfully marked. Democracy is less at ease in England than in Imperial France or Russia.

How I should have enjoyed being with you at Capri! In the course of my life I have made several desperate efforts to get to Italy: one, forty-four years ago, at Ghent, trunk packed, and bills of exchange ready, when the veto of Mr. Gallatin interposed, and whisked me off to Mr. Madison. By-the-bye, Miss Julia Kavanagh, in a course of volumes, has given us her "summer and winter in the two Sicilies" so agreeably, that I commend it to Mrs. Pierce while she is yet in the scenes described.

The Persia, which arrived yesterday, brought nothing worth telling from home. A sharp letter of Mr. Slidell's published on Judge Douglas. A fight on the Avenue between two members of Congress, Messrs. English and Montgomery. Governor Wise nominated for 1860 by the *Richmond Enquirer*. A message from the Governor of South Carolina recommending the dissolution of the Union and the creation of a Southern Confederacy. Lord Napier's recall universally regretted. Public sentiment, recently much excited by British folly at San Juan, has swung to the opposite extreme and represents everything to be settled.

Mrs. Dallas sends her best regards to Mrs. Pierce, as we all do *en masse*.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, January 9, 1850.

MY DEAR MARKOE,

Your last letter springs from too solicitous a friendship, and shows me that you are greatly more anxious about this mission than I can bring myself to be.

It is about eighteen months since I wrote to General — in reply to a kindly-meant intervention on his part, and explained the principle of public action on which alone the President would probably act, and on which alone I could consent to accept or retain any foreign appointment whatever. That letter was, with more than my usual caution, enclosed to you unsealed, and, if it obtained the sanction of your friendship, it was to go to the General, and from him to Mr. Buchanan as I did not doubt. You approved, and it went on its way. I believe its contents gave no dissatisfaction to the President: indeed, they were such as could not be a cause of difference between men of just and honourable sentiments. Well, that letter marked out my permanent attitude as respects this post, and I am without any new motive or reason for changing it in the slightest

particular. I cannot perceive that what I have been doing for nearly three years has suddenly become wrong; and unless that were to stare me in the face, why am I virtually to admit my error?

It is wished that I should write letters to the President himself, and so avoid a threatened storm. Perhaps I write oftener than any minister ever did: what I write goes to the President, but it is addressed to the Secretary of State, because it would really be intrusive in me, considered personally or officially, to be perpetually courting the eye of the Executive with matters which, though interesting or entertaining, are more private than public. I do not believe that Mr. Buchanan can view this in a different light. He is too much a man of the world not to see that my notes to General Cass, on the topics they contain, are really as open to him, and indeed his whole cabinet, as to the Secretary. Their shape only saves them from the wretched fate of public despatches. I wrote to General Pierce but once, as he was on the eve of quitting Washington.

As to the prospective storm, so like a tempest in a teapot, I cannot see whence, where, how, or why it is to blow; but if it rage fiercely enough to tumble the Capitol into Goose Creek, I would not stir one inch to avert or allay it. Precedents are as plentiful as blackberries: and the minister has clearly the right to make what arrangements with the government he deems will best secure the character, dignity, and

interests of the station he is about holding which that government approves. My notions upon the subject are the results of experience and observation. When I went to Russia in 1837, Mr. Van Buren invited me to take as secretary a gentleman unknown to me except as unreliable, and I declined. Every one of our legations furnishes, almost annually, proofs how far ill-assorted public agents disturb their business, depreciate their character, and torture their incumbents. These things have to be encountered by many, but when it is possible to avoid them it is wise to do so.

Everybody knows that nothing is so easily found, when wanted, as a pretext. If one thing don't answer, another will. Now, if there be a disposition to assail (of which it is naked justice to say I have seen no proof whatever), how practically absurd it would be to expect to sweeten that disposition, or foil it, by disingenuous and altered action! Even in the light of personal policy, every man only lays himself more open to attack by abandoning the position he deliberately and openly took at the outset. Having taken a stand, unless convinced that it is wrong, he had better accept firmly all its consequences.

I should not write thus to anybody else. You have a right to my inmost thoughts. And though I cannot adopt the course of action you recommend, I am profoundly convinced that it has sprung out of a

friendship I am proud to have kindled and to reciprocate.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 14, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The signs of war accumulate. Since the oracular words to Baron Hübner on New-Year's day, every sort of soothing and explanatory construction has been attempted in the Paris newspapers to no purpose. The Bulls and Bears are convinced, and funds are steadily going down. Austria has hurried into Lombardy thirty thousand additional men. The address of the Sardinian King to the legislature, just assembled, was clearly martial, and drew forth loud manifestations of popular adhesion. But it is in the arranged marriage that veteran politicians see conclusive proof. Victor Emmanuel, though ranking among young sovereigns, is in his thirty-ninth year of age, and has a daughter, Clothilde, of attractive sixteen, whom he gives to Prince Napoleon. Their engagement is publicly announced. The Prince, only two years younger than his father-in-law, quits Paris to-morrow for Turin, to spend a week in courtship of his girl-bride. This is admirable preparation for a Bonapartean kingdom of Savoy.

Two or three other war-pointing straws are in the wind. Baron Hübner is reported, prematurely I suspect, to have suddenly left the French capital for Vienna. The French marshals and generals, absent from their respective posts, are ordered to return to them. And the Austrian vessels of war in the Adriatic are exhibiting more than customary uneasiness and activity. I have thus, I believe, like a faithful Pliny, given you the leading premonitory symptoms of the approaching eruption.

It may be doubted whether our great and good friend the Czar will find it quite convenient to pay his promised visits in May next to Paris, and thence through *Cherbourg* to London. I ventured, from my remembrance of what his sterner father experienced, to predict, in the course of a letter to you a year ago, that his ardour for serf-enfranchisement would receive a check from his nobles and might disturb the Empire. Well! the committee to whom the matter has been entrusted, and who manifested great zeal, have suddenly insisted that the reform shall not stop half way; that it must be extended to other classes besides the serfs, and (tell it not in Gath!) that *the States General* should be convoked! Of course Imperial indignation will be roused; but what can be done? His Majesty set the ball rolling, and these really revolutionary ideas emanate from the very Council charged to keep it rolling. There is something in reform like the electrical fluid: gene-

rate it once and it will run to the end of the wire. In England, long training has taught how to effect it "bit by bit;" but in Russia the spirit is a novelty, how to fetter or graduate it unknown.

The heir apparent to the Protestant British Crown is off to Rome. His visit, though the result of natural and laudable curiosity, is not the most prudent or wise thing that could be done. The press has already regarded it with jealousy. "No Popery!" is a chord which is made to vibrate in England just now with the slightest touch. He may not be converted; but, if he ever reign, he will be taunted, by one party or the other, with the taint of the Vatican. In France, an ultramontane journal has already interpreted this tour of the Prince of Wales to mean such an approach to Roman Catholicism as is involved in the alleged Puseyism of Queen Victoria! The age (seventeen) and character of the lad invest his course of travel with other aspects of hazard.

Two days ago, the 3rd of February, was fixed upon for the meeting of Parliament. Her Majesty's Proclamation appeared and the farther prorogation to that day, and then for the despatch of business took place. All the ministers are now at their posts in London. Their scheme of electoral representation, though avowedly on the anvil, has been kept profoundly secret. Although there are several other important topics on which, during the recess, they

have laid themselves open to serious interpellations, this of Reform, notwithstanding the affected disdain of "John Bright," is the impracticable maelstrom which endangers their safety.

Always faithfully yrs.

DIARY: *January 3rd, 1859, Monday.*—"The first flash of lightning precursive of the storm has startled everybody. The French Emperor, at his Levee held on the 1st instant, Saturday, addressed the following words to Baron Hübner, the Austrian minister, with marked excitement and emphasis:—'*Je regrette que nos relations avec votre Gouvernement ne soient pas aussi bonnes que par le passé: mais je vous prie de dire à l'Empereur que mes sentimens personnels pour lui ne sont pas changés.*' Marshal Vaillant, who was by, followed it up by adding to the minister: 'After that, I suppose I am not at liberty to shake hands with you.' This sudden revelation of the purpose as to Italy is a striking imitation of the conduct of Napoleon I. towards the British ambassador, Lord Whitworth, preparatory to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens. To be sure, there is more graciousness, less downright insult in it."

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 21, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have tried, during the last week, for your benefit, to form a judgment on the probabilities of war. It is no easy thing to do so. Opposite views, hopes, and interests are in loud and indefatigable conflict. Facts are invented or exaggerated every day on one side or the other. Schemes to lift or lower the rates on the Parisian Bourse are hourly creating panics or composure, both alike treacherous. Immense efforts have clearly for their sole object to arrest or mitigate the effect, upon property and prices, of Napoleon's sudden revelation of "*the situation*" on New-Year's day. It is impossible to deduce anything satisfactory from this boisterous chaos of statements and denials. There is no safety for opinion in attempting to discriminate between them. What, then, is there no clue to the labyrinth? None, except to set aside all the contradictory clamours and pretences of the last three weeks, and coolly weigh the import of the admitted international incidents bearing on the question. 1. The foregone conclusion in the Imperial mind of France as uttered to Baron Hübner. 2. The rapid concentration of Austrian forces in Italy. 3. The explosive disaffection of all that part of Italy. 4. The vigorous speech of Victor Emmanuel, and the enthusiastic

echo it evoked from the Sardinian legislature. 5. The nuptials which unite the destinies of the two dynasties, Bonapartist and Piedmont. 6. The military *vis a tergo* to which Louis Napoleon is subject. 7. The ambitious *entrainement* of both sovereigns. 8. The vast armies and wounded pride of Austria. 9. The death of Ferdinand II. (Bomba) just announced. He was forty-nine years of age. His successor, Francis, Duke of Calabria, is twenty-three, and married but recently a German princess, though it must be remembered that his mother was an aunt, and that he himself is therefore a cousin, of Victor Emmanuel.

War may be averted. The moneyed power of Europe may keep it off. But the advancing apparition is obvious to sight, like a comet "shaking its fiery tresses in the air."

The last number (January, 1859) of the "Edinburgh Review," just distributed, has come in aid of the Parliamentary Reformers, in a short but effective article. Its inculcation is an adherence to the principle of the Act of 1832, with such practical extensions "as the great innovator Time" calls for: and, asserting every free government to be founded on a system of compromises, it insists upon a plan which shall duly combine numbers, property, intelligence, and locality. Its language is moderate and persuasive; and I think it may be regarded as foreshadowing what will be realized.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. KNOTT.

London, January 26, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

You have executed your part of the proposed fanciful bargain so promptly and so kindly that I feel ashamed of the little to be done on my side. Something more than a humble autograph must prove how much pleasure you have given. I propose, as soon as I can command the time, to tell you briefly the brilliant career run, in the new world, by the *disobedient* couple who, at the ages of twenty-one and sixteen, fled from the house of an aunt named Barlow, at Devonport, and were married in Alphington Church on the 4th of September, 1780.

I must beg you not to place me under any heavier obligation by taking the trouble to search for and send me a sketch of the Church. An engagement with an admirable artist was entered into some two years ago: he undertook to accompany me, with his instruments, into Devon, at a moment's warning, and give me a perfect daguerreotype of a venerable building, which to me has a higher charm than architecture or picturesque position can possibly confer.

You are right as to the witness, Charles Stuart Dallas: he was my father's elder brother; and adhering to the island of Jamaica, accumulated a large fortune as a lawyer. His son was recently Speaker of the House of Assembly.

I consider myself strictly bound, independent of this letter, to furnish for your curiosity album the accompanying detached and worthless signature of,

Dear Sir, very sincerely,

Your obliged humble servant.

TO COL. MURRAY.

London, January 28, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

My present object is special and urgent. I know your energy and activity when once under way in a good cause, and I want to stir into immediate movement yourself, and through you, your Mayor, Collector, District Attorney, etc. etc. The King of Naples has consigned to New York, as a sort of New-Year's gift, a collection of about 200 of his political victims, among whom are those noble specimens of the *genus homo*, Poerio and Settembrini. All good men here wish them health, honour, and happiness. Brown, Shipley, and Co., of Liverpool, will address their branch in your city most generously about them. Bomba has sent them to Cadiz, whence they are to be shipped in merchant vessels.* They are probably now a third of their way across the Atlantic. Some persons dread the operation of a State or

* They left Cadiz on board the American ship David Steward, Captain Prentiss, but when at sea combined to compel the officers of the vessel to shape her course for Ireland; and, going into Cork, were received with great enthusiasm and hospitality.

municipal law which would reject them as convicts and paupers palmed upon your poor-houses. Do, in the name of all that is just and generous, prevent anything of the sort. Rather give these inflexible foes of tyranny the ovation they merit on reaching our shores. I shall hide my diminished head if you act otherwise.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. SICKLES.

London, January 28, 1859.

DEAR SIR,

You will have noticed that the King of Naples has recently liberated some two hundred of his political prisoners upon certain conditions, among others exile in America. He will suffer them no nearer than New York. They were sent to Cadiz, to be thence forwarded on board of one or more merchant vessels, and are probably now crossing the Atlantic. Among them are Poerio and Settembrini, who, the best known and appreciated, may be regarded as types of the entire company.

Now any man of liberal thought and generous feeling must wish that the sufferings and wants of these victims of tyranny should be cared for and lightened wherever they go. Fears are entertained that, as destitute convicts and paupers, they may be repelled at New York by some State or municipal law, and thrust back into the cells of Bomba. For

God's sake move heaven and earth to prevent the possibility of an incident which, coming from our country, would require endless explanation, and would be the thrust of an icicle through the heart of every friend to constitutional liberty in Europe.

I am very truly and respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 28, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

His Majesty of Naples, though supposed a sufferer by partial paralysis (courteously ycleped rheumatism), did not die, as was somewhat victoriously announced by the *Morning Post*. He is recovering fast; and let us hope that his political victims, to whose pardon he has managed to give the torturing keenness of exile, may yet, *auspice Napoleoncino vel Muratto*, find means to confront him somewhere on the plains of Italy: the nearer to one or the other crater of Vesuvius or Etna, eager to receive him, the better.

I returned a call of Lord Lyons two days ago. A war steamer takes him to Boston or New York on the 15th of February. I knew his father, the Admiral, and was therefore partially inclined towards him. Perhaps he may succeed in pleasing as well as Lord Napier, though the latter has the immense advantage of being charmingly married.

A legation without a lady is but half composed: a column sans capital, piano sans pedal, coiffure sans curls. I suspect the ages of the two lords are much the same: Lyons is forty-two. He lives at Norfolk House, whose Duke married his sister.

An official decree is out in Paris, prohibiting free negro emigration on board French vessels from the eastern coast of Africa. Whether this affects the existing contract of Regis and Co. may be doubted. As far as it goes, however, it is a homage to the British monomania.

The marriage at which, according to the French phrase, I *assisted* just one year ago (25th January, 1858) in St. James's Palace, was yesterday signalized at 1 P.M. by the production of an heir to the Prussian throne. The annunciation shot from Berlin to Windsor in six minutes. Her Majesty has become a grandmother while yet some three or four months short of forty.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 4, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Of course your British legation were in full force representing you in the House of Lords yesterday at the opening of Parliament by the Queen.

The Speech, though unusually long, was extremely

cautious both in what it said and in what it left unsaid. In referring, in the fourth clause, to the desire "to maintain inviolate the faith of public treaties," and to contribute "to the preservation of the general peace," you find the key to the remarkably bold and anti-Napoleonic exposition of policy made by Lord Derby in the evening. I listened very attentively to the outspoken Premier, and was led to the conclusion, 1. That he was making rather a menacing effort to arrest a war which he feared was impending. 2. That he chose an attitude of neutrality; and 3. That if obliged by events to change that, he would embrace the Austrian cause.

A telegram reached the Brazilian minister yesterday, to the effect that his sovereign had been invited to act as mediator between the United States and Paraguay, and that his Imperial Majesty had consented to do so.

Since the 1st of January, and *a fortiori* since the marriage of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde, I have not been able to doubt that hostilities would soon, upon some pretext or other, *be made* to break out on the banks of the Ticino between the confronting troops of Piedmont and Austria. That now is all that is wanting to produce a French rush into Lombardy. My opinion is confirmed by a letter which has just been received here from Mr. Guizot. Lord Brougham, immediately from Cannes, a sort of observatory for Mediterranean and Italian politics,

told the Peers last night that the popular sentiment was altogether undeniable and universal. It is barely possible, nevertheless, that the unanimity of Parliament may check the impetuosity of Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will perceive by the map transmitted how easy a thing it is to settle to one's mind a reconstruction of European nations, *on paper*. Some thousands of this document crossed the Channel three days ago, copies of it have been multiplied on this side, and many a startled and staring diplomat has had his nightmare under the weight of so fantastic a sheet. Rumour preluded it as a Napoleonic study and cartoon direct from the Imperial press. Farther scrutiny seems to ascribe the invention to a Belgian priest. Then, again, it is thought to be a monster device which, by the argument of contrast, may make the mere expulsion of Austria from Italy seem a small affair.

Since my last week's note, two very strong shadows of the coming event have been thrown on the dial of time: a pamphlet, plainly if not avowedly Bonapartean, entitled "Napoleon III. et

"l'Italie," and a speech from the throne to the French Chambers; both, in my judgment, powerful yet guarded expressions of an unalterable purpose. The pamphlet is a manifesto and appeal really unanswerable, or answerable only by the charge of ambitious motives. The speech is assailable and assailed, merely because it forbore to repeat from the Queen's address to Parliament the inviolable character of the Treaties of 1815—those monuments of the overthrow of "My Uncle!" Austria may be expected to circulate her reply through diplomatic channels. *Audi alteram partem!*—but the controversy advances and embitters.

To these indications must be added the return of bodies of troops from Algeria to Marseilles, the storing of fabulous amounts of ammunition, the gradual adoption of a warlike tone by the Parisian press, the fifty million loan voted by the legislative chamber of Sardinia in a paroxysm of anti-Austrian ardour, and last, not least, the very decided written and oral utterances of Count Cavour, whose position as a wise, virtuous, patriotic, and skilful statesman, is overtopped by no one in Europe.

But what's the prevailing opinion? Some wish peace to continue, and that wish is father to their judgment. Others deem it a duty to humanity to clamour down war. Many of the best thinkers are mystified by conflicting representations, and incapable of forming a conclusion or even a firm guess.

tempted in the Boston paper by a penny-a-liner correspondent here, deserved a prompt acknowledgment. I think your appreciation of his lordship strictly just. We cannot hope to have a more acceptable British minister at Washington. A great mistake is involved in his removal; and though his successor be quite unexceptionable, the *role* he played in cementing the kindly feelings of the two countries can scarcely be acted with equal efficiency by any one else.

I am not quite sure that the ministry were insensible to the motive imputed for the treatment of this distinguished gentleman. Some of our travelling countrymen are inconsiderate enough to bring abroad the party asperities they cultivate at home; and though in the general they take nothing by doing so, or rather are positively disrelished for their lack of natural patriotism, still occasionally and on particular points they achieve more mischief to the country than it is easy to repair.

You do not, I perceive, shrink from the sarcasm of Carlyle, who, in his *Life of Frederick the Great*, calls all *antiquaries* by Scott's descriptive cognomen, *Dryasdust*. I forward you a diploma sent to me from Somerset House.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 18, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The unanimity in Parliament on the still pending war question seems to have a composing effect as to party differences. Nothing as yet has ruffled the smooth current of legislation. Even the Right of Search, which gave Lord Clarendon an opportunity to awaken a titter at the expense of Lord Malmesbury, passed off without leaving a furrow behind it. By-the-bye, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs said that a series of naval instructions, as to the mode of verifying the flags of traders, had been prepared by France and England, and were now under consideration at Washington. He anticipates from their adoption an international millennium. Pray suffer me to see this, not quintuple, but tripartite proposal.

I have a letter from Mr. Reed, of the 10th ultimo, Colombo, Ceylon. He expects to leave Bombay behind him on the 25th, to be in Malta on the 14th February, in Rome on 1st March, and here before April. I am thus particular to enable you, if occasion occur, to let Mr. Ward know how he may run a fair chance of meeting his returning predecessor.

I have no modifications to make in the views here-

tofore expressed as to the likelihood of a struggle over a new map of Italy. Every well ascertained incident throws fresh light and reality on the prospect. The Bulls and Bears are fertile in rumours to help along their speculative objects; but the steady, calm, and vigorous manner in which both the great parties are taking what Mr. Madison called their "attitude and armour," permits one conclusion only. It is barely possible that the Conference about to be held in Paris to deal with the contempt committed by Hospodar Couza (a sort of political bigamy) may wish *ampliare jurisdictionem*, and to throw oil upon the troubled waters; but the matter has gone too far, and backing down, even to preserve the peace of Europe, is unimperial and too shockingly distasteful,

The relations of the mutually dependent partners, Meersa. Demand and Supply, are oddly illustrated just now. There's a plethora of money everywhere, and down comes a cataract of projected public loans! Mr. Bates tells me the Austrian proposals have failed. Turkey, like a Phoenix, makes her own fire with her own fuel. Sardinia designs to try the same experiment for the fifty millions of "lire" she wants. Lord Stanley thinks nothing of asking from English capitalists, for his new empire of India, thirty-five millions of dollars.

The court of the "Parvenu" has signalized itself by the introduction of a new feature of etiquette.

At the grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville, two days ago, in honour of the recent marriage, the girl-bride, like a "little Miss Creeper left in the lurch," instead of being handed into the crowded salon by Prince Napoleon her husband, was permitted to walk behind him! Magnificent, cry all the newspapers!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 1, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The review which Lord Palmerston took in his speech last Friday evening of the causes and character of quarrel just now between France and Austria, was marked by more than his usual discretion and forbearance. Mr. Disraeli, in making answer to his enquiries, showed equal sense of the dignity due to the occasion; and his announcement as to the prospect of preserving peace was uncommonly effective. But I am disposed to think that those who heard him were a little misled by their hopes, and did not notice the extremely measured and cautious words (no doubt prearranged, for they were repeated later in the evening by Lord Malmesbury in the Lords) which he used. "Her Majesty's government had received communications from which they *had reason to infer* that the two powers would withdraw their respective armies from the Papal

States simultaneously, and upon the invitation of the Pope."

A very extraordinary result is expected to be achieved over the cabinet of Vienna by the energy, skill, and suppleness of Lord Cowley; no less than its acceding, notwithstanding all its recent acts and language to the contrary, to the original proposal of Louis Napoleon. One is accustomed to predicate of Austrian statesmanship nothing but pretension and obstinacy; and the ministry will be singularly lucky if, in the full tide of these characteristic qualities, they get Francis Joseph to "eat his leek." They themselves entertain grave doubts: for Lord Lyndhurst told me that when the Premier heard of what Mr. Disraeli had said in the Commons, he remarked, "He has gone too far!" Such an expression lacks reliance on the diplomatic expedient. In Paris, it would seem to be very little relied upon; indeed, there the evacuation of the Papal States is but a small part of the solution of the Italian question.

Pray let me ask you to give consideration to the accompanying copy of an advertisement which contains matter of great historical interest to our country. The two hundred letters and documents connected with the negotiation of what Mr. Adams called "Our Treaty of Independence," and the map of the United States traced by Franklin, ought certainly to be in your department. I can receive

the expression of the President's wishes upon the subject before the 6th of April, the day appointed for the sale.

I was last evening seven continuous hours in the diplomatic gallery of the House of Commons, listening to the introduction of Lord Derby's Reform bill. It is as infinitesimal a dose as any homœopath could administer, and is essentially a mere sham of words. Lord John Russell denounced it at once; Mr. Bright termed it frivolous, trifling, absurd, and disgusting. Not a shadow of enfranchisement extended to the working classes. Lord Palmerston and his serried ranks of friends remained quiet, while the measure underwent violent castigation from the ultra Liberals and was falteringly sustained on the Treasury side. Mr. Walpole, Home Secretary, and Mr. Henley, President of the Board of Trade, have resigned; Lord John Manners is expected to follow suit; General Peel is said to be giving way for Lord Elgin, and Sir E. B. Lytton for Gladstone. On the whole, the cabinet seems spontaneously dissolving.

Mr. Ward and his family have been here for the past week. I have been able to keep him advised of Mr. Reed's course and progress homewards. He will meet that gentleman in Paris on the 15th instant, whither he proceeds to-morrow. You have probably already heard that there has been fresh fighting near Canton between the English troops and Chinese braves, as late as the 8th of January.

It is said that the Imperial Government secretly disclaim Lord Elgin's Treaty as the work of compulsion.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 4, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Her Majesty's government have been can-
cusing. Lord Derby invited two hundred and eight
of his partisans of the House of Commons to meet
him at the Treasury Department in Downing Street
on Tuesday last: the gravamen, the Reform bill.
He plumply informed the assembled gentlemen that
every one of them must vote for every part and the
entirety of the measure unflinchingly; and that, if it
finally failed, he would dissolve Parliament. It is
customary to regard our President, not in the light
of the Sovereign here, but as a Prime Minister:
now, what would be thought of him all over the
world, and what would the Representatives say and
do, if our Chief Executive were to take a leaf out
of Lord Derby's book, and, surrounded by his cabi-
net, were to indoctrinate, menace, and marshal the
legislative phalanx? I think we should all be long
before we heard the last of it. This jumble of sepa-
rate and co-ordinate powers is the natural if not
necessary consequence of permitting ministers to

hold seats in Parliament; a practice accompanied by certain administrative advantages, though subversive of fundamental principle. Be this as it may, Lord Derby had his caucus, and he and they have resolved to go it blind for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.

Now, I can't express a confident opinion as to how this will end, and I must tell you why. Lord Palmerston is at heart no reformer; he does not wish to reattain power upon that issue; and he would probably be averse to larger concessions of political franchise than are made by Mr. Disraeli. I have observed, upon this topic, unequivocal symptoms of *rapprochement* between his followers and those of Lord Derby; and, to defeat the ultra Liberals, Bright, Gibson, Roebuck, and Russell (!), they may find themselves on a test vote in the same lobby. Generally speaking, it is thought the bill cannot be saved, and that a dissolution is unavoidable. *Nous verrons* on next Monday fortnight, or shortly after.

Plon-Plon, having sacrificed himself to the Imperial policy by marrying a youthful princess, swells with self-importance, and takes airs; snaps his fingers at the Treaties of 1815; and snubs Persigny, even in the great presence at the Tuileries, and to the well-affected amazement of the Court, by loudly telling him that, let England or all Europe say what they please, the honour and safety of France demand

and will exact the independence and nationality of Italy.

Lord Cowley is on his return to Paris, but the fruits of his mission remain undivulged; while "rentes" are sinking and armies concentrating, the Kaiser at Vienna openly abusing the Kaiser on the Seine, the Holy Father and Cardinal Antonelli "ungratefully insulting" France, and the remains of the patriot Dandolo are being buried at Milan in a row!

Mr. Gladstone is said to be coming home to fill the Colonial Office, now occupied by Sir E. B. Lytton. He is conveniently at present in Piedmont, interchanging views with Count Cavour.

I am afraid I have overwhelmed you lately with official despatches. The constant effort is to prevent accumulation and to be brief. I was told by Mr. P., at Cambridge House last night, that, in the Foreign Office, Lord Lyons and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe were esteemed their ablest writers.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MRS. BACHE.

London, March 10, 1859.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Julia has made for you copies of a series of small notes which have passed between a gentleman living at *Alphington* and myself, the contents of

which will I think interest and amuse you. The whole, except the photograph of the church, are enclosed.

I meet at the leading receptions and soirées no one more punctually than Mrs. Mansfield, your Baltimore friend of early life. Her son has been distinguished as a general in the Indian war; and she is sedulously engaged in chaperoning her granddaughter, about eighteen, through the mazes of a first season out.

All the inferior world of Europe is waiting impatiently to know what the two angry Emperors of France and Austria are going to do: to make war or prolong peace. At this moment, after much vapouring and bluster, there is a lull; inspiring hope which enables the stock exchanges of Paris, Vienna, and London to take a little breath. It is attributed to the supposed success of Lord Cowley's mediatory mission, and it may be dispelled in twenty-four hours by some fresh blast. There is obvious dissension in the French cabinet on the point; Prince Napoleon, though just married upon the strength of his belligerent inclinations, resigning his ministry of Algiers and retreating before his adversaries, Messrs. Walewski and Fould. This is likely to tell.

Dallas has, I presume, recorded his annual victory over the enemies of the Coast Survey. You would be surprised if told how much anxious interest is expressed here in his labours.

I am told that your spirits are good, that you do not suffer pain, and that you enjoy the presence of affectionate children and friends. Such news is comforting.

Always your devoted brother.

TO PROFESSOR ALEXANDER.

London, March 11, 1859.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

Thank you very many times for your obliging and most agreeable notes. Nothing but positive lack of time has prevented my writing in reply; and now, with the Bag yawning for its food by my side, I must be brief.

If there be such a volume as the Parliamentary Rules of Order and Debate, I will procure and send you a copy; "else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?" I'll catch the Speaker by the button, or Lord John by his keen circling look, at the next reception, and soon know the truth. If it exist, consider it yours.

We have reached a very brisk part of the rampant "season," and yet retain our health and senses. Pray remember us all most cordially to Mrs. Alexander.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Our friend her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has been subjected to a heavy critical bombardment, in both parliamentary chambers, for what was represented as his dulness, indifference, and mismanagement of the *Charles et Georges* affair between France and Portugal. Lord John Russell was extremely and unusually tart. In defence but one really good speech was made, that by Cairns, the clever Solicitor-General. Had not the prospect of expelling the ministry upon their Reform bill assumed an almost certain aspect, I think the Opposition would have rallied on this field and carried a vote of censure.

Lord Cowley gets back to-day from Vienna. Nothing yet known as to what he has achieved; and that circumstance in itself leads me to suspect that in his main and indispensable point, the abandonment of the special treaties, he returns as he went. The government must have been apprised by the electric telegraph of any decidedly favourable concession, and would be eager to tell it. Their omission to do so, in the existing tremulous state of stocks, would be regarded as almost criminal.

Napoleoncino, alias Prince Napoleon, alias Prince Jérôme, alias Plon-Plon, has retreated before his

adversaries in council, Walewski and Fould, from the ministry of Algeria. He is perhaps too impatient and impetuous; wanting at once to give the *quid pro quo* for his bride by devotion to the policy of Victor Emmanuel. To that complexion, postpone it as they may, it will come at last. A sweep in the Imperial cabinet is no improbable occurrence as soon as the failure of their agent Lord Cowley is ascertained. It will be the first step in a great European war.

Two days ago the harbour of Cork was invaded by the revolted Neapolitan prisoners, whom the gracious Sovereign of the Sicilies had consigned to New York on board of an American vessel! They have been welcomed with loud hurrahs and open arms. These victims of royal perjury and cruelty, headed by Poerio and Settembrini, are irreproachable, talented, and upright men, whose presence in London will probably tap many a purse and spread many a table.

It is perhaps incumbent upon me, at least thus informally, to say that the Queen, at her dinner last evening, very graciously enquired about the President and Miss Lane, of whose health I was fortunately enabled by a recent private letter to give welcome assurances. Her Majesty has really been benefited by becoming a grandmother.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO SIR E. B. LYTTON.

London, March 17, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,

Your note of yesterday reached me late at night.

Our Senate is, in its several aspects, legislative, executive, and judicial. When acting executively, it sits with closed doors, deliberates on treaties sent to it for ratification or rejection by the President, and on appointments to office. With these functions the House of Representatives has nothing to do. Foreign affairs necessarily engage the Senate largely; not merely the Committee, but the body itself: the Committee is only an agent to examine closely and report in detail.

But you are not strictly right in saying that the House of Representatives "does not discuss foreign affairs." There are many cases in which negotiations with foreign nations end in tariffs, or engagements to pay money: these, to be carried out, require legislation, and so become *legitimately* topics of discussion in the House. And there prevails a practice which rather irregularly and *illegitimately* constantly converts the representative chamber into an arena for discoursing "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" This happens whenever on motion it resolves itself into a "Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union;" the comprehensive character of which opens

every field of debate, domestic and foreign ; practically a great safety valve.

Faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 18, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Among the veteran and vigilant statesmen whom I meet in clusters at social gatherings there would seem to be an almost unanimous belief that war is inevitable. To be sure, the course taken by the inferior sovereignties of Germany has been calculated to check the impetuous progress of the French Emperor, for it threatens a revival of the Coalition of 1815, and we are still kept in the dark as to what has been effected by Lord Cowley, which may possibly transfer all difficulties to the domain of diplomacy ; but the immense military preparations on both sides, and the mutually incriminating tone of their state papers and journals, daily diminish the probability of peace. I am told that in the commercial circles of the City the conviction is so strong that bets have been offered that the first gun has been fired ! Austria is evidently greatly emboldened by the attitude of Prussia, the utterances of the German Confederates, and the intervention of this government. At Vienna, her inflation has chalked the walls with the vowels, A. E. I. O. U., which do plainly signify that "*Austria Est Imperare*

Orbi Universo;" and smacks of the democratic arrogance which we may remember adorned the fences and bricks of Washington, "54.40 or fight!"

To welcome and relieve the Neapolitan prisoners landed at Queenstown is the order of the day. Very imposing committees are already formed and generous contributions made. You are entitled to know that, owing to some letters written home, I was wanted on the first committee organized, but declined, pleading the restraints and reserves attached to position. I think I perceive that this hospitable movement is very much, if not exclusively, in the hands of Liberals; not unnaturally.

The first prosecution of the members of the "Phoenix Society" in Ireland has failed, although pressed with ability and energy by the Attorney-General, Whiteside. The jury disagreed. It is becoming a religious struggle; and apart from the big words used in the indictment, the acts of the conspirators appear very frivolous. A government should ignore the fantasies and follies of exuberant youth: *Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*

I am on tiptoe for the Cass-Yrissari and Ousely treaties, taking it for granted that Nicaragua will baptize them as twins at or about the same time.

Our winter has been remarkably mild, more so than fifty years have witnessed. Little or no ice formed; and fruit trees in full blossom three weeks ago. Lord Eversley (the late Speaker, Lefevre) told

me that he has covered his trees, down in Hampshire, with *woollen netting*, to protect them from any possible return of frost.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. KNOTT.

London, March 19, 1859.

DEAR SIR,

I am afraid that my tardiness in acknowledging the great kindness of your last letter, accompanied by a sketch of Alphington Church, may have lost me some of your good will. I must throw myself upon your indulgence, simply assuring you that my engagements have been constant and monopolizing.

The delay has relieved me of one perplexity: how to fulfil, without too much intrusion upon a stranger, the promise respecting the career in America of those whose banns were declared in Alphington in 1780. Since making the promise, I have received a very valuable work published in my native city of Philadelphia, called "A Dictionary of British and American Authors;" and herein I find a short notice of my father, which contains quite as much as you ought to be troubled with. So my daughter has been good enough to transcribe this article, and I enclose it.

Allow me to repeat to you the very grateful

thanks with which I shall always remember the part you have taken in our correspondence.

You enquire whether either of my parents resided in Alphington when they were married. I believe not. My mother was at the time under the care of an aunt, a venerable single lady named Barlow, whose home was in Devonport.

Faithfully and respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 25, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

We may now safely conclude, as I formerly surmised, that Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna produced—nothing. So close, however, upon its heels came a proposal from the Russian Czar for a Congress, that an indiscriminating public has given his lordship the merit of that suggestion. This European Areopagus will be constituted of plenipotentiaries from France, Russia, Austria, England, and Prussia; Count Cavour goes to Paris to insist upon the presence of Piedmont, and it may be that, considering the peculiarly Italian purpose of the consultation, the minor States of the peninsula may creep in. As all such assemblages are designed, not so much to confer and discuss, as to give impetus and weight to a decision already reached by one or more of the cabinets, I think we shan't be wide of

the mark if we anticipate that the issue of a scheme of settlement devised at St. Petersburg, and instantly adopted at the Tuileries, will bear hard upon Austria. Thence springs the question, will it be frankly acquiesced in? Assuredly not: and so nothing will have been gained by the expedient except those inestimable matters, time for preparation and a temporary rise in stocks. We are already told that Prince Napoleon is designed to be the "*alter Ego*" of his Imperial cousin at the Congress. The landing at Cannes suddenly dispersed a body of this sort in 1815; and, indeed, unless there be great haste in meeting at Geneva, or Aix-la-Chapelle, all accounts agree in predicting a revolutionary movement in or near Rome, or a conflict on the Ticino, which will supersede all deliberation; the *decies repetita* story of Brennus.

An amusing and much-laughed-at instance of Lord M.'s propensity to indoctrinate with simple and wholesome truths, took place in the *Charles et Georges* case, when he pinioned the veteran Malakoff to his *fauteuil* at Windsor Castle, and inculcated "*the immortal truth*, that time undermined prejudices as well as unveiled facts."

You will notice that last night's debate in the House of Commons, brought out through Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, Under Secretary of State, the acknowledgment that "representations had been made by the French government respecting the

conduct of her Majesty's commander of the steam sloop *Alecto* (Hunt!) in boarding the *Phoenix* while the latter was engaged in procuring labourers (under the system which had been so much discussed) on the west coast of Africa." When the particulars of this domiciliary visit are laid upon the table, they may help Cobb and Ellis to form an estimate of the real character of the self-justified agent of maritime police who so harmlessly seized, carried off, and kept in durance vile, for two days, their dirty little Caroline.

The government's Reform Bill has occupied the House of Commons every day of this week, except Wednesday, and many suppose the debate will not close before Tuesday night next, 29th March. Amid a mass of "intolerable rubbish," there are here and there speeches made of real power, as well on one side as on the other. Bulwer Lytton, the Colonial Secretary and charming novelist, defended the bill in a manner which would have done honour to Fox, Chatham, Sheridan, or Erskine, in his palmiest day. Cairns, the Solicitor-General, was equally successful. Lord John Russell, whose motion aims to strike down the bill and the ministry too, has been supported ably from every section of the Liberal party, and partially from the Tories. Sir Charles Wood, Sidney Herbert, Bernal Osborne, John Bright, and Milner Gibson have taken leading parts. Nobody doubts the result, except perhaps myself. I cannot,

until he himself declares it, believe that Lord Palmerston and his personal tail will contribute to what cannot, with their assistance, fail to be the triumphant Premiership of Lord John Russell. Lord Palmerston was to have addressed the House last night, and, according to universal conviction, in maintenance of the motion: he will speak to-night, and let us see whether he does not, in some way or other, repress the expanding glories of his rival. Perhaps, for this purpose, he may dexterously yield to Mr. Gladstone or Sir James Graham.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 1, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

In the House of Commons, at one o'clock this morning, the resolution of Lord John Russell, immolating the ministerial Bill of Reform, was carried by a majority of 39 out of 621 votes. An adjournment took place to Monday the 4th instant, giving to the cabinet an opportunity to determine on their course, whether of a new bill, a resignation, or a dissolution of Parliament. Much could be said in favour of each of these courses; but my knowledge of Lord Derby and his colleagues induces me to believe that the last will be preferred. Certain formal and indis-

pensable steps of supply must be first taken, and the maturing of these may consume a week or ten days. It is not impossible that, in the generous hour of triumph, the Opposition may allow to be wasted as much time, I think about a fortnight, as is necessary to ripen the title of Mr. Disraeli to a pension of two thousand pounds annually for an aggregate service of two years. It is hard to see such luscious fruit turn to ashes on the eve of being clutched. The disinterested independence of Mr. Walpole, in resigning when similarly tempted to hold on, has, however, been greatly eulogized.

If a new ministry, who are likely to compose it? There is no redundant ability, experience, and influence at command. As to the Premiership, the hostile attitude of Palmerston and Russell must embarrass; for you will notice that, agreeably to the anticipation with which I closed my letter of this day last week, the former of these gentlemen, while sustaining the motion of the latter, took a course to damage any ambitious hopes its author might entertain very seriously. Some speak of Lord Granville as the chief who could enlist both in an administration and bridge the gulf which divides them. Others think a Russell Reform cabinet may be made stronger (through the Radicals) without than with Palmerston. Sir James Graham and Mr. Milner Gibson will doubtless be provided with seats. On the Department of Foreign Affairs, Lord Claren-

don seems to have an almost undisputed lien; and that is our principal concern.

No place yet definitively fixed for the proposed Congress. Berlin, Geneva, Baden-Baden, and Mannheim have been successively named. As to its result, meet where and when it may, the opinion I have heretofore expressed remains unchanged. Count Cavour has returned from a victorious sojourn at the Tuileries to Turin, radiant with smiles; and Count Cavour's vista has no limit short of relieving Italy of every Austrian foot.

I am afraid that these two great topics have lost some of their interest; but until they are on the track of human affairs in a settled shape, I don't know how to avoid them. So, be merciful.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 15, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

A thin and glimmering ray of possible peace has suddenly shone on the dark cloud of approaching war. My colleague and neighbour, the Belgian minister, regards it as a rainbow, precursive of a bright sky. He may possibly be right; but I cannot say that the incident appears to me of much importance. It is the last proposal made by Austria: that there shall be a general disarmament, and the

Italian question referred for definitive adjudication to the Congress at Baden. Now, what is this but an affectation of fairness? an offer originating in financial difficulty, and which cannot, without self-stultification, be accepted by the 'quarrelling powers. Accordingly France replies at once, she has not armed, and cannot therefore disarm; a reply about as ingenuous as the proposal itself. Sardinia declares she cannot safely, and therefore will not, take a single step backward, while her enemy remains in Lombardo-Venetia. The truth is, it is essential to both parties to satisfy the opinion of Germany, and hence the game of constantly recurring efforts to put each other in the wrong. The instant these efforts are exhausted, artillery will be heard, whether preceded by a declaration or not. The acknowledged and extraordinary popularity of Louis Napoleon, notwithstanding all that he has been doing since the 1st of January last, amply disproves the change in the French character which it is the fashion here to insist has been effected by the last eight years of peace. They love glory, and will follow *this* Bonaparte in pursuit of it just as readily and heedlessly as they did the other.

On this absorbing subject we are promised by the cabinet a full development of the course they have taken, and of the actual "situation." It was designed for this evening, but was last night postponed to Monday next. My own impression is that we

shall be told of the failure of every mediating effort, and perhaps of an impending declaration of war by Austria against Piedmont, which will be a "tocsin" to France.

Mr. Reed reached here the evening before the last. He must have crossed Senator Clingman on his way to Paris. He tells me Mr. Mason has no doubt of war.

I am quite sensible how much your time must be filled up with more peremptory claims, and therefore am really very grateful for your delightfully long note of the 18th ultimo.

The members of the Commons are very generally off to the hustings. It is not easy to form a House. The election will be a spirited one; perhaps at some places it may be marked by violence. Mr. Cobden is up for Rochdale; his armour borne in his absence by his Patroclus, Mr. Bright, who has no dread of his own defeat at Birmingham. The dissolution finds little favour with either party. When coolly considered by-and-by, it will be looked upon as a most unnecessary and dangerous departure from the settled principles and practices of this government; a step, however, rather stimulating towards republicanization.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CORYELL.

London, April 21, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 4th instant is before me, and I thank you for its contents. It is impossible for me to be more active in private correspondence than I am. There are so many subjects for official thought and attention constantly arising that I am obliged to rest satisfied with the modicum of personal writing within my power. I bombard General Cass by every steamer.

What a deplorable picture you draw of the condition of our good old party! It must be much worse, however, before I can persuade myself to think that there is real danger. As to my own action, I have grown old sticking inveterately to one groove of straight line motion, out of which I have neither the wish nor the ability to budge. My faith in pure democracy is now exactly what it was when I embraced or inhaled it fifty years ago. Perhaps this will be esteemed blind idolatry. Be it so. I steer by an old compass; and, sink or swim, amid shallows, rocks, flats, or icebergs, I'll keep on to the last. When I see men, like fretful painters, displeased with their own work and dashing their brushes in a rage at the canvas, I feel more pity than surprise at an intemperance which visits the imperfection of a slight part upon the great whole. Because they can't make a

nose as straight, or an eye as blue, as they conceive it ought to be, they indignantly spoil their still beautiful creation. None do more harm to fundamentals than they who are over-righteous and are "wise in their own conceit." You must make the application of these "saws," for you perceive I have a latent reluctance to do so.

So, the delusive chirrup with which warm-hearted friends are wont periodically to be excited as with an intermittent, has again, for the fifth time, buzzed in the breeze! At this distance it is quite inaudible. The speaking-trumpets of the press communicate no sound of the sort. The cars are crammed with candidates steaming to Charleston. I'll accept cheerfully any one of them, preferring to be sure a Southerner, but never discontented with the best practicable result. When we can't do the best, let us at least do the best we can. Be the candidate whom he may, nail the flag, and never despair of the Republic!

We have not got war yet, though I expect it every day. France and Austria have had a protracted game of political chess, and I rather think the former will prove the Morphy of the occasion. The number of men under arms in Europe, fully equipped and ready to give battle, may be estimated at two millions five hundred thousand. These are the bulwarks of despotic thrones! Can we wonder that thrones still stand?

Remember, when you have a chance, to give my

kindest regards to Mr. Ingham; also Judge Joel Jones, etc.

Very faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 22, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I see a good deal of Baron Poerio, the minister in 1849, and ever since the imprisoned victim, of the now dying King of Naples. He is a short, slender gentleman, rather bald, of unaffected quiet-toned manners, and of clear mind. I should presume him to be about fifty-five; he attracts much kind notice, and circulates actively. The deportment of all these escaped prisoners has been, since they reached England, most admirably becoming. They are not generally military men, but they seem to regard the Sardinian army as their natural resource.

Two brilliant intellects of the 19th century have just died out: De Tocqueville, at Cannes, on Saturday last, and Lady Morgan, at London, on the preceding Wednesday.

The heavy sword of Brennus has suddenly been pitched into the scales, though not exactly from the quarter I had anticipated. Yesterday morning the funds rose; Lord Malmesbury's indefatigable and inexhaustible proposals for peace, disarmament, and a Congress, seemed everywhere accepted, and even my

obstinate convictions were giving way ; when, crack ! came the thunderclap of the afternoon's telegram from Turin, announcing that Giulai, the Austrian Commander-in-chief at Milan, had summoned Piedmont to disperse her soldiers and volunteers, under penalty of war and invasion at the expiration of three days ! I do not believe the fact to be so, but it *looks* very much as if England had busied herself in administering opiates and sedatives to Louis Napoleon while the black double-headed eagle was stretching its wings for a spring and a swoop. For what can Victor Emmanuel do now ? He must fly before the immense forces he is wholly incapable of repelling ; his capitals must fall in quick succession ; and when he is irreparably ruined, and perhaps a suicide after the fashion of his father, then, possibly, France, delirious with shame, may rush to revenge him. If the French take up this notion, that their honour has been compromised by too blind a reliance upon their dear allies, whither will they not impetuously turn to strike ? Scotch "second sight" is hardly necessary to make palpable the crowded harbour and bristling batteries of Cherbourg. And Queen Victoria is without her Parliament, her Channel without a fleet, her coasts without defences, and her militia without arms or practice ! Here is a complication from which you may deduce the likelihood of a violent demand for the restoration of Lord Palmerston, the recognised war minister, to power.

I wish Congress could be persuaded to place at the disposition of the American minister here a reasonable credit with the house of Barings, to be applied, under Presidential sanction in each case, to the purchase of rare relics illustrative of our national history. Besides the catalogue of Franklinian and Revolutionary articles sold on the 6th instant, but which you plead poverty for not buying, here is a manuscript of extreme interest by Bradford, the narrator of the preparations, voyage, and settlement of the Pilgrims, *quorum pars fuit*: and here, telling a tale of our complete and minute custom-house subserviency, while colonies, to the London establishment, is the very copper-plate whence were struck, and sent over, certificates of assessed valuations of imports!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 29, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Foreign Office and the Exchange are equally under a panic. Stocks are tumbling head-long, with curses louder and deeper than any heard since 1848. As to Lord Malmesbury, he is fiercely assailed in the newspapers for absence and neglect of duty at an appalling crisis. It will turn out, as I believe, that the Secretary, over-zealous to avert war,

has hurried to Paris to present in person England's final offer of mediation. The treaty of alliance offensive and defensive between Russia and France, executed three days after the date of the Austrian summons to Piedmont, and immediately announced, has created general surprise and consternation. The Czar's troops are in two armies of observation, composedly exercising surveillance, one on the eastern frontier of Prussia, the other not distant from the eastern frontier of Austria. They will cross the boundary at the signal of Louis Napoleon, who sped from Paris yesterday for a field of battle in the vicinity of that of Marengo. The Duke of Malakoff is still here, and possibly may linger for several days; but he has left what I take to be his farewell cards. He has often said that the Emperor was no general and never could be one. His Majesty has nevertheless organised a magnificent campaign, and if he come out as well as he goes into it, the Marshal will be obliged to eat his words. In the course of the present week the soil of Piedmont will be trodden by little less than 350,000 armed men, marshalled by three sovereigns, and bent on a pitched battle whose importance far transcends that of Waterloo.

The perplexities and tribulations of Lord Malmesbury are, as we may readily imagine, *au comble*. But the real state of things is every instant thrown into doubt by fresh telegrams across the Channel. Since I began this letter, a distinction is taken between a

treaty offensive and defensive, and a *perfect understanding*, in explanation of the Czar's attitude. Bonaparte's quitting Paris is said not to be definitive, and hence he don't empower the regency *to act*: he will be back before he enters Italy. He is gaining time by forbearing to slam the door against mediation. All the while, however, it is certain that immense bodies of troops are pouring across the frontiers of Piedmont.

Should this European war proceed, of which I have hardly had a doubt since the 1st of January, would it not be well to suggest to General Floyd the expediency of allowing some of our most promising officers to witness its operations? Vast improvements in military weapons, it is said, will have their first practical trials; and the French Emperor has studied out, and meditates exhibiting, new strategical movements, the very hints of which have thrown all the young Gallic mousquetaires into ecstasies. For my own part, I should like to see, if the combatants would permit it, an American historiographer, Major Delafield for instance, at or near every battle.

The election is going on with less agitation than was expected. The coffers of the Carlton Club are crammed with means for "paying expenses."

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 3, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR.

It may be important that you should promptly know the judgment passed by this government upon the proceedings of their negotiator in Nicaragua, and I therefore availed myself of the earliest opportunity by the Arago from Southampton. The tone of censure used by Lord Malmesbury is somewhat softened in my report. Such unexplained departures from prescribed duty, could, he said, be only attributed "to the loss of his faculties!"

I introduced conversation by complimentary reference to the Secretary's great exertions for the preservation of peace in Europe. The truth is, I *felt* the extraordinary alteration his appearance had undergone. He looked *abattu*, exhausted, worn, grave: as if ten years of suffering had intervened since I last saw him. He said he had given fourteen hours of every day for two months to efforts to keep people from fighting, but fight they would, in spite of everything he had been able to say or do; all mediation or intercession was at an end; and (pausing to reflect) they fight this very day!

War then is opened. The white-coated legions, with their black double-headed eagles, have crossed the Ticino, and Austria is in Piedmont on the banks of the Sesia! Nothing as yet but a lively skirmish;

the Sardinians killing a colonel and fifteen privates, and then retreating. The French are hastening to the theatre of action, through all the passes, in great corps and high spirits; forty thousand of them at Genoa from Algeria and Toulon. Revolution has exploded at the approach of the tricolour in Tuscany (whose ducal family have fled), in Parma (whose duchess is among the missing), in Modena; and even in Rome, popular "manifestations," after taking a decided course, tending to the overthrow of the Pope's secular power, have only been suspended by the persuasive exhortation of the French General Guyon. The respective diplomatic vindications of the three belligerents are now addressed and circulated at the bar of European opinion. Napoleon, however, is still in Paris, and Malakoff in London.

- At present the policy of maintaining a pacific neutrality is here ascendant. All the hustings proclaim it. The pipe of every section, Derby, Palmerston, Russell, or Bright, discourses the same eloquent music. Yet the Mediterranean squadrons and garrisons are reinforced, and the Channel fleet is in process of doubling. Volunteers, too, are drilling with rifles; the militia embodying; and the coast fortifications are anxiously brushed up. There is no knowing, indeed, in what direction the lava of a volcano may scoop its channel.

The complexion of the new House of Commons cannot yet be determined. The Conservatives will

gain, say their adversaries, about ten members; not enough to enable them to retain the government. Lord Palmerston anticipates another ministry and another dissolution, consequent upon the adoption of another Reform bill, in less than a twelvemonth.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. PICKENS.

London, May 8, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your highly interesting letter of the 19th ultimo would have been answered before, but that our Central American relations suddenly required rectification here and exacted exclusive zeal. It will be a source of great pleasure to me to exchange thoughts with you occasionally. I cherish many delightful remembrances of my short residence in St. Petersburg during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, and feel much interest in the movements of the present Czar, in their bearing on foreign politics or domestic ameliorations. He became of age while I was at his father's Court.

The condition of things at home seems rapidly improving. All the elements of prosperity are vigorously pushing upwards. Coal, iron, cotton, corn, railways, are emerging from the fogs of panic. An excess of imports is apprehended: a dangerous con-

sequence, but sure proof of renovated enterprise. The incumbent of the Treasury, after suffering the chilly horrors of emptiness, will have to watch and subdue the tendencies to repletion.

The Paraguay Armada returns, having accomplished very little, but that little quite enough. Peace and goodwill are pearls for which we must sometimes pay a high price. We probably saved in the future a good deal by the size and vigour of the demonstration.

The very equivocal (rather the unequivocally wrong) course taken by the British negotiator in Nicaragua, threatened to necessitate a similar movement in that quarter. I think, however, it will be abstained from. The fault was clearly more in Sir William G. Ouseley than in the local statesmen, and the remedy sent from the Foreign Office will doubtless be efficacious. We shall have the Case-Yrissari Treaty *pure et simple*; the transit opened, permanently neutral to all the world; the Mosquito Protectorate at an end; and the Bay Islands restored to Honduras: these arrangements leaving the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty free of contestable points.

If, in addition to the Right of Search question, the China question, the Paraguay question, and the Central American question, the President shall be able to adjust advantageously the wretched Mexican question, his foreign policy will stand a very good chance of being esteemed historically as fortunate,

no matter how his personal popularity at home may stand.

The existing war is an exceedingly interesting event. Of the real, though distant, source whence it springs, one can scarcely doubt. When you hear of an unaccountable murder, you ask "Who benefits by it?" It is possible that Italy may incidentally be relieved of Austrian tyranny: but the Emperor of Russia would appease his Sire's ghost by occupying the halls of Stamboul, and a large print of the foot of Napoleon I. is indelible at the base of the great Pyramid. At the expiration of this struggle, unless the maritime power of England energetically intervene, the Crescent will have disappeared from Europe, and Egypt be annexed to Algeria. That is the only logical end to the beginning.

Just now, the public men of Great Britain, high and low, in and out of office, on the hustings and in private, unanimously inculcate neutrality. The policy is wise, for the time being; but it will not continue wise or safe so soon as the vista shall open of a redistribution of empire in especial reference to the crowns at Paris and St. Petersburg. For one, or two, or three years, England may husband her vast resources and concentrate her scattered forces; and then, on seeing the danger patent, she will find herself able to compel a peace. You will probably have remarked that the instant her efforts at mediation failed, she pushed forward the doubling of her

fleets, the restoration of her garrisons, the embodying of her militia, the recall of her troops, and the recruiting of seamen with a ten-pounds bounty. I am quite satisfied that she will try to avoid being drawn into the maelstrom of war, until she feels so strong and so secure that she can, by going one side or the other, bring it to a close. Up to the point of driving the Austrians into the Adriatic, my sympathies all run with the Italians, and even with Louis Napoleon: "*Après cela rien si non le déluge!*"

I agree with you in believing that our American interests are beyond the reach of injury by this war. Indeed, as neutral carriers, our merchant vessels may be much benefited; especially under the operation of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th clauses of the "Declaration concerning Maritime Law" in the Treaty of Paris of April, 1856, although Mr. Marcy refused his assent.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 18, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

There are but two topics, the war on the Po and the fight at the Polls. The latter is just closing; showing twenty Liberal members captured by the enemy, but still leaving a large superiority of force, say 55, with the opposition. Is it not quite shocking

to perceive that, in this highly moral and religious country, so given to inculcate virtuous principles and practices upon "all the world and the rest of mankind," this change of twenty constituencies is authoritatively (Sir James Graham), scarce disputably, attributed to bribery, bribery with a Carlton Club fund!

Governments are very generally and distinctly announcing neutrality as the order of the day. In the actual war, Russia declares herself neutral; so does Prussia; so does Switzerland; so does Belgium; so does Holland; so does the Roman Pontiff; so does expiring Bomba; so does Denmark; and so shortly will England, either by orders in Council, or unequivocal declarations in Parliament. Thus the war in Italy assumes the aspect of a prize fight; three bruisers without backers hemmed in by a complete *cordon* of neutrals. How long this *cordon* will last; whether it will not soon prove itself a rope of sand; whether the German States will not be frightened into fits of intermeddling; whether Russia may not on tiptoe creep to the bedside of the "sick man;" whether Hungary may not invite the Czar to liberate her on his way to enlarge Greece by territorial annexations; and whether splicing Egypt to Algeria may not fall like "a stunner" upon Britannia; are all speculative questions of easy starting but of slow solution.

The French Emperor reached Genoa yesterday.

To-day he is doubtless in Turin. Whether he will execute his promise and get to Milan in three weeks, *nous verrons*. He left Paris on the surge of the highest swell of popular enthusiasm, and (a comforting fact) carrying in his portfolio the spontaneous pledges of the "Mariamne" and the Socialists that they would guarantee the safety of his dynasty and family during his absence. His command is already 180,000 men.

We are bound to celebrate her Majesty's birthday on the 19th instant at the Drawing Room in St. James's Palace, at the Foreign Office dinner, and at the Prime Minister's ball; and all this by conventional arrangement, when the excellent Queen was really born on the 24th of May. Quite immaterial, when once settled.

Marshal Malakoff is succeeded at this court by corporation-scolding Count Persigny. The former went off in a huff, at being sent to Nancy to await the possibility of getting the command of a division at some future day. Perhaps it is intended that, in order to have a pretence for concentrating the army, he shall do something to provoke a German breach of neutrality. Since his marriage, I think he has become "the soldier tired of war's alarms."

Lord Napier and family arrived safely at Plymouth a few days ago.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. H.

London, May 17, 1859.

DEAR SIR,

Your note of the 14th instant was handed to me yesterday. In it you request my opinion as to your contracts to ship provisions and coals to France, and as to your position in executing these contracts, per English vessels, under the recently issued Proclamation of the Queen.

You leave me in the dark as to the dates and terms of the contracts, the expressed purposes to which your supplies are destined, the nominal parties, and the places of delivery. All these are matters which, more or less, affect the character of your proceedings. One thing, however, is I believe indisputable: your contracts are with the Imperial government, not with private persons, and it would be difficult, therefore, should obstacles interpose, to resist the presumption that your shipments were designed for military, not domestic use.

The penalties and forfeitures provided in the Act of George III. recited in the Proclamation, are meant to enforce a high national policy, that of strict neutrality in an actual war between two foreign powers. Such shipments as you propose would certainly help the belligerent movements of one of these powers injuriously to the other: if that be undeniable, do they not necessarily violate the

neutrality proclaimed? and so subject the shipper to prosecution for misdemeanour and his vessels to condemnation. If the Proclamation means less than this, it is mere pretence.

But perhaps you hope that the doctrine promulgated in the *Times* is sound, to wit, that the statute does not apply to American citizens or vessels. I am sorry to be obliged to think otherwise. The very words of the Act refer to "any person" and "any vessels." Our citizens domiciled as merchants in England, and our ships in British ports, cannot claim immunity from the operation of the statute upon any principle of which I am aware.

These views are hastily submitted to you. I should much have preferred expressing them orally; because I do not like to give a hurried opinion on so grave a topic. Please regard them as confidential.

Let me conclude by saying that, notwithstanding the suggestions I have made, the shipment of *provisions only* seems to me so little likely to be noticed or complained of by Austrians, that, were I embarked in the business, I should not be deterred from going on.

Very respectfully yrs.

TO LADY S.

London, May 18, 1859.

MY DEAR LADY S.,

Your note of the 16th instant in reference to Mr. — has had all the favourable consideration which any request from you is sure to command from me. I cannot doubt the excellent qualities of one whom you desire to serve; and in promptly conforming to your wish, it would be a source of additional satisfaction to me to contribute, however slightly or indirectly, to an appointment which would please the several highly cherished friends whom you name.

If on any occasion Lord Malmesbury were to honour me by touching on the subject and asking my opinion, I might feel at liberty to express myself in harmony with your suggestions. But, to go farther than this, or to initiate the topic, is out of my power, as I am prohibited by positive law. What course of conduct heretofore pursued by the representatives of the United States at any foreign Court may have suggested the expediency of the legislative injunction is unknown to me; but in 1856 Congress passed an Act prescribing, among other matters, that "*no diplomatic officer shall recommend any person, at home or abroad, for any employment of trust or profit under the government*

of the country in which he is located: nor ask or accept for himself or any other person any present, emolument, pecuniary favour, office or title of any kind from any such government."

This law, my dear Lady S., renders me powerless to aid your gracious object; and I have no mode of mitigating the regret felt at abstaining to execute your wish except by frankly showing the obligation of duty.

The departure of his Grace the Duke of Leeds shocked us all by its suddenness. Short as our acquaintance with him was, the kindly and generous features of his character had produced an impression not to be easily effaced.

With the sincerest respect I am, my dear Lady S.,

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 20, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lord and Lady Napier had a prosperous and quick voyage home. They are full of grateful remembrances for kindnesses, and express themselves to everybody with warmth.

Your representative at the Court of Lisbon, the gallant General Morgan, is at present here. He

escorts Mrs. Morgan to Liverpool, on her way to the United States by the steamer of to-morrow. They did us credit yesterday at the birthday Drawing Room of the Queen.

We were thirty-two plates at the diplomatic feast of the Foreign Office. Among us shone, in a perfect wilderness of diamonds, Prince Obrenovitch, son of the recently reinstated Miloch of Servia. This specimen of the race is exceedingly imposing, and dwarfs nearer and older royalties.

What of a battle? coming, not yet come. Strategy, manoeuvre, observation, inspection, distribution, but no fight. They say we are to hear of one to-night. Sympathizing with Italy, I almost fear the news; the Austrians have been so cautious and concentrated, the allies so dashing, brisk, and loud. Then the military theories of Louis Napoleon, however brilliant, do not give the confidence imparted by the experience and practice of Hess and Gyulai. And again, even the Emperor himself apprehends mischief from the rash levity of his new troops. I would be content to ensure a drawn game or two for the next month.

Count Persigny has resumed his embassy. He said to me yesterday that he would not have come, had he not regarded his coming as an earnest of the Emperor's good will towards England. Something, then, makes it expedient to prop up the belief of that good will even by small matters! Words have

lost their efficacy. No wonder, for the world is pretty generally convinced that the extraordinary armament of this country has its impulse in the knowledge of the secretly agreed designs between Russia and France. I think the leaning of sentiment and comment too here is towards Austria. The *Times* has managed, it is said through the agency of Lord Aberdeen, to plant "a special correspondent" at the head-quarters of the Tedeschi on the Po: and able letters have already appeared, eulogizing and vindicating the invaders. The Regent of Prussia, too, father-in-law of *our* Princess Royal, in his farewell address to the dissolving Landtag, though still ambiguous, shows more anti-gallicanism than was expected.

The new Parliament convenes in ten days. The Liberal majority is fifty-one, nominally: in reality, it may sometimes be many more, and sometimes wholly disappear, according to the questions for decision. Great exertions are being made to keep the party united, until at least a change of government be effected. If reform be early brought upon the *tapis*, the ministry will fall: but if, as I hear, a resort be had to any other expedient, such for instance as a vote of want of confidence, on account of failure to prevent the war, or on imputations of electioneering corruption, the "independent members" will bolt, and Lord Derby be firmer than ever. I am, as you know, not much of a political conjurer;

but were I to wager, it would be that the cabinet will last another year.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. T.

(Unofficial.)

London, May 22, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

If I do not misapply the present Sabbath, I am afraid that an answer to your letter of the 20th instant will run a chance of almost indefinite postponement. Perhaps, too, what may be said will reach all the practical objects aimed at by your friend.

The memorandum, now returned to you, of the legislative provisions by which our shipping, in its titles, transfers, and privileges, is governed, however correct in itself, does not seem to me applicable to the enquiry on foot. Our custom-house regulations are not what you want. You are seeking a solution of the illusory problem started in several newspapers since the Queen's Proclamation of neutrality, to wit, whether the penalties prescribed by the act of George III. can be avoided by shippers in England, if they employ American instead of British bottoms and flags. Now, on this question, our peculiar customs laws have no bearing whatever.

1. When a war is declared or explodes between two or more nations, the normal relation of other

nations to that war is one of neutrality; signifying, engaged on neither side.

2. To preserve unquestioned this condition of neutrality, some governments deem it expedient to warn and deter the people by threatening with penalties and forfeitures; other governments simply go on their usual course, having nothing to say or do with quarrels which don't concern or involve them, and leaving intercourse and commerce to private enterprise and prudence. Great Britain, on the occurrence of the actual war, has chosen the former proceeding: the United States have mostly heretofore, and probably will now, take the latter. This difference in the manner of municipal action towards their respective peoples does not, in the slightest degree, vary the character of their international relation: they are both neutral to the fullest extent.

3. The statute of George III., recited in her Majesty's Proclamation, makes amenable to domestic or municipal criminal procedure, certain acts tending to bring the national neutrality into suspicion, against which we in the United States have not thought it necessary to take such stringent steps. Both countries have what are called permanent neutrality laws (ours you will find dated the 20th April, 1818), but the offences made punishable are not the same in reality or in terms.

4. Observe that the language of the statute George III. very properly makes the penalty and for-

feiture attached to the commission of the described misdemeanour, applicable to all "*persons*" and "*ships*" within British jurisdiction. It would have been strange if "*foreigners*," domiciled Americans or any other class, had been allowed an immunity for offences alleged to endanger the national good faith, honour, and interests. We have not declared in our criminal code the acts thus denounced to be misdemeanours: but had we done so, certainly aliens or strangers would have been made equally liable with citizens.

5. Breaches of neutrality are of various kinds, and followed by various consequences. It is impossible, for me at least, to state in advance every case that would be construed into a breach. Take it as a fundamental rule that fraudulent neutrality is no neutrality; and then, that in general a violation is committed by supplying one of the belligerents, directly or indirectly, with contraband of war.

6. What articles are contraband of war must be too commonly known to require mention. They are, broadly and comprehensively, such things as contribute to, and are designed for, military use. Provisions may become contraband, if destined to feed a population intentionally condemned, by siege or other plan of operations, to starvation; and the necessities of steam navigation would seem, in these modern times, by parity of reason, to convert coals into contraband, if freighted for a belligerent navy.

7. I have been surprised, under the influence of these views, at finding some portion of the English press making the unusual concession that commerce can be more safely carried on from their ports in American ships and under the American flag than with their own. This compliment has too little foundation to be accepted. As I have said, both nations are neutrals in reference to the war now waging. To be sure, an English merchant in Liverpool, who fits out an English vessel in the Mersey, with a cargo of coals or salt beef, and orders her to Toulon, may be, and his ship also, in more immediate peril than would be an American merchant in New York who fits out an American vessel in the Hudson with a like cargo for the same French port; but the greater peril does not spring out of the nationality of the citizen or ship: it is the consequence of a local criminal law, the statute of George III., which at Liverpool applies indiscriminately to every person and every vessel, but which at New York don't exist at all. On the high seas, in the view of the parties at war, and in reference to the doctrine of contraband, as the two nations are equally neutral, it is quite immaterial whether the carrying craft be British or American. If the freight be internationally lawful, it is as secure against invasion in one as in the other: if it be unlawful, it will in both be liable to seizure and condemnation.

8. War has its rights as well as neutrality. These

rights, in regard to maritime captures, are enforced by courts of admiralty, whose decisions rest, or ought to rest, upon the established principles of international law. Whether a vessel seized for breach of neutrality be good prize or not, is often a complicated, nice, and difficult question, requiring the closest study of facts, documents, circumstances, and designs. In every civilized country, admiralty tribunals have been established to which either party to a war may resort with alleged prizes to obtain judicial decrees of condemnation, unless, indeed, for the stricter maintenance of neutrality, such resort has been prohibited.

But you will say enough, and more than enough! I believe so too. These suggestions have been made to indicate what I conceive to be the right track of thought on the new phase of our commercial relations by which your mind is exercised. Each of them could be amplified into the pamphlet held over you *in terrorem*, by illustrations, exceptions, and book authorities; but I forbear to do what would consume much precious time (both mine and yours) without yielding a corresponding profit. One reflection I *must* add, indeed, "situated as I am" (as Sir Patrick Plenipo adroitly intimates), I do not feel at liberty to omit it; viz., that what I have written to you on this grave topic, if used at all, should be used with extreme discretion.

Faithfully yours.

TO MR. DILLER.

(Unofficial.)

London, May 24, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received your excellent letter of the 20th instant. It is one among many from our foreign consuls which the war has induced. All, I believe, are anxious to do right; but all are not so inflexible to surrounding and misleading influences as I take great pleasure in finding you to be.

Your law on the mooted topic is incontestably sound, and your official morality, in refusing to be an agent to effectuate a fraudulent cover, not to be questioned. Never do what is tainted even with the suspicion of *mala fides*. In God's name, why should the seal or the flag of the United States be debased by bolstering or disguising what is false? We should recoil from such profanation instinctively.

There is a certain amount of discretion vested in you by the 637th paragraph of the Regulations. There should be *proof* that, 1, the *purchaser* is a citizen of the United States; and 2, that the transaction is *bonâ fide*, and *you* are to determine whether that *proof* be *satisfactory*. You are the officer to be *satisfied*; and though I would never embarrass a fair transaction of business by captious difficulties as to evidence, yet, if I doubted its integrity, I would probe it resolutely, and exact all-sufficient proof.

Of your power to administer an oath whenever you

think it necessary or proper in fulfilling your duties, no doubt can possibly be entertained since the passage of the 24th section of the Act of the 18th of August, 1856.

I will only add that the advantage to be derived by one neutral ship-owner in selling to another neutral, even as a cover, is imperceptible to me; for, in time of war, no flag can protect against the belligerent right of search.

Very respectfully and faithfully yrs.

TO MR. DE LA HENRIÈRE.

London, May 25, 1859.

SIR,

I beg to thank you for your note received two days ago, and for the spirited little volume, the "Handbook of Reform," which accompanied it.

As the dispassionate conclusion of an enlightened stranger, your estimate of the Constitution of my country is exceedingly welcome. Born under the beneficent operation of that instrument, I have yet to experience my first doubt of its great wisdom, or to show my first reluctance to maintain it unaltered.

With sentiments of esteem and good will,

I have the honour to be, sir, yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 27, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The French Ambassador fairly cornered me at a reception the day before yesterday, and with unmistakable *empressement* and perseverance went through an elaborate vindication of the Emperor's entire course respecting the war. It was necessary to give my whole attention; for Count Persigny speaks poor English, and is too courteous to insist upon his own tongue, though I hinted he might. Well! he produced in my mind a conviction that Napoleon III. regards it as essential to his dynastic and national policy that he should end the war and leave Italy to her own population and self-government, as soon as he has driven the Austrians into the Adriatic. Nothing, said his Excellency, can be more unjust and preposterous than the English notion that he wishes to go beyond the independence of Lombardo-Venetia; that he wants crowns for his cousins; and is preparing to confront all Europe in battle. If anything of that sort result from the intermeddling of the German States, the fault will not be his. Securing the Peninsula against revolution, and France against its contagion, by giving the oppressed and misgoverned people the power to act for themselves, is the great guarantee he proposes to effect for his throne and fame. Victory, it is true, deals with

the general as brandy deals with the toper; but inebriation may possibly be escaped, and the Count has implicit faith in the strong head of his Majesty. So have I.

Once or twice heretofore you have had my deduction from various and numerous small matters, that the tendency of the Derby government is to *rapprochement* with Austria. That, I am convinced, is their gravitation. Neutrality, vigorously arming neutrality, as long as Napoleon has his hands full in Lombardy, and while Prussia is settling the Germanic pre-eminence; but, when all's ready, the ministry, in harmony with the Court, will elude the popular vigilance and place England, before she is aware of it, at the head of a general coalition hostile to France. One event may defeat this, a ministerial change: for all admit that no administration which could be formed by Lord Granville, Lord John Russell, or Lord Palmerston, would allow the pacific position, now unanimously chosen, to be disturbed, in order to reinstate or uphold the oppression of Italy.

Her Majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent, about seventy-three, has just undergone a severe and alarming attack. Should it prove fatal, the Queen's affliction will be ample ground for putting off any rough handling of her official servants. The Tories would rejoice, as brands from the burning, if they could tranquilly tide over the next two months.

Poor old lady! she little thinks that such hopes have been kindled by the report of her illness!

Senator Seward has been here a week, and purposes to remain until November. Sir Henry Holland talks of visiting the President in September. He likes the sea, and has American investments.

The battle of Montibello, though unquestionably a French success, is not esteemed here as much more than a sanguinary skirmish with little result.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, June 1, 1859.

MY DEAR MARKOE,

The military movements in Italy are very engrossing. To-day brings us a second sanguinary fight at Palestro, in which the Piedmontese carry off the palm, and the Austrians are beaten. Their chief, Gyulai, is reported among the slain. The carnage, both here and at Montibello, is out of all proportion with the result as affecting the campaign.

In the north, at Como, Garibaldi has received a check; a thing that will do him no permanent harm, for he was moving on, like mad Anthony, rather recklessly, too much despising his adversary. A little more caution and armament, and he may yet be the first in Milan. One can't help wishing this, for he

is their best type of liberty and independence: republican, *ab ovo usque ad mala*.

Odd enough, I am getting to believe in the sincerity of Louis Napoleon's professions about the only purpose of the present war. I have persuaded myself into the conviction that it is the interest of his dynasty and fame and future power to stop, at least for some years, as soon as he drowns the Austrians in the Adriatic; and as he has sagacity enough to see his interest, so, setting aside the notion that a despot can be a liberator, he may see his own selfish and solid advantage in accomplishing what all Europe will praise him for, if he be content as soon as it is done. Of course, Englishmen and Germans can't reason in this way; they remember too keenly, and are nervous.

Prussia is fast taking the pre-eminence and lead among the German powers. If Austria yield her the *pas* in political arrangement, she may be flattered to a *rapprochement*, and then if the French Emperor forget the moderation inculcated by Engénie, she with England at her side will create a coalition for the House of Hapsburg, which even Russia might not be averse to joining, and which Napoleon is not vigorous enough to withstand.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 3, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am told by a confidential and reliable Whig, that all efforts to bridge over the chasm between "Lord Pam and Lord John" have failed. Neither will enter a new government except as Prime Minister. If such be the irremediable fact, the great Liberal party, with its majority of fifty in the House of Commons, must fly to pieces on the first occasion next week, leaving Lord Derby "calm as a summer's morning." Mr. Roebuck, the fiercest of the Independents or Radicals, and Sir John Ramsden, a sterling member of her Majesty's opposition, have recently made speeches which disclose a very unpromising prospect for those who covet seats on the Treasury bench.

The battle of Palestro was signalized by the exhibition of great daring on the part of Victor Emmanuel, and by *the first command given by Louis Napoleon*, which directed the Zouaves to an irresistible attack. It was reported, but without foundation, that Gyulai had been killed. As the allies contemplate a combined movement to cross the Po in face of the Austrians, a general and most destructive conflict is hourly expected.

Some of our distinguished army officers, Crittenden, Carr, Todd, Leroy, Clitz, have been attracted to this

side of the Atlantic by the war. They would like to be observers at head-quarters ; but there are, I fear, insuperable obstacles in their way.

The legation was, the day before yesterday, specially honoured by receiving her Majesty's commands inviting Bishop Delancey, of New York, and Mr. Senator Seward, to a concert at Buckingham Palace. The Queen graciously permitted the presentation of Mr. Seward between the acts of music ; I had, some weeks ago, introduced the Bishop at a regular Levee.

This morning I received official notice that her Majesty will in person open Parliament on the 7th instant. What has been doing since the 31st May is preliminary only ; the election of Speaker, Mr. Denison again, and swearing in of members.

You will doubtless have seen in the public journals, or received from our consul there, Mr. Ferdinand Sarmiento, the official notification of the blockade of Venice by the French fleet. This is, I believe, the first maritime act of the kind in the present war. All the belligerents have referred to the Treaty of Paris of 1856 for their rule as to blockades : we did not adopt the declaration contained in that treaty, but I suppose the rule would act upon all commerce without discrimination.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 17, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The world's movements have latterly been brisk; the Tories driven out, and the Austrians beyond the Adda! To signalize these events duly, I send you a list of the new government, and the huge blue-book of correspondence on "the affairs of Italy" from the Foreign Office. Of the first, it may be said that, like the pudding, its proof will be in the eating; the flavour is not peculiarly palatable to us, but it may improve on tasting. Of the second, this is clearly true, that it does great credit to the industry and fairness of Lord Malmesbury as a European statesman; the Continent will read and digest it with avidity, and perhaps hasten to regret the downfall of Lord Derby. These gentlemen, after all, quit power with grace—a grace that has emboldened the Queen, notwithstanding the condemnatory vote of the Commons, to confer the Garter on the retiring Premier, and the red ribbon of the Bath upon his principal Secretary of Foreign Affairs, as also upon his first Lord of the Admiralty, Sir John Pakington.

The virtues of a caucus were signally shown by the opposition. They convened to the number of 274, the day preceding the opening of Parliament; were addressed by Palmerston, Russell, Bright; and

although tempted into dissension by Roebuck, Lindsay, and Horsman, they steadily resolved to move an amendment to the Address, declaring a want of confidence in her Majesty's ministers. After nearly a week's debate, the amendment prevailed, in a House of 633, by a majority of 13. Had no preliminary and conciliatory meeting shown the possibility of union on interchanges of mutual pledges, it is quite certain that the government would have stood.

The distinctive feature of the new cabinet, as a political agency on this side of the Atlantic, is an avowed sympathy with the Italian cause as espoused by Napoleon III. To be sure, neither Palmerston, Russell, Granville, nor Gladstone, will dream of quitting neutrality in order to aid that cause; but as soon as it triumphs by the expulsion of Austrian power from the Peninsula, they will firmly insist upon a peace by their mediation, and upon guarantees of independence and improved administration. If you can afford a few hours, I recommend to your perusal that cogently argumentative and wonderfully witty book, About's "*Question Romaine*." You will there see, dissected and phosphorescent, the corruptions which make changes absolutely indispensable. I think the opportunity is at hand for their cure; but it will be like drying the sores of Lazarus.

You will observe that the cabinet I send you requires the Queen's assent: that will be announced

in the two Houses of Parliament this afternoon, and probably without modification. On the score of ability, it will pass unchallenged. A greater infusion of "Independent Liberals" and less of "Peelites" might have improved the "pudding." Whether Mr. Cobden will accept the Board of Trade is questionable: he and Mr. Milner Gibson are the representative men of the extreme left "below the gangway," and they rather seem fobbed off with *pièces de résistance*, hard and homely places. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell are assigned the posts for which they are respectively admirably fitted; but as to the former (just radiant under the patronage of Lord Derby, eulogistic of rotten boroughs as nurseries of statesmen, and voting unabated confidence in ministers), one "wonders how the devil he got there!" The three plain Misters, pray remark, are counterpoised by a cluster of Dukes; Newcastle, Argyll, Somerset—the best tried and least exceptionable of their class. A happy hit brings in Lord Elgin, and makes the government overwhelmingly strong in the House of Peers; even though the despotic Lord John preferred himself to Lord Clarendon, who *may* most justly question the wisdom of the preference. *Personally*, the Premier has limited himself to keeping his faithful "corporal's guard," the three Sirs, Wood, Lewis, and Grey. A "broad-bottomed" administration here was once short-lived; perhaps one on a "broad basis" (for that was

the improved phraseology of the present coalition) may last a little longer. Bottom and Basis! tweedledum and tweedledee! the *end* may be the same.

The Austrian Emperor has taken command of his army in Italy, as a preliminary to a last desperate battle. He stands at bay in what military men call "the famous quadrilateral position," or the area flanked and defended by four great fortresses. The allies will undoubtedly rush upon him: if their attack succeed, the work of the campaign may be regarded as accomplished, for they will then have nothing to do but to invest the garrisons, and await the inevitable capture of Venice by the French fleet. There is really no reason why the war should not be closed by November next; for, observe, that the attitudes respectively taken by Russia and Prussia, per their recent diplomatic manifestoes, render it in the highest degree improbable that any testy or terrified member of the Germanic body will intermeddle with the struggle. Thus localized, like a malignant disease boarded up in an infected district, it must soon die out. I do not say that all difficulty will cease when war ceases and Francis Joseph renounces his provinces; for it is quite obvious that as arms are laid down, up will spring a multitudinous crop of complications respecting the Pope, the Legations, the Duchies, and the Two Sicilies; but these fall to the department of diplomacy.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 24, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

The new ministry are in, but not fairly under way. Until re-elected to their seats, vacated by accepting office, those of the House are busy with their constituents. With some it will probably be a hard road to travel: among these Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, Secretary of War. The former, but recently twice chosen by the University of Oxford, has exasperated Toryism by joining Lord Palmerston; and I am assured by a gentleman just returned from that seat of learning and Conservatism, that he will be defeated by his competitor the Marquis of Chandos. It will be something odd if circumstances should make it appear that, in his panegyric about two months ago on nomination boroughs, he was under the influence of a prophetic spirit as to his own impending necessities. Herbert is hated for his Romanism (he built a church which for excess of ornamentation illustrates a bad taste run mad) and for being a Peelite.

The expenditures of the government of Lord Derby in military defences are beginning to be denounced, and it is said Mr. Gladstone intends their reduction. This design is connected with the sympathy felt in the Italian cause, more genuine

and sincere than that of the preceding ministry, with the greater devotion to the French alliance, and with the perception that the extraordinary armament of England is represented at Paris as a menace to France, while it sets an example of which the continental states avail themselves. Prussia has put on her coat of mail, and seems more than half inclined to forbid the allies crossing the Mincio. In taking this step she would undoubtedly place herself at the head of the German Confederation; but she prudently looks right and left: on the right, for an intimation from Lord Palmerston, and on the left, to note the Muscovite *corps d'armée*. The step once taken, unless Victor Emmanuel and his all-powerful colleague are willing to eat dirt, a thing altogether incredible, the war, like a vast maelstrom, will very rapidly if not instantly suck into its vortex every European nation. I don't think anything can be done to restore peace until both Lombardy and Venetia are independent; aiming at that, the struggle has, in the course of six weeks, sacrificed ~~some~~ fifty thousand lives.

Do you observe that, animated by the republican spirit of our Congress of 1789, the Hospodar of Wallachia and Moldavia, Couza, has actually abolished all titles except those descriptive of official duty and authorized by the new Constitution?

The Queen's Concert on Wednesday was graced by the presence of the Belgian King and mem-

bers of his family. The deaf, and loud-talking, Prince Esterhazy was there also. Movements in these elevated circles are just now supposed all to have their meaning. What is the import of his Majesty's? Is it to act as medium between Palmerston and Prussia? Is it to fan the flame of Germanism in this Court? Speculation is rife. Leopold could not withstand the reconstruction of the map of Europe, which a great and authentic literary discovery has proved that even Charles X. sketched and encouraged, and which Louis Napoleon may be provoked into attempting.

Don't say "rather dull!" for my consciousness is so sensitive that, if you do, I shall hear it on this side of the water.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 1, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

With equal personal safety and *éclat*, Mr. Cobden has crossed the Atlantic, and Napoleon III. the Mincio: the former welcomed by troops of eulogizing friends, the latter accompanied by a victorious army.

You will notice the very warm expressions of Mr. Cobden about the kindness he experienced in the United States. They are among his earliest out-

pourings on landing in Liverpool. *We* could not act otherwise: *he* might have imitated Basil Hall, or Morpeth, or Dickens, or Grattan.

At the Queen's ball the night before last, I met Milner Gibson, Lord Clarence Paget, Monckton Milnes, Charles Villiers, and others of that ilk, whom I was astonished to find ignorant of the advent of Mr. Cobden. Their anxiety was extreme to ascertain whether, from what he had said and done, there was a likelihood of his accepting the Board of Trade. They wanted him to do it; but obviously feared his Roman inflexibility. His decision is yet unknown, and the advice of Mr. Bright may disincline him to the post. The woman who deliberates is lost: it may be so with the politician, and I rather infer from silence and suspense that Mr. Cobden consents. It is a matter of almost vital importance to the Palmerston-Russell ministry, both of whom met him, ere he landed, with letters of invitation and courtesy.

Mr. Gladstone will be re-elected member for the University. He has been violently shaken, almost toppled over, but he will retain his seat. The election closes this afternoon. Mr. Secretary Cobb, with fellow feeling, will felicitate his brother financier on his good luck in finding the national income better than it was a year ago. The customs, and indeed all the sources of revenue except the income tax, have been very productive.

There is a singular identity of character in the battles in Lombardy. The last, that of Solferino, like those of Palestro, Montebello, and Magenta, can scarcely be said to be a victory for either belligerent: almost a drawn, certainly an inconclusive, though a horribly bloody fight. The Austrians, under the command of their Emperor, against respectful but urgent remonstrances of General Hess, advanced across the Mincio, 200,000 strong, to meet the coming French and Sardinians, 180,000, and struggling for fifteen hours on a field of fifteen miles in length, with alternations of success and failure, finally retreated unpursued and in order over the river, amid the natural obstacles and terrors of a dark tempestuous deluge. The French Emperor, it is undeniable, exhibited consummate strategical ability, combined with omnipresent activity and reckless courage. Gossip, not credited, says that one of his epaulettes was shot off by a Tyrolese rifleman.

It is impossible to see one's way through the many complications incident to this war. I think the chances of a general European convulsion, revolutionary as well as merely belligerent, have been largely increased by recent events. At Vienna, I am told by Mr. Villiers, who referred to letters received by his brother, the popular rage and mortification are threatening to explode against the incapacity of the sovereign and his generals. All

the French diplomatic and consular agents in Turkey have been mustered at Paris, have received fresh instructions, and have gone back to work up a rebellion against the "sick man" of which the Czar may avail himself. The covert but obvious encouragement given to Kossuth and Klapka, if it do not lead to insurrection in Hungary, can hardly fail to exasperate into action some of the German States; and as sure as any of them crosses the frontier to aid Austria, Bonaparte, now raising 450,000 new levies, and thus lifting his forces in and out of France to a figure exceeding a million, will burst like a torrent over the Rhine. Prussia, with all her dignity and composure, secretly dreads this irruption, and is indefatigable to repress the angry spirits of the Confederation; yet Saxony, through *her* Metternich, Beust, replies to Gortschakoff's warning in a tone plausible and taunting. Rumour, to be sure, brings upon the *tapis* armistices, mediations, concessions; but clearly the moment for any of these is not yet: and precipitancy in proposing them would make matters worse, by leading to their scornful and irreparable rejection. Louis Napoleon has deemed it inexpedient to rouse the enmity of the forty thousand Roman Catholic priests in France by countenancing any assault upon the secular dominions or power of the Holy Father; yet it may be doubted whether the revolutionary patriots of the Peninsula will be satisfied with this forbearance. It must also

be remembered, as a fact established historically if not argumentatively, that blood once tasted, the craving for it becomes, as Senator Seward would say, "irrepressible," and that Bonaparte's triumphant conscripts may insist upon no halt until they reach Vienna. Even Professor Espy, though claiming the ability to raise a storm, did not, I believe, pretend to the power of dispelling it.

Mr. Murphy, your representative at the Hague, has just visited me. He accompanies some members of his family to Liverpool, to embark them for the United States.

Ex-Speaker Winthrop has reached England, intending to travel, first through the island and then on the Continent.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 8, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been anxious to do something which would show my attention to the joint resolution of Congress on the Tobacco Trade, to which your printed circular of the 20th April last applies. The unsettled condition of the ministry suspended everything for a time; but I had some conversations which led me to think that a change in the duties favourable to our purpose could not be looked for.

Suddenly, I notice the newspaper paragraph which is enclosed, the foundation for which may possibly be found real when Mr. Gladstone opens on his budget.

An armistice between the two Imperial fighters seems agreed to, though its duration and terms remain to be fixed by commissioners. I have reason to believe this measure, altogether operating in favour of Italian independence and almost necessarily leading to peace, to be the result of prompt and energetic steps taken by Lord John Russell, backed by the Prussian Regent. If this be so, the new cabinet in Downing Street will have consolidated itself and resumed for England the prestige in Europe so much impaired of late. Yesterday I had the pleasure to dine with her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and late at night bustled to the *soirée* of the Secretary of the Admiralty, Lord Clarence Paget. I returned from these two excursions of fashionable gaiety with the conclusion mentioned.

It is remarkable how little confidence is expressed by the leading intellects here in the designs of the Emperor Napoleon, whom they nevertheless still call their "great ally." His total want of sincerity and truth, even in his most formal public documents, is regarded, in every theory as to his course, to be a conceded postulate. The dread that he may yet direct his now acknowledged military genius towards

this country is almost universal. Lord Lyndhurst, you will have noticed, and Lord Brougham have sounded the alarm in the House of Peers; and even Mr. Cobden (though he declares that he sees no danger of invasion) bends before the prevailing nervousness, and is willing to double the national debt rather than have a French army for a month in London!

The terrors of the Thames are taking rank with those of Bonaparte. Pestilence is thought to be brewing in its waters. The horrid odours which accompany its returning tide are worse now than during the heats of last summer. Members of Parliament, suffering seriously, are perplexed what to do, for they fear to excite among the wretched classes of this vast population an apprehension of cholera. They are careful what they say upon the subject, and will work hard in order to adjourn soon. The armistice may give a better grace to this purpose.

General Pierce reached London on Tuesday last, the 5th instant, from Brighton, where he had been for several days. He is in excellent health. For the benefit of Mrs. Pierce, who is still very delicate, he has taken lodgings at the village of Norwood, close to the Crystal Palace. He will perhaps remain in England until late in the autumn.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. EVERETT.

London, July 13, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. EVERETT,

Your letter of the 28th ult. reached me the day before yesterday. Its enclosure and accompaniment came safely also. I obtained from Count Bernstorff the exact address, and have sent to Mr. Miller, as you desired, the letter for "his Excellency Baron Bunsen, Heidelberg, Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany."

The power of your pen is strongly and delightfully shown by the eulogy of Thomas Dowse. "Phœbus! what a name to fill the long resounding trump of Fame!" I am a little exercised with the doubt whether you had a conscientious right to set him thus in amber; and would be greatly pleased to hear, through the medium of Judge Edmonds, whether the modest spirit of the leather-dresser don't shrink from your brilliant casing, and "wonder how the d—— he got there!" Certain humble merits one likes to see drawn out, and given the fame they were prevented achieving by circumstances. But had Dowse those merits? Was he a practical philanthropist? Was he an ardent patriot? Did he devote a long life to useful public purposes? Is it enough for the immortality you have conferred, that he had selfish though correct tastes, and took delight in books and pictures which he held to, not-

withstanding nephews and nieces, until he felt he could keep them no longer, and then passed them to your Historical Society? As an author, does he prove a title to the splendid niche you have worked by twenty short lines on Franklin, or by paying for a monumental column? He was lame, and no doubt that lameness helped to make him solitary, selfish, and silent; but how many thousands suffer in this form who nevertheless seek society, love their kind, and charm with sentiment and wit? Which are the worthier? Have you not in fact thrown a handful of pearls to where they were not claimed and are ill suited? You see, I am jealous that such consummate power of rhetoric should expend itself indifferently upon a Washington or a Dowse.

I shall be happy to welcome you to London, and must beg you not to hesitate a moment to charge me with any commissions or wishes I am able to execute.

Always, my dear sir, sincerely yrs.

TO MR. A DICKENS.

London, July 15, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. DICKENS,

I got your note of the 1st ultimo, and went straight to enquire the reputation of the auricular professors so full of promise in the advertisement you enclosed. Nothing good could be picked up; but, finally, the parties in command of countless names

were charged with conspiracy to defraud, before the Recorder, and, after much evidence, were each sent to eighteen months' imprisonment. I send you the report of the case.

There is, however, another invention of which I have heard, and to which I shall direct my attention. A lady, by whom I sat at a dinner, observing that my right ear was imperfect, invited me to look into hers; and there I noticed, tightly embedded and scarcely visible, a miniature trumpet. It effectually restored her power to hear, and she employed it whenever she went into society for a limited time. But she had a vague dread of its *modus operandi*. The compression of something like a delicate watch-spring, one end of which kept the tiny instrument in the ear, and the other passed through the hair to the top of the cranium, was sure to produce pain, occasionally violent. She recommended my trying it; but really her look at the time made me think it better to be content with the good organ *left*. I will, however, search farther, and let you have the result. Nothing would give me more sincere pleasure than being able to send you some relief.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 15, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The quick incidents of the day are generally thought full of approaching mischief. The peace of the two Emperors, signed at Villafranca on the 11th instant, is not yet clearly comprehended, but every one sees that something *not seen* has rehabilitated Austria in Italy at the very moment she was being extinguished; every one sees that Sardinia has been coldly thrown her stipulated pound of flesh without a drop of blood in it; every one sees that the despotic principle rejoices in an overshadowing triumvirate; every one sees that the movements of Prussia and the press of England are already in the crucible to produce the amalgam of another war; every one sees that the eagles which flew across the Alps can as rapidly perch upon the hills around Cherbourg; every one sees that the abrupt abandonment of one programme necessitates the annunciation of a second still more exciting and acceptable: in fine, every one sees, or thinks he sees, a huge finger, or an air-drawn dagger, over the "Invalides," pointing to the chalky cliffs of perfidious Albion. There are not wanting those who already give up the struggle, who deem successful resistance impossible, and who would rather propitiate than exasperate the invader. One public and forcible writer recommends an immediate

appeal to the liberty-loving and arms-wielding citizens of the United States! All this springs from exaggerated alarm; an alarm to which the recent shifts of Imperial policy lend the character of patriotism.

Napoleon is looked for in Paris to-day. Some have fancifully thought that neither his own army, nor the revolutionists, nor the corps of Garibaldi, would suffer him to quit Italy alive. He comes without his soldiers, and postpones an ovation until they arrive to participate in it.

I have written several rather lengthy notes to enquiring consular functionaries on the rights and duties of neutrality. The trouble might have been saved, for the present at least. As the newspapers report you to be engaged on a comprehensive manifesto of the kind, I hope you will have finished it before you hear of the peace.

Pray notice the denunciations passed by Lord Brougham and other anti-slavers upon the horrors and infamies of the Coolie trade. Poor Jamaica! she can't be allowed labour, black or white.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MONCKTON MILNES, M.P.

London, July 28, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The subject of your note of the 25th instant has, for many years, engaged the attention of my predecessors and myself. I have meditated sending you the dead fruits of our efforts, hence my delay in answering; but I find that doing so would involve too much copying either for the short time you have left me or for your patience.

If, as an M.P., you have access to the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office, you can perhaps come across a long letter addressed by Mr. Buchanan to Lord Clarendon, on the 1st March, 1855. This letter was the epilogue of many conferences. It offers *three* articles for consideration, the *third* of which was intended to remedy the practices of which the Pamphlet "*Unpunished Cruelties*" so justly and persuasively complains, and the mode of cure was precisely the enlargement of consular jurisdiction you suggest.

The project failed; and my efforts to revive it have been fruitless; much, I believe, against the personal leanings of Lord Clarendon, but under authoritative opinions from Law Officers of the Crown, who saw something in the arrangement incompatible with fundamentals. Certainly, a good deal of novelty and machinery may be seen, which, according to the constitutions and laws of both countries, can

only be vindicated on the maxim, *consensus tollit errorem*.

Possibly a Parliamentary resolution (if that be in order) recommending a Consular Convention with the United States, to arrest these mischiefs and others of a kindred character, might embolden the ministry to make the experiment, even under the frowns of the lawyers. I believe it would work practically well.

Faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 29, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

One life is not much, and yet sometimes, though far from protracted, it witnesses in its course really wonderful progress. When I started, men of taste were not very laudatory in front of paintings by Copley, Trumbull, West, and Stewart. To be sure we praised, because we had no idea of not being patriotic even more than critical, and, perhaps, because we knew no better. Well! God bless the aspiring genius of my countrymen, we are already at the head of sculpture, and here comes "*The Heart of the Andes*" to challenge competition from any century of old Europe. The chief dilettanti, Lord Lansdowne, considers it an unequalled *picture*, and Lord Stanley, who has travelled these Cordilleras, pronounces it a

faithful *portrait*. No landscape was ever yet put on canvas, more absorbing, more rich in varieties of beauty, or more true to nature. I wish it were of our Rocky Mountains! *N'importe*, it hails from the easel of "Church, of New York."

It seems possible to delineate the heart of the Andes, but who will undertake to map out that of Louis Napoleon? What is really in contemplation at present as to the future, no man ventures to assert. There are reticences which cannot be dragged forth, depths unfathomable, darkness impenetrable; or it may be, that drifting on the current of events, and watchful only for the approved opportunity, the avenger of Waterloo calmly bides his time. At Zurich the peace will be given definite shape. Will it be followed by a European Congress? What for? Simply to do what was left undone at Paris in 1856, to soothe the seething cauldron of revolution in Italy? Lord John Russell, in his speech last night on foreign affairs, threw but a faint light athwart the gloom. He was cautious almost to cowardice. Remark, however, that apparently without intending it, he developed the *ruse* to which, at Villafranca, Francis Joseph became dupe; conclusively showing that the draft of terms of mediation and peace, shown as if agreed upon by Prussia, England, and Russia, and which he has characterized as worse on the part of his "natural allies" than those of his conqueror, was concocted in the bureau of Count Walewski, never

assented to here or at Berlin, and was therefore most deceptively used by Napoleon in the interview with his brother Emperor. If there be a Congress, resisted only by Austria, England will hardly withhold her presence; for though she has nothing to do with the points to be adjusted, and is choice in praise of non-intervention, yet Lord John (for such is the pith of his address in the Commons) has read and felt the "melancholy chaunts" of Petrarch and Leopardi! How capital this in a parliamentary leader!

Bonaparte has determined that his armaments, both on land and sea, shall be "*remises sur le pied de la paix*," and Great Britain breathes "freer and deeper." His *pied de la paix* is probably what it was when he told Austria the same thing just before he threw 150,000 men across the Alps. It is, however, extremely annoying to be in constant panic; and so a prodigious effort will be made here to restore the public equanimity, on the basis of this most oracular and illusory phrase in the *Moniteur*. The alarm has certainly been universal and excessive. Lord Lyndhurst exhibited its extent when he forcibly inculcated "distrust, distrust, distrust." How, indeed, is it possible for a manufacturing and trading people, who are not familiar with the use of arms, and who cannot muster a force of 100,000 men, to banish "distrust," when they see but thirty miles off, under the absolute control of a victorious avenger, a standing and irresistible army, with numerous steam

transports ready to annihilate the distance in three hours? Ay, but the Channel fleet! Unfortunately, nobody knows where it is, and everybody knows that it is not ubiquitous.

I have had on hand lately many of my distinguished fellow-citizens. Mr. Seward, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Motley, General Pierce, Mr. Winthrop, and lots of others whom it has afforded equal pride and pleasure to welcome to my diplomatic domain. They scatter, however, rapidly; some to the attractive mountains of Switzerland, some to the capital or "vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," some to the Scotch and Irish lakes, some nestle in the Isle of Wight, and some take a long sight for the Pyramids, the Holy Sepulchre, or the Acropolis. Anywhere and quick, rather than remain breathing the unusually hot malaria of London, and the pestiferous effluvia of the Thames. Parliament will, I think, soon follow this rational example. Though the day of adjournment be not yet fixed, many members assure me that the session cannot be protracted beyond the 18th proximo.

The committees of the House have been laying bare the corruptions of the last election. Bribery in every shape, bold and unblushing. Employments secured, public offices promised, executions paid, and golden sovereigns openly laid upon tables to be picked up by voters! A more scandalous exhibition cannot be imagined. A contest costs, in this utterly

shameless way, not less than thirty thousand dollars to the victor. One of the unseated gentlemen is ———, who married an heiress, and who “bled” profusely to attain “position.” The thing is so little regarded, that when, on the evening his election was declared null, I met him at Mr. Sidney Herbert’s, he was full of fun about it, and smiling sympathies passed current through the company. When matters come to this point, which are we to prefer, the universal suffrage under Napoleonic surveillance by prefects, or English limited suffrage gorged with golden baits?

We are promised, in the newspapers, visits from the three Emperors in the course of the summer. I have no idea that the promises are more than “canards.”

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, August 5, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

It seems agreed that at the last election, both political parties, Conservative and Liberal, thrust their arms to the elbows into the depths of bribery. The expositions made before scrutinizing committees of the direct and open use of money amount almost to the burlesque. In his fierce indignation, Mr. Roebuck drags the case of a member for Bodmin before the House this afternoon. Now, this gentleman

occupies a half-way house between Whigs and Tories, and fairly represents both; is a scholar, author, and old legislator, yet is he personally picked out and denounced for undeniable corruption! He is striving to escape the *éclat* by a compromise with his assailant, and by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds; but Mr. Gladstone claims this myth as the only sphere of patronage attached to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and denies him the sanctuary unless he first plausibly explains. Let us see whether the onslaught of Mr. Roebuck be not something of a feint, intended to subside into a fizzle.

Opportunities of personal intercourse with Lord John Russell occur just now less frequently, owing to the death of his father-in-law, the Earl of Minto, a few days ago, in his seventy-eighth year.

We are expecting an inundation of Russian Imperial visitors. The Ozar himself was supposed coming, but that is given up. The Grand Duke Constantine is hourly looked for, and was thought to have reached Osborne last Sunday, merely because a sudden convocation of ministers at that royal residence was noticed. The Grand Duchess Maria, whom I saw married to Maximilian the Prince of Leuchtenberg in July, 1839, and who, having lost her husband some seven years ago, lost it is said also by a subsequent *mésalliance* her caste, has found her way to Torquay with a miniature Court or *entourage* of some six or seven. She is represented as rivalling,

in the arts of diplomatic intrigue, the late Princess Lieven. Is that a *rôle* to be played now and here? *Quon sabb?*

I hope you will specially authorize me to meet at once any proposition for a Consular Convention which this government may make in consequence of the motion of Mr. Milnes in the House of Commons, explained in my official despatch of to-day. There are other points of great practical interest beside the "unpunished cruelties" to be attended to. You will find these detailed in the admirable draft of a treaty submitted by Mr. Buchanan in 1855, and the correspondence connected with it. The obstacle encountered at that time may possibly be now kept out of view; especially if you should instruct me to say that a total suppression of that obstacle, and the full attainment of the arrest of merchant-seamen deserters, are *sine quâ nō* to any arrangement whatever. The humanitarian zeal which in a case of black and white discriminates in favour of the former, may accept compensation founded on the prevention of "unpunished cruelties."

Parliament may drag its slow length along for another week.

Always faithfully yrs.

DIARY: July 14, 1839, *Sunday*.—"Went to the Winter Palace, agreeably to invitations, to witness

the marriage of the Grand Duchess Maria and Prince Maximilian of Leuchtenberg. Julia, Elizabeth, and Sophia, having obtained tickets of admission through the kind activity of the French Ambassadors (Madame de Barante), were escorted by Madame Daschkoff to a window gallery in the chapel which overlooked the ceremony. The foreign ministers and their ladies, after waiting with the general company for some time, were shown by Count Woronzoff into the chapel, and arranged on the two sides nearest to the chancel, forming an alley for the Imperial cortège. Among us were interspersed Count Nesselrode, General Count Woronzoff, Governor of Odessa, Count Orloff, Count Platen (Russian Ambassador of Paris), the Marquess of Anglesea and his three sons, Count Levaschoff, Count Cancrine, Count Tschernyschew, etc., etc., etc. We noticed that two pairs of pigeons entered at the open windows and alighted, after flying round the dome, over the altar—an incident that may have been accidental, but which many conceived to have been prearranged. The Metropolitan and a concourse of twenty or thirty priests, robed in rich vestments of crimson thickly crossed with gold embroidery, and with mitres glittering with jewels and enamel pictures (some bearing the sacred images and others carrying wax lights), stationed themselves at the grand entrance to receive the Imperial party. Everybody wore their richest clothing; all the ladies having long trains, and all,

except the diplomatic ones, having the Kakoshinnick brilliantly studded with diamonds, or otherwise ornamented. The bride wore a superb diadem of diamonds, and on the very top of her head a crown of the same description. Her train was an immense one of crimson velvet deeply bordered with ermine. Of the religious ceremonies I could understand nothing: they were exceedingly tedious. There was an interchange of rings between the bride and groom effected through the agency of the Metropolitan. They sipped the consecrated wine from the same golden goblet; and during a part of the proceeding, for about twenty minutes while the Metropolitan was reading to them, golden crowns were held over the heads of the couple; over that of the Grand Duchess by her brother the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander, and over that of the Prince by Count Pahlen. At one time the couple were led, with their hands united by the Metropolitan, three times round the altar. At the close of the ceremony, the groom handed his bride to the Emperor, who bade him embrace her, and then followed the family felicitations and kissing. The Court choir performed the great *Te Deum* most effectively, and the cannon of the Fortress, aided by peals from all the huge bells of the innumerable churches, sent forth a deafening yet exhilarating uproar. After kissing a number of the Priests in succession, the Imperial circle left the Greek Chapel and went to where a

temporary Roman Catholic Chapel had been constructed in some interior apartment, and the marriage ceremony was repeated. We got home as expeditiously as we could at about four o'clock."

TO COL. MURRAY.

London, August 5, 1859.

MY DEAR COLONEL MURRAY,

Your letter of the 1st June, enclosing one from Mrs. — and another addressed to the Queen, has reached me.

Instinct makes me always anxious to do what any lady seriously desires me to do. Independent, therefore, of some misplaced suggestions made by your fair friend, it would and will give me pleasure to accomplish her object, if I discover a mode of doing it compatible with fundamental rules. At this Court, it is much easier to manage an important national negotiation than to break through the gossamery fencework with which aristocratic exclusiveness has hedged in the sovereign. I would personally prefer entering upon a complicated question of peace or war, to manœuvring for the mere autograph of her Majesty. The request, no matter how meritorious its purpose, involves considerations of extreme delicacy. Its gratification would set a precedent of which millions would be eager to avail themselves; the sale of the signature might be a

mortifying one; and the danger of its misapplication by an unknown purchaser is not slight.

Besides this, Mrs. — has transmitted the letter to the Queen *sealed*, and has not sent me a copy of it. I cannot break the seal, have no certainty of its precise character, and am therefore without the means of giving to an intermediary officer of the government or of the Court the indispensable knowledge of what it is he is conveying to her Majesty.

You will do me a favour by explaining to Mr. S. and to Mrs. — the embarrassments I feel; assuring them at the same time that my disposition to meet their wish is sincere and will be watchful.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, August 19, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Queen goes to Scotland in the course of three or four days; and, as her Majesty must be accompanied by one or the other of the Secretaries of State, she takes with her on the present occasion our "*chef*," Lord John Russell. He has engaged a house in the vicinity of Balmoral, and may remain resident there for five or six weeks. I am almost the only member of the diplomatic corps who may possibly miss him, my colleagues having diverged from London to all quarters of the compass.

Louis Napoleon has certainly the art of concentrating upon himself the universal gaze. No one else in Europe is just now visible, and everybody intently watches each successive movement. He is another Blondin, whose figure is strongly delineated on the sky, advancing steadily upon a tight rope, over a boiling and unfathomable abyss. At this moment he is doing the graceful. One decree amnesties all political prisoners under sentence or "*proscrits*." This opens France to about two thousand of her ejected sons, among them, Changarnier, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo. Another fiat enjoins the promptest execution of the amnesty in all the colonies, to be hailed with rapture at Cayenne. And a third launches a ray of promise at the press, by nullifying all the warnings that have been given. At his recent fête the clap-traps were innumerable and irresistible. The speech to the banqueting generals was short, frank, and soothing. Victory seems to have given him confidence, and confidence brings into play the generosity of his nature. Or is it purely the attitudinizing of a skilful acrobat? So thinks Louis Blanc.

Mr. Cobden's two addresses to his constituents of Rochdale maintained in undiminished solidity his past reputation. I presume I was the only foreign minister invited by the Committee to his *soirées*; and it would have given me peculiar pleasure to attend. As, however, I am scrupulous of partici-

pating in party politics here, it was without regret that I found myself obliged to be elsewhere. Everybody praised these speeches, their force, originality, and tone. His explanation of his refusal to enter the ministry is at once so manly and conciliatory, that many regard it as a sort of pledge to take the place offered, some six months or a year hence. According to conventional ideas in England, he is too strong a man on the Liberal side to be allowed to remain out of the government.

The Great Eastern (she has resumed her original name, because positively destined to ply between this and Australia), after trying the suppleness of her joints by an experimental trip, will, on 15th of September next, bridge the ocean between the two Portlands, Portland in Dorsetshire and Portland in Maine. She is open to passengers, and Sir Henry Holland and I have calculated that she may accomplish the transit in five days. What if she do! an Atlantic voyage in one hundred and twenty hours!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO SENATOR G. W. JONES, BOGOTA.

London, August 27, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Immediately on the receipt of your letter, I took the necessary steps to enable you to have by return packet, the *Daily Times* and the *Illustrated News*.

It is to be hoped therefore that you will get them at the time you get this. The subscription, as you directed, was made for one year; and finding payment in advance indispensable, rather than allow you to be disappointed, I sent the money. Copies of the papers are enclosed.

The real state of things in Europe is never what it superficially appears to be. The press is wise to a certain extent, and is always striving to seem wiser; but the select few who wield the powers of nations cover their designs in impenetrable mystery, which is only broken by sudden action. Hence it is dangerous to speculate as you wish me to. The Zurich Conference proceeds slowly: it is scarcely across the threshold. A Congress is yet uncertain, though more likely than it was a month ago. The Peace of Villafranca adds nothing to the security of this country; far, very far otherwise. She steadily advances in armament and apprehension; so much so, that she is hazarding her polity by training her yeomanry to the use of the rifle.

I am just now on a visit to Brighton, whose attractions are too great for much letter-writing.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. GILPIN.

Brighton, August 29, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. GILPIN,

The manner in which I have had your silence accounted for worries me a good deal. I am told that you are not well, and have been ailing for some time. If this be mistaken rumour, pray let me hear so, as soon as you can and as shortly as you please.

London is a horrid hole in hot seasons. The Thames, the Serpentine, the sewers, the crowd, the dust, are all horrid. So we have escaped, and taken a house here for a month; close to the sea on the Marine Parade, with a balcony whence we look across the Atlantic up to the corner of Spruce and Eleventh Streets. I must have been made sensitive to atmospherical conditions by continued stay in the murky Babylon sixty miles off, for I never before noticed such purity and perfection of air as we are breathing. Merely to inhale it seems to satisfy us all; and, although nearly a week since we came, we have felt no inclination to do the sights of the city, beyond the Cliff, the Pavilion, and the Pier. As to company, catch us at it!

I can't get a word from home about politics, although really feeling my habitual interest in the customary tangle. The democratic embroglio seems to be eschewed as a disagreeable topic, which one's friends erroneously suppose I can't want to hear about.

Don't they know that distance blends and softens colouring? What seems to shock them, as for instance Wise's letter to Donnelly, creates with me only a smile at its *naïveté*! Mr. Everett sent me that little epistle, as if he regarded it as almost the crack of our doom: I read it, and, strange to say, laughed at so characteristic a specimen of eccentricity at full gallop.

But if people won't indite politics to me, how dare I venture on politics to them? Simply because what is exotic is relished in every locality. Well! Europe is lulling at this moment. Crowns are perplexed by efforts to rectify the blunders they have been committing. They can't bear to be sneered at for incompetency and rashness, and so they huggermugger at Zurich to put things to rights. Will they succeed? Yes, if Plon-Plon be planted in Tuscany; yes, if the so-called Italian Washington, Garibaldi, be strong enough to inaugurate the Confederation and upset the Pope; yes, if the Iron Crown, filched from Milan and locked up in Vienna, be sent in a satin reticule worked with golden bees to the Charlemagne bathing at St. Sauveur; yes, if Victor Emmanuel, dropping the victor and assuming the chafferer, will agree to pay more gold than his people have yet paid blood, for Lombardy; and finally (which ought to be firstly), yes, if Lord Palmerston will consent, which he won't, to a Congress without his condition precedent. Otherwise, no, no, no.

Something like a squadron of cavalry has just gone by, here on the brink of the ocean! with carbines under arms!! Take that as an indication of the "English Craze" at present raging about invasion and armament. They can't sleep quietly for Cherbourg, looking as if ready to vent itself in this direction, or Lille, looking as if ready to brush away our Uncle Leopold.

General respects and regards to Mrs. G.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

Brighton, September 1, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

You must not suppose me slow or dull as to the main topic of the despatch to-day. I think of nothing else, feel all the urgency of the case, and will omit nothing. If professions mean anything, an abundance of steam has been let on to accelerate the engine in reaching every one of the stations in quick succession; all, in the course of two or three months. But, while from this point a brisk readiness may show itself, there can certainly be nothing expected from the Isthmus but delay, prevarication, and petulance. Without fancying to exist a profligate disregard of good faith and truth, the fault is not here, but there.

Her Majesty took with her to Balmoral, the day

before yesterday, as the Secretary of State "in waiting," not Lord John Russell, but Sir George Grey. This change of programme was simultaneous with a sudden summons addressed to all the scattered cabinet for a meeting in Downing Street; and they came rattling from every quarter of the compass. As Polonius would say, put that and that together, and it may not be difficult to surmise that "something's in the wind." What that something may really be; whether the belligerent aspect of an increase of French force at Lille, designed to overawe and prevent the Belgic fortifications at Antwerp, or the emergency created by the determination of a large body of English soldiers not to re-enlist but to return home from India, or the new aspect of the Napoleonic policy as regards the banished dukes in Italy, or the still meditated Congress, nobody can tell. The Conference at Zurich engages little attention, seeming to divide its time between apoplexy (Count Colloredo) and waiting for instructions.

Have you ever been at Brighton? I am here for several weeks, owing to the adoption of some new system of drainage in London, which imposes the necessity of repulsive repairs in my quarters. The rapidity of travel on the railway here, the regular express train darting at the rate of sixty miles an hour, puts me as near to the Foreign Office as Mr. Bodisco or Mr. Crampton was to the Department of State, when residing on the hills of George-

town. Judged by difference of atmosphere, however, I am a thousand leagues away: a boundless sea, a dazzling sky, a clear, pure, and bracing air, and endless lines of white palaces surmounting chalky cliffs; such are the features of Brighton.

Always faithfully yrs.

P.S.—By a memorandum just received, I find that the presence of Sir George Grey with the Queen during her journey to Scotland misled me, when I concluded that he had been substituted for Lord John Russell. The Foreign Secretary, with his family, left London two days ago for Abergeldie Castle, assigned by her Majesty as their residence while she remains at Balmoral. Before his lordship's return, ample time will elapse to enable me to hear again from you as to Wyke and Central America.

TO PROFESSOR BACHE.

Brighton, September 5, 1859.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,

Your note, accompanied by the letter of Mr. G. W. Blunt respecting Lights on the Bahamas, reached me a day or two ago. I have been here ten days, and intend staying two weeks more, in order to enable my landlord to make some offensive repairs as to drainage and painting. I mention this to

explain why, at a distance from records, I don't give, in what I am going to say, exact dates and results.

By enquiry at the Treasury Department you will be able to obtain full information as to the extent to which this government deems it expedient to go in constructing Lighthouses on the Bahama Islands. And should additional ones be called for, you will find the course heretofore taken to have been this:— Mr. Guthrie, during the summer of 1856, wrote to me to see whether I could get more Lights put up by the government, and if not, whether I could induce them to authorise the United States to build them. I begged him to furnish me with the evidence upon which he thought the Lights necessary and at what points. He sent me a Report from the Lighthouse Board, and a very admirable and large manuscript chart: on the strength of these I went to work. After transmitting all the ideas and explanations in my power in writing, I had several conversations with Lord Stanley of Alderley, and other members of the Board of Trade, on the subject. If I remember aright, they took a long time to deliberate, and finally they expressed to me, through the Foreign Office, the opinion that the Lights already up were sufficient, and that those suggested by our Board could really be of no aid to navigation. All this will, I take for granted, be on file in the Treasury Department; certainly, my cor-

respondence with Governor Marcy cannot but indicate every step taken.

If a renewed effort be thought expedient, let it begin by such measures in the Lighthouse Board as will develop the positive want; then a representation to Mr. Cobb; then an application by him to the Secretary of State, requesting him to direct my exertions to the attainment of the desired objects.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 15, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

It would seem that on this side of the Atlantic we are about entering upon a fresh score of important public events.

1. The tangled condition of the Italian question is already regarded as incapable of solution except by the sword. Since the *Moniteur* avowed Napoleon's altered attitude as to the Duchies, nothing but hasty belligerent action by either the French or Austrian forces lingering in Lombardy is looked for as a result of the Imperial conjunction at Arenenberg. A step not the less willingly made, perhaps, because it slightly promises to draw this government out of their entrenchment of neutrality and non-intervention.

2. The attempt of the allied fleet in China to

force a pathway to Peking for their ambassadors has been unexpectedly baffled by an army of Mongols at the Taku forts. Four hundred and seventy-eight of the peremptory assailants were killed and wounded, among them sixteen officers, including the British Admiral (Hope) and two captains. Three vessels of war were sunk, and the squadron retreated to Shanghai! Of course this news, which reached here by telegram from the secretary of the British minister in China, *via* Constantinople and Alexandria, on the 12th instant, has caused great solicitude and excitement. The feeling is none the less sharp because the story goes that our Envoy, Mr. Ward, politely characterised as the "*submissive republican*," has quietly found his way to the capital and been cordially welcomed. I think Mr. Reed foresaw the likelihood of these events, as consequences of too harsh and dictatorial a manner. The fiery cross is, of course, rapidly circulating, and the croaking ravens of the press all "bellow for revenge." Observe, that the Chinese objected, not to the ambassadors, but to their naval and military escort, a distinction with great difference.

3. The aspect of India too is inauspicious and sullen. Financial matters get worse and worse. The English soldiers in Bengal, to the number of eight or ten thousand, disregarding the remonstrances of Lord Clyde, insist upon discharge, and are returning home. Rebels are still on foot, fighting the Sikhs

in Nepal. It is curious as a political coincidence, that just at this moment an emissary, M. de Sercy (was he not once in Washington?), of the devoted ally, has come back from a thorough exploration of Hindostan, and has officially reported to his superior, Count Walewski, that everything there threatens confusion and ruin!

Our friends in Portland, remembering the "frantic follies" incident to the landing of the western end of the Atlantic Cable, must be cautious in preparing a glorification on the coming of the Great Eastern. Her progress down the Channel was partially interrupted, opposite the town of Hastings, by the tremendous and murderous explosion of one of her water-funnels, killing by scalding some seven or eight of her engineers, and, without seriously affecting the body of the huge vessel, knocking saloons and state-rooms into such pi as must occasion a month or more's delay for repair. The stock of the company has gone up because the ship didn't go down: a strong illustration of how to make the best of a bad bargain.

Lord John Russell continues in Scotland, and may not be in Downing Street for a month to come.

You have noticed that Hospodar Couza has been permitted by the Conference at Paris to retain his two political brides, Moldavia and Wallachia, provided he keeps them apart from one another. The federative principle is making its way.

In Russia the generous Czar is countenancing the creation of elective municipalities, with powers of local government.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 23, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Sentinel aloft must have smiled at the superfluous philanthropy which wasted our blood and treasure in searching for Sir John Franklin. He and his associates were all dead before we resolved to share in the scientific honour of restoring them to their country. The officer sent out by Lady Franklin in the screw vessel the Fox, F. L. McClintock, has returned with manuscripts and relics found in the undisturbed desolation of Arctic cold, which disclose the sad secret. The gallant explorer perished more than twelve years ago, on the 11th of June, 1847. The details of this successful discovery are exceedingly interesting, minute, and authentic.

Public sentiment is somewhat inflamed by the imperfect accounts we have received of General Harney's proceeding at the islet of San Juan, and the prospect of collision arising out of Governor Douglas's, so-called, prompt and judicious course to substitute the Royal standard for the Stars and Stripes. The provincial chief in the far north-west seems to have

taken a leaf out of the book of Admiral Hope in the extreme east, and, without asking explanations or purposes, resolves to cut the matter short by Sappers and Miners. It is possible that the General may have been precipitate, and, if so, the Governor should have abstained from following a bad example. Public agents, except in cases of necessity, should await their cue from their superiors, and not, defensively or offensively, assume to involve two nations in war. Patience is a great power, and never fails to strengthen the party that exercises it.

General Duff Green was kind enough, on reaching England, to run down to Brighton, and to place in my hands his several commendatory credentials. I detained him to dinner, and we were all much gratified with his flourishing accounts of the Washington Panorama. I am yet a little at fault in forming a practical conception of what he aims at by his visit, if it be more than to obtain the co-operation of capitalists in building his projected railway across Texas. His views as to the political relations of the United States, England, and Mexico, are broad, comprehensive, and sound; and as he naturally likes to inculcate them, he shall have all the opportunities among the public men here I can fairly give him. At the moment, however, in the slang phrase, nobody is in London, and that nobody will be in London for some weeks to come.

Two ninety-two gun steamers have been ordered

by the Admiralty to prepare for sea; probably as members of the contemplated Anglo-Gallican expedition to revisit the Taku forts at the mouth of the Peiho; possibly, to see how the Sappers and Miners get on in San Juan.

Zurich still fizzles slowly. Arenenberg postponed. A Congress getting put aside, the loadstone is at Biarritz, and thither diplomats of all sorts are thronging from every European Court. The Belgian monarch returns from the Imperial hug, with the conviction that he has bagged an Italian kingdom for his younger son. *Æsop's* Lion holding his levee is magnificently revived, with a new corps of performers and fresh decorations.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 30, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Governor Douglas of Vancouver has sent to London an explanatory and accusatory messenger, Col. J. S. Hawkins. This "gallant" officer, who reached here on the 27th instant, went straight to the Foreign Office and "transacted business." A systematic effort to place General Harney in the category of "American filibusters," and to put our government in the wrong as to the channel or Canal de Haro, is of course just now the outburst of news-

paper loyalty and patriotism. In deploying the argument there is manifest ignorance or misrepresentation: take as illustration that they say:

1. We never made claim till gold was found on Frazer's River!—a naked untruth.

2. The island is of no use to us!—yet it lies south of 49° and fronts our coast its whole length.

3. It is in the track of British intercourse with Vancouver!—not unless that intercourse pass through admitted American territory.

4. Starting from a point on the 49th degree, we can't reach the Canal de Haro by sailing "southerly," as the treaty directs! Most assuredly we can: "southerly" is not equivalent to "due south," but, on the contrary, implies a partial admixture of easting or westing; and it is obvious to inspection that to proceed from the given point to Rosario Strait much more easting has to be taken than need be taken of westing to get to the Canal de Haro.

5. At the date of the treaty, no "Channel" navigated or known, but that of Rosario! Untrue again: the name Haro is itself disproof given by one of its oldest and earliest, if not its very first, navigator.

I hope General Harney will disclose good cause for his proceeding; for if he do, San Juan is too clearly ours to be allowed again to go adrift.

Lord John Russell, though a veteran and able statesman, has perhaps rarely, if ever, visited Scot-

land before the present season ; for he has just been admitted to the Freedom of the City of Aberdeen.

General Green is now, as always, sanguine of success in his projects : what they are exactly I do not know. He has seen and indoctrinated Mr. Cobden and others of that ilk ; and your letter emboldened me to give him personal notes of introduction to Lords Palmerston and John Russell. He talks of returning to you by the steamer of the 8th of October, but he will probably wait for the 15th.

Regimentals are your only wear for Europe. The tendency to enlarge military establishments, as *sine quâ nans* of safety, is showing itself almost everywhere among the minor States of Germany. The Continent, with unimportant exceptions, is covered with an agglomeration of camps. "Poor human nature!" sighed Jacob Faithful.

Nothing more burlesque than the laborious idleness and unproductiveness of the "three men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl" at Zurich! They are about to make six bows to each other, and leave the future to a Congress which won't meet. Some gloomy quidnuncs anticipate an Austrian movement in Italy to restore the Dukes ; Napoleon leaving the struggle to Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. The whole conduct of Central Italy has been so admirable that Lord John Russell openly avowed at Edinburgh that the ministry were with it. Perhaps a compromise upon King Plon-Plon, with indemnity to the

excluded princes, may be the destination to which public opinion is agreed to be led.

The press looks at last in France fierce and nearly unanimous for law and legal trial against administrative caprice in warning and controlling its utterances. The minister, Duc de Padoue, or, as he has been nicknamed, the Duke of Padlock, provoked great excitement by his measures; and now there are grave thinkers on this side of the Channel, who predict that Bonaparte will soon follow in the footsteps of Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe! Tell that to the marines. A devoted army of four hundred thousand men, with a great name at their head, just rebrunished by Magenta and Solferino, are not readily put to flight by printer's blacking balls and types. There must be subsisting discontent to work upon.

The Turks say that Schamyl was bought, not beaten; that gold corrupted all his followers, except the few with whom he took refuge in Gounib, a fortress which was esteemed to be impregnable. He bore himself sternly when captured; was a bigoted Mohammedan fatalist; indulged in pretensions to supernatural colloquies with the Prophet; he was brave, patriotic, and national, sometimes cruel. How will he fare in St. Petersburg? probably better than the prisoner of St. Helena.

Mr. Ward has found his way to Pekin, though after a fashion somewhat comical. It may be that

what appears to us ludicrous and derogatory was esteemed by the Celestial masters of ceremonies as the *ne plus ultra* of civility and etiquette to which they could go compatibly with their usages. Even the western barbarians would regard it as an act of unusual courtesy if an arriving envoy were facilitated to the seat of government by an express train or a coach and four, with an escort of purveyors, cooks, and valets. The floating or oxen-dragged chamber of the Chinese looks like their substitute for all this. I very much doubt its being meant as rude insolence. Very possibly French and English editors will so represent it; but they are naturally nettled at Mr. Ward's success, and would not be unwilling to provoke us into joining the new military enterprise for vengeance. I send a slip of what the *Paris Pays* reports upon the subject.

Your highly-recommended friend the ship-builder, Daniel McKay, has been warmly welcomed here. It gave me pleasure to obtain for him from the Admiralty (as I immediately did, notwithstanding Lord John Russell's absence) the run of the dock-yards and naval establishments.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, October 14, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The Sovereigns of the French returned to their capital from Biarritz and Bordeaux late in the evening of the day before yesterday. In adverting to Italy's future, he still restricts his speech to dubious oracular utterances. It would seem as if these and the long-drawn-out futilities at Zurich owe their origin to a reactionary policy, which, for its excuse, wants and waits such outbreaks as butchered Colonel Aviti at Parma. The Imperial reply to the Archbishop is double; devotion to the Pope, and his abandonment by the withdrawal of French forces from Rome: two pills, one opiate and soothing, the other inflammatory and alterative. *On dit* that a huge bolus is compounding for Victor Emmanuel in the form of a summons to foot the bill of his kinsman and ally for the expenses of the recent war; say, 250,000,000 of francs; and this, it is expected, will eventuate in a compulsory compromise ceding Savoy.

The Local Science Association (not socialists, remember, oh! by no means) are mimicking the Institute this year at Bradford, in the West Riding of York. Lord Shaftesbury presides, recapitulates, and preaches: Lord Brougham thunders in ferocious eloquence against Bribery and Bonaparte: and there

is a perfect flood of philosophers, each holding in his hand a homoeopathic dose of science which he complacently regards as a panacea for some one or other of life's evils. Onward, gentlemen! the Augean stable is large and crammed with filth, but each of your countless crowd is a self-esteeming Hercules! *Eureka, Eureka!* Victor Hugo's new poem, at present in two, but designed hereafter to be extended six octaves more, "*La Légende des Siècles*," has prophesied the end of all this labour after perfection, and says that man *must* invade the skies through clouds and stars! Certainly; and the Association, during its short existence of three years, has already ballooned us into the former.

Some strange, discredited but adhesive, rumours are just now afloat, chilling the funds somewhat. Rome has risen into revolution: how can that be while Guyon is still there? The French and English squadrons off Morocco have had a conflict: all circumstances considered, *se non è vero, è ben trovato*. Baron de Bourqueney has gone off from Zurich in a laugh; very natural, therefore likely to be true.

I am afraid that our lively countrymen at Portland will not have a chance this year to hail the Leviathan's advent. Little annoying accidents succeed each other almost as often as the monster moves; and there appears to be in the hold of the big ship, as in the Christian Church, an irreconcilable conflict between fate and free will, which disturbs her

management. She has had her trial trip, was pushed to seventeen miles an hour, and resumed her tremendous anchorage, waiting for a visit from the Queen: *but*, she pitched and rolled, while meeting or siding the waves, far more than exact mathematicians had calculated or foretold. *N'importe!*—she's a wonder.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO LORD NAPIER.

London, October 19, 1859.

MY DEAR LORD NAPIER,

Your kind note of the 30th ult. and the package for Mrs. E. were received after the lapse of several days: the latter crossed the Atlantic in the Bag by the Europa of the 8th instant. Let me assure you that one of the most valued sources of permanent gratification which I have had the good fortune to meet with in my wanderings on the arid desert of diplomacy has been the acquaintance made with yourself and Lady Napier. This is so true, that I am wondering at the time which has elapsed without my answering your letter; but perceive how exactly General Cass has dealt with me.

There is no wisdom in the world: it is a myth which seems possible but is never met with. Certainly it was unwise in the two governments to neglect their boundary; certainly unwise in Harney

to plant his *Picket* in a neutral enclosure; and nothing can transcend the *unwisdom* with which the newspapers, by taunts, sneers, and invective, fret and exasperate the wound inflicted upon the public sentiment of both countries. The President has rapped the general over the knuckles, has sent Scott to put an extinguisher upon him, and has openly declined to order any additional naval force to that distant "jumping-off place;" a course which you will agree with me in considering somewhat less unwise than the menacing one of hurrying off several screw 91's and a parade of more sappers and miners. This last is a sad error.

The Yankees are taking the matter coolly: unanimous in disapproving Harney, and unanimous in believing the islet theirs. How the question may, at the coming session of Congress, be harangued into the Presidential canvass, you have seen enough to imagine. Your friends Seward and Douglas will think nothing said while aught remains to say, in carpentering a new plank for their respective platforms.

Mr. Everett cannot leave home. He has too many engagements as a writer and lecturer. His son came over and has gone to Cambridge.

Pray make my respectful regards acceptable to Lady Napier,

And believe me,

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, October 28, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Maps are statements, *oculis submissi fidelibus*; producing more permanent impression than mere words. Hence it is that, to affect the general mind, the London shops and their windows are being crowded with charts of the islands and channels between Vancouver and the Continent, purporting to delineate the boundary as provided in the Treaty of 1846 by a deep "*red line*," starting from a point in the Gulf of Georgia and running with pictorial emphasis down Rosario Strait. Mr. Webster in 1842 allowed his technical tendencies to conjure up difficulties as regards a more ancient "*red line*." It was cunningly po-poed by Lord Ashburton, when at the very moment there could be seen, in one of the governmental offices here, a carefully neglected map which had descended from the royal negotiators of 1783, whose "*red line*" conclusively sustained the one rather punctiliously abandoned by our great lawyer. Mr. Webster erred on the right side, and nobly declined resting his case on what he had not proof to show might not be a "*suggestio falsi*;" but this highly moral monarchy then took, and has ever since kept, the fruits of an admitted "*suppressio veri*." Ask them if the wrong ought not to be remedied, and what answer will you get? A shrug

and a chuckle. By-and-by we shall be appalled by the resurrection of some long-buried map of Vancouver's, on which the "*red line*" will speak, as a voice from the grave, in corroboration of those now addressing the public eye. I see by an extract of a letter from some Washington correspondent, in the *Times* of this morning, that you have replied to the extraordinary instructions given on the subject of San Juan by Lord John to Lord Lyons before any intimation of General Harney's proceeding had crossed the Atlantic. My solicitude to see this reply is extreme, and I hope to receive it by the steamer due on Sunday or Monday next.

Mr. Lesseps, with his Suez scheme, lingers longer in the public gaze than M. Belly with his Nicaraguan. The latter gentleman seems to have fallen like the stick of a rocket; but the Emperor Napoleon relieves the former from the averted gesture of the Sultan, pats him cheerfully on the back, and inculcates patience. When the Mediterranean becomes a French lake, which the alliance with Spain against the Moors brings into a shorter range of telescopic view than heretofore, it will be both more safe, and more economical in time and money, to forward legions to India through a perforation in the Isthmus than round the Cape of Good Hope. This is perfectly understood and appreciated by all classes: and hence you may have noticed that of three leading investing countries, contributing to the

Lesseps project an aggregate of \$22,669,900, Great Britain, the plethoric capitalist, offers only \$408,500, Holland only \$261,400, while France subscribes for the whole residue, \$22,000,000!

It is rather a strange fact that the cousin of the "dear ally" should come ostentatiously to England, announced in advance as purposing to meet Queen Victoria on board the Great Eastern, should pay his visit to the big ship, should travel rapidly about, should stop in London several days, rest at Portsmouth, and finally go back to Paris without having had the honour of seeing or hearing from her Majesty at all! There may be something in Prince Napoleon disagreeable and repulsive, though Mr. P., who chaperoned him through the Museum, thinks otherwise; or there may have been dropped unguardedly a stitch in that mysterious woof of etiquette which surrounds royal intercourse. Whatever the cause, the truth is notorious, and leads to all sorts of remark and surmise.

Lord Brougham is just now the order of the day. He has been honoured with a grand "Banquet" at Edinburgh, in the course of which, it is said, he pronounced an elaborate philippic against the Emperor of the French. Under the new Act of Parliament authorizing the appointment (without salary) of a Chancellor of the Scotch University, he and the Duke of Buccleuch are competitors for the post. A good deal of critical analysis of their re-

spective merits and demerits is circulating; but I think the Lord Harry is far ahead.

Count Colloredo has succumbed, at Zurich, and the two incomplete treaties must be signed by a new and special minister from Austria.

The cabinet came to town yesterday from all points of the compass, and are now in session. On the 6th of November they will be here again, and then remain to meet for five or six days in succession.

Yesterday Parliament was formally and further prorogued to the 15th of December, on the coming of which day it will be put over to the beginning of February.

One of this morning's journals prints a telegram from Hong-Kong, saying that Mr. Ward had not effected the ratification of the treaty *at Peking*. Possibly: but I doubt, on the foundation of a statement made to me by Major McDowell, recently an aid of and introduced by General Scott. He says that while at St. Petersburg, ten days ago, Mr. Pickens informed him that the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs announced at an interview that Mr. Ward had been treated with the utmost respect and kindness, had exchanged ratifications, and was invited to drink tea with the Emperor! The truth is, that the contrast between peaceful and bullying diplomacy is becoming painfully clear, and must be obscured by *canards*.

The French Imperial Court go to Compiègne next month. Of course, dependent and fraternizing sovereigns are expected to rendezvous there. The Grand Duchess Maria, whose marriage I witnessed in 1839, and who has the unenviable reputation of being a consummate politician, will be first and most favoured.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. REED.

London, November 4, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Yours of the 16th enclosed one addressed to Sir George Grey of Cape Colony. Until this morning, I was at a loss for his residence; nobody as yet *being known* to be in London. He has your letter now.

The perversity about China is still surprising. Louis Napoleon will be held to his engagement for a joint expedition of vengeance, and that may shield the government from Parliamentary condemnation; for the high point of acting independently of their great ally is not yet reached, either on "the floor" or the hustings. Mr. Ward has on the whole acted well. I saw from the first, and so wrote home, that the box, on which our piqued friends here were so lavish of their wit and sneers, was in fact designed in kindness and courtesy. At Pekin they went very

far in conceding their Court ceremonial in order to bring about an Imperial reception ; farther, in my opinion, than you would get the *Arbiter elegantiarum* of Queen Victoria, Sir Edward Cust, to go. *Crede experto*. But this is Europe, whose traditionary futilities of five hundred years must be respected ; while those of Asia, whose roots have been deepening for three thousand years, are fit only to be bullied down ! I thought Englishmen more right-minded and just than this Chinese experience shows them to be. All their newspapers except one, and their hustings orators without exception, take special pleasure in striving to make Mr. Ward ridiculous ; and yet they owe to the manly and generous impulses of this gentleman, at the critical moment of fight before the Forts, the lives of their admiral and his officers, and the rescue of such of their gunboats as were capable of rescue ! The inconsistencies of false pride know no end.

We have a war, a small war *in presenti* but a huge one *in futuro*, Spain *v.* Morocco. This and the coming Congress are possibly the means wherewith to provoke a quarrel with England.

Truly yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, November 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

When you get this, the Message will probably be in print, possibly in Congress; and I must express a confident assurance that upon considerations of a public and pressing nature it cannot reach here too soon.

The treaties of Zurich, after a succession of obstacles and delays approaching the burlesque, were on the point of signature, when the cabinet of Vienna, in the true virus of the age, suddenly felt the inspiration of money-making, stopped the pens as they touched the parchment, and asked 400,000 dollars more! "My representatives," said Napoleon, "do you attach your names and seals to those instruments, and leave them to remain incomplete if others so choose." This command bore a serious significance. So Francis Joseph made a virtue of necessity, withdrew his demand, and the treaties became *faits accomplis* late yesterday afternoon. "I tell the tale as it was told to me."

Count Montalembert does not feel himself martyred with sufficient emphasis. He was being forgotten: a wretchedness quite intolerable to a Frenchman who has once tasted fame of any sort. So now he has rushed into print with two strings to his bow, resolved to be sacrificed by Napoleon and

sainted by the Pope. His *brochure*, "*Pie IX. et La France en 1849 et en 1859*," has drawn upon the *Correspondant* an *avertissement*, and will probably make him once more the hero of a public prosecution. On the present occasion he does not, as he did on the last, enjoy the sustaining sympathies of John Bull; for that unselfish old gentleman has been thrown into a perfect splutter of vexation, by finding that this apostate from Anglomania has branded his conduct as "*ignoble!*" the felicity of which epithet is not diminished by its belonging to both tongues.

Your late diplomatic representative at the Argentine Republic, Mr. B. C. Yancey, is here. Did he not hail from Georgia, I should take him for the brother of the member I once knew from Alabama. He returns to the United States in the *painful* predicament of Mr. P——, to settle and realize a fortune of a million left by a deceased father-in-law.

The foray of Ossowatomie Brown and his band has been commented upon here with a little less of the anti-slavery monomania than usual. The favourite cant ascribes it to "madness." To me there seems so much method in this madness that I cannot but regard the whole as meriting a thorough investigation by commission or committee. Our national future may depend upon the manner in which this plot is dissected and exhibited. To pass it over as a freak will ensure it many imitations. Besides, the conduct of those who were to be *forced* into liberty,

willy-nilly, goes an immense way to show the real character of their condition as labourers; and at the same time may satisfy the most fanatic abolitionist how utterly nonsensical as well as desperate is the object at which he aims.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MRS. SCHOOLCRAFT.

London, November 19, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. SCHOOLCRAFT,

I received late in September last your letter of the 29th of August, with its enclosed circular, and fear that I may have incurred your displeasure by submitting to the heavy pressure of official engagements before making this acknowledgment.

No one holds in higher estimation than I do the great success achieved by your husband in his history of the aboriginal race of our Continent; and it will afford me sincere pleasure to avail myself of every opportunity to draw attention to the edition you contemplate publishing.

In June last I was the happy medium of conveying to the Queen the sixth volume of Mr. Schoolcraft's work, in the name of the President. I presume that the emphatic acknowledgment made by her Majesty, through Lord John Russell, the principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, came to his knowledge. Her Majesty expressed her "very great pleasure in

accepting this magnificent and interesting volume," and requested that I would have the goodness to convey to "the President her sincere thanks for the present of a work which reflects honour both upon its author, and upon the government under whose auspices it has been published." Such praise as this, from a Sovereign so universally beloved, and a Secretary so high in literary reputation, should give the work unlimited circulation.

I am, my dear Mrs. Schoolcraft, with profound respects to your husband,

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, November 25, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since my despatch by the Europa of the 19th instant, nothing has occurred worthy of official communication.

I am told by Sir Henry Holland that Lord John Russell has, for the last four or five days, been so unwell as to be confined to his apartments. Even if this were not so, I have no reason to expect an early attention to the title or taking of San Juan. No doubt your thoughts have been turned to the expediency of having a limit assigned to all discussion upon the subject. It is not enough that we should be in possession, though it is a great deal.

Although I can imagine the multitudinous distractions to which, at the opening of the present Congress, you must be subjected, yet I doubt your being half as much puzzled how to act as Lord Palmerston and his colleagues now are or seem to be. On receiving, the other day, a deputation respecting an improvement in the Law of Bankruptcy, the Premier, thinking that the matter ought regularly to have been carried before Lord John Russell, amused his visitors by a comical excuse for that Secretary, in consequence of the deluge of difficulties pouring into his department from all quarters of the earth. To these cares may probably be soon added that of representing his country at the European Congress to convene in Paris, possibly as early as the 15th of December next.

Lord Cowley paid us a flying visit at the beginning of the present week, and is believed to have borne from Compiègne the cunning proposal of a simultaneous disarmament. No ministry could outlive for a week an attempt to arrest the actual movement for defence against possible invasion. Stop the Naval Reserve! Stop the Rifles! Stop the Armstrong guns on their way to the chalky cliffs! The astute Emperor probably understands this perfectly; and only strengthens his own position and plans by offering what is sure to be refused.

A casual interchange of question, answer, and remark, at the Russian Embassy, with her Majesty's

principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His lordship anticipates much good from the visit of General Scott to Bellevue: he also has great confidence in the wisdom and forbearance of Admiral Baines. His principal objection to Harney, is the rough or rude style in which he replied to Governor Douglas's disproof of Hubb's story that the Hudson's Bay Company had threatened to carry off an American who had killed a pig! I expected him to tell me, but he did not, that Governor Douglas had been recalled. It is so rumoured. Not a word yet from the new Envoy, Mr. Wyke, who *deflected* to Guatemala. I do not ascribe much importance to these chats *en salons*, but they are not wholly void of significance, and certainly in the one referred to I could perceive nothing inconsistent with the impressions heretofore conveyed to you.

I have just been told, by a perfectly established authority for penetrating and disseminating political secrets, that Garibaldi has been invited to Compiègne. The tyrant and the tribune in conclave! There is something Napoleonic in the conjunction, as it shows a consciousness that, of all the brood of monarchs, *he* alone, as the offspring of universal suffrage, can handle unharmed the hot irons of democracy.

Persons recently from Italy, English and American, say that no ejaculation is more frequently heard among the common people than "Oh! if we could

only find a Washington!" Uttered in the sincerity of a trying crisis by the descendants of Brutus, Cato, Gracchus, etc., are we not excusable if proud of these words? Garibaldi is assuredly not an entire Washington; but he is as nearly so as perhaps any man can be not born on the Western Continent.

Prussia, stimulated by her traditions, is believed to intend, at the coming Congress, to press the adoption of Governor Marcy's proposal to substitute for the abolition of Privateering the entire immunity of private property from capture. It is perhaps to be regretted that we are not yet prepared for this beneficent measure. Our great instruments of war on the ocean are the swarms of volunteer clippers with which we can so harass the commerce of an enemy in all parts of the world as speedily to bring him to terms. We deprecate standing armies, huge navies, and our policy is not only peace but permanent disarmament. What's to become of us if this last and congenial resource be diplomatized out of our power?

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 9, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,

This note must be accommodated in size to the little patience you will have left after reading three dull despatches.

My confidence in the punctuality of steam inclines me, as you open this letter, to step out, mingle in your interchange of visits, and very heartily to wish you a merry Christmas!

The early meeting of Parliament, 24th January, is ascribed to a determination on the part of the cabinet to begin the session with a Reform bill, and to push it steadily through before the holidays. Mr. Bright has just announced at an assenting assemblage of reformers that he will accept what is supposed to be the ministerial *projet*, namely, the measure explained in the House by Lord John Russell, after the Derby administration had been fatally stricken: i.e., a ten-pound franchise in counties, a six-pound rental one for boroughs, with a large extinguishment of seats in small boroughs, and the transfer of those seats to more important constituencies.

This government were, through the Admiralty and admiral, so prompt, quiet, and effective in rescuing the property of Grinnell and Minturn, on board the Sea Serpent, from the dangers of a violent mutiny, that though I may feel bound to say something, would it not be well that I should be authorized to convey *your* formal acknowledgments?

It is confidently believed, though not technically certain, that the Congress at Paris, which assembles on the 15th or 20th instant, will have Lord Cowley alone as the British representative.

For the first time in England, I was yesterday honoured by a visit from Mr. Louis Kossuth. He looks much improved. He is somewhat subdued by long deferred hope making the heart sick. He does not however complain, even of Louis Napoleon. His eye brightens, and his arm makes an oratorical gesture, as he refers to the incidents transpiring in Hungary. He says he is growing old. I think not. He is but fifty-seven, and his beard only enriched with lines of silver scattered on light brown.

Of course you have noticed the act of the four Liverpool merchants, who undertook to eclipse the famous Sheffield Foreign Affairs Committee, by addressing a joint note of interrogation to the Emperor, demanding to know *what he meant*. The thing is too silly to be the burden of remark; and yet H. I. Majesty has not let slip the opportunity of sending a few keen darts of mingled encouragement and scorn across the Channel. Nevertheless his reply don't silence the Laureate's invocation, "FORM, FORM, RIFLEMEN, FORM!" Drills are enacted everywhere. The Judges and Lawyers "play soldiering" every afternoon in Westminster Hall!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 16, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Accept my best thanks for your full and kind letter of the 26th November last. I cannot think that the democratic statesmen of the United States will fail, under passionate excitement, to turn to the best account what appears to me the most auspicious period furnished by our political history for vindicating the social humanity, as well as the national wisdom, of the assailed clauses of the Constitution.

The diplomatic movement at the Porte, insisting upon the concession required by Mr. Lesseps, is very significant. The Sultan is beset by the combined representatives of France, Russia, Austria, Prussia (?), and Sardinia, who simultaneously demand that he shall recede from the engagement of his Prime Minister with Sir Henry Bulwer, and authorize the canal. Such a pressure is not to be resisted by the "sick man." It is, as I regard it, the suddenly revealed consummation of a profound Napoleonic policy, which has been characterized, in a recently published and powerful pamphlet by Emile de Girardin, as the ultimately fatal thrust of the French rapier into the British cuirass.

Pius the Ninth commissions Cardinal Antonelli to the Congress at Paris. *That*, of course, for he has no other competent man at his service; but then, feeling

the majesty of the Pontificate, he formally claims for the representative of 160,000,000 of Roman Catholics the presidency of the Assembly. The demand can scarcely be entertained by a Protestant power; even France may be embarrassed by it; nor is it altogether impossible, if it be seriously and firmly pressed, that the contemplated Congress may disperse in anger before organization. I wish this, and would almost agree to be Mortara-ized, if the Holy Father would effect it; for, in verity, as Europe is now composed, these general Congresses are mere trumps in the hands of a despotic copartnership.

All Ireland is getting to be deeply stirred. Meetings are numberless, crowded to excess, extremely violent, and openly proclaiming a higher loyalty than that to the Queen.

The Russian is beginning to perceive that he has a hard road to travel in effecting the emancipation or enfranchisement of the serfs. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Our wishes for his success are rather damped by the bold attitude and language of the dissenting nobles.

Senator Seward returned home the day before yesterday, I believe by the Arago. As I send you, from the Azores Consulate, a letter respecting the yacht Wanderer, it may be agreeable to have the enclosed newspaper slips, reporting the subsequent career of her captain.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 23, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

A telegram from Galway brings news from the United States as late as the 13th instant, and announces that, at that date, there were still no Speaker and no Message! However provoking, pretty much as was expected. I cannot help thinking and hoping that the true cause will lose nothing by debate in the House; but the consequent detention of the great annual exposition of national affairs is a grievance of no light weight.

The Congress at Paris being assured either for the 5th or (to accommodate Gortschakoff) the 20th of January, and the Plenipotentiaries ascertained, the moment is seized for a Manifesto which discloses, if not dictates, the Napoleonic programme. This paper, entitled "*The Pope and the Congress*," passes from the Emperor to the public through the same funnel, Monsieur de la Guéronnière, whence issued the celebrated pamphlet "*Napoleon III. et l'Italie*," which closely followed the sharp words to Hübner on the 1st January, 1859, and in advance vindicated Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino. It is a most remarkable document, leading through a series of lucid and forcible arguments to a conclusion with which all the world might be satisfied except, perhaps, the Pontiff and his Cardinals. It is here and there

sprinkled with refreshing drops of sound democratic doctrine. The right of the Romagnese to choose their own government is not to be controverted, and that they have done so is a *fait accompli*. France can never coerce them back as subjects of the Pope. Let his Holiness remain an independent sovereign; his territory Rome; his police or protection the troops of the Confederation; his revenues the guaranteed contributions of the Catholic Powers, and of the 200,000,000 of his spiritual subjects; his head and heart relieved from the distractions of administration; his pursuits those of contemplation, beneficence, prayer, concord and peace!

All the high officers of Government have gone to spend their Christmas holidays in their country homes. They will hardly rally here again before Twelfth-Night; and then they will not have three weeks to prepare for Parliament.

The rumour was false that ascribed to the Pope a desire to have Antonelli preside over the Congress. A formal contradiction comes from Rome.

It is impossible to get at the truth as to the war in Morocco, or the tendency to outbreak in Hungary. Spain, however, has certainly met a more determined and numerous foe than she expected. If a few drenching storms, pregnant with cholera, dysentery, and ague, help the Moors, O'Donnell may be driven to his ships.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. P.

London, December 25, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

The best thanks of Mr. Sanders and myself are due to you for the effort made to place the Petition before his Imperial Majesty. I received it back safely, and have transmitted it to Mr. Sanders, with the original note from the Department of Count Gortschakoff; so that he can, if he wish, pursue his object by invoking the kindness of Mr. Stoeckl at Washington. More than twenty years ago he was a gallant officer in the service of his country, Poland; but the extinction of all hope there threw him upon the resources of his education and energy in the United States, and as a fellow-citizen of ours he has worked his way to general esteem and a competency.

The brochure just issued in Paris, nominally by M. de la Guéronnière, discloses with eloquence and force the Napoleonic policy designed for adoption by the Congress. France will not permit the banished Dukes to be restored by arms; the position of the Romagnese is incontestably a *fait accompli*, and she cannot, consistently with her principles, compel them to resume an allegiance which they have unanimously and effectually thrown off. The temporal sovereignty of the Pontiff is essential to his spiritual independence, but it need not be territorially extensive; on the contrary, it may best be restricted

within the boundaries of Rome, Let his revenues be ample contributions from the Catholic powers and peoples; his sacred office freed from the distractions of administration; his subjects without liability to taxation; and his mind bent exclusively upon divine contemplation, magnificent ceremonies, prayers, and blessings! Such is substantially the programme for the proceedings at the Congress to assemble in Paris about the 20th January, 1860. It is a boldly-delineated chart, whose lines are strongly marked, and to be misunderstood by nobody, least of all by the Holy Father or Francis Joseph. Will it be carried out? I would say, perhaps it will if the Czar adhere to France, England, Prussia, and Sardinia.

Advices from home are to the 13th instant, when Congress was still without organization—no Speaker, no Message; nor is it very probable that any progress will be made until after the holidays. Naturally, so near the tentative foray at Harper's Ferry, and with a state of parties in the House which allows a fair hope to our friends, the excitement runs very high. I am waiting in momentary expectation of hearing of the arrival of the steamer Europa at Liverpool. She will bring the news down to the 16th instant, and if that be important, an effort shall be made to send it to you.

Our relations with this government are once more serene. The effect of General Scott's visit is re-

assuring and tranquillising. San Juan will be enlivened and protected by the presence of two small military companies, one from each country; and then the negotiation as to the title to the island renewed, will, I dare venture to say, be protracted pretty much as was the one about the Oregon boundary.

Pray present the best wishes of the season to Mrs. P. from all my family, and, with my cordial salutations, believe me

Very faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, December 28, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,

Sir Henry Holland calling to make sure that a prescription was effective, has just told me that Lord Macaulay died yesterday morning. His disease was in the heart, and probably attended by an effusion on the chest. Only fifty-nine: made Peer about three years ago, but has never spoken in the House of Lords. During my time here, he has been residing two miles out of London, on Campden Hill. His high position in the world of literature will doubtless cause a deluge of obituary notices.

General Scott's adjustment at San Juan is esteemed satisfactory; although this good people, as is their wont, think they are entitled to more than enough,

and growl askance at Picket's little anti-Indian company. The renewed assertion of their unquestionable title to the island, in the daily journals, may I think be regarded as an indication that something claiming to be an answer to your argument is on its way.

The Napoleonic pamphlet, "*Le Pape et le Congrès*," which I mentioned in my last, is creating as much chuckle in England as tumult on the Continent. These mild and tolerant Episcopalians look upon it as a fatal stab inflicted upon the Scarlet Lady, by the favourite matricide. The Pontiff and the Cardinals are startled into activity. Antonelli draws back the foot he had stretched towards France. His intended colleague, already in Paris, Sacconi, demands official disclaimer by Walewski; even the Gallican Bishops seem shocked, and, with one or two exceptions, are "denying their master:" and, behold! Count Kisseleff, the Czar's ambassador, though of the Greek Church, says the brochure won't do, that it is too democratic, and that the glorious example of Russia attests the wisdom of keeping united temporal and spiritual sovereignties! In the midst of this *fracas*, the unanimous "All Hail!" of Central Italy and Sardinia comes roaring over the Alps. It is almost a fair race between the two Congresses, the one at Paris and the other at Washington, which shall organize first and which first disperse. I rather incline to wager on the latter;

but we shall be better able to form an opinion how the heat will end, the day after to-morrow, the pregnant New-Year's Day, when the Papal Nuncio, heading the Diplomatic Body, may possibly evoke or provoke from the Oracle some illuminating remark like that darted upon Baron Hübner.

Do you notice that the old impracticable Boyars of Moscow have so worried and irritated the Emperor Alexander, on the question of serf-emancipation, that he declines spending his Christmas among them as has been the practice of the Court? A small fact, signifying much on that point.

The weather has become quite mild.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. EVERETT.

London, January 5, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. EVERETT,

You must allow me to sight two birds (and beautiful birds they are!) with a single barrel. Mrs. S. B. some month or two ago had permitted me to retain the newspaper copy of your Webster Eulogy. I had indeed a *diplomatic purpose* to which to apply a part of it. Since then the pamphlet with your signature has been cordially welcomed. I can't tell you without seeming extravagant how much pleasure it has given me. During my first service in the Senate, my seat adjoined Mr. Webster's, and this

accidental circumstance led to a constant interchange of remark on politics and persons. You can readily conceive how well I remember certain leading incidents of that his most brilliant and useful time.

Am I wrong in the impression that you and Mr. Webster were never in the Senate during the same session? It is to that I ascribe your not dropping a word, while enumerating his traits, upon his power as *an actor*. He was too grave a statesman to show this except behind the curtain; but I have seen him, when the galleries were cleared and the doors closed, gesticulate against the "unmitigated tyrant," or repeat a whole scene from Cumberland, with an effectiveness equal to anything done by Demosthenes or Garrick.

In speaking of him as a diplomatist, the Eulogy supplies a most interesting narrative of what he did while negotiating the Treaty of 1812, as to the North-eastern boundary, with "the red-lined map of 1783." The view taken of this matter by the quondam British Consul of Boston. Grattan, may not have met your eye. I have it, cut from a recent *Times*, and send it enclosed.

All lovers of their country doing duty abroad must gratefully thank you for that grand invocation to Union delivered at Faneuil Hall. Nothing sounder, nothing truer, nothing finer. Such an appeal ought to be irresistible. And yet the infatuated and presumptuous men, authors really of all the mischief,

know how to be deaf to everything but their own voices. Let them take heed; for they who halloo on a robber and assassin may find Judge Lynch attracted by the sound. The poisoned chalice is often drained by those who mixed it.

Lord Macaulay takes his place in Poets' Corner on Monday next, the 9th of January.

Our friend Sir Henry Holland gives me most pleasant accounts of the happiness of your son at Cambridge, and of the high esteem in which he is held.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 6, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

We shall soon plunge *in medias res*, on this side of the water. The Premier's grand ministerial dinner is announced for the 21st instant: it precedes the opening of Parliament three days. The session promises to be interesting from the start, and may become eventful. Parties, however, are unusually tranquil. Certainly there are topics enough on which disagreement must arise: the war with China, the Morocco policy, the future of Italy, and the Pope, Reform, Church Rates, Indian Finance, Rifle-corps, Ribbonmen; but as yet the surface betrays no symptom of interior violence. The government

can scarcely be said to have its majority in the House; and it is believed to be liable, from hour to hour, to explosive dissension; and yet, no one anticipates the advent of a new ministry from any check-mate in the Commons.

The earthy residuum of Macaulay will be deposited in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey on Monday next; and as within three years he was *created* something better than other folks, the huge folding front door of the great Cathedral will be thrown open for his ashes; and he will not be required, as Stephenson was, to crawl his way through the little back door, occasionally rubbing and sticking against cold walls, to his immortality. But wherefore in the "Poets' Corner?" Assuredly he wrote verses, and good ones too; but they were thrown into dark eclipse by his Essays and History. In this last department, wherein he chiselled hard at the column of his fame, his integrity has often been assailed; and it may be that his dust is mingled with that of "Rare Ben Jonson," Shakspeare, Pope, to intimate that he excelled in fiction even when handling fact.

Count Walewski has ceased to be Napoleon's minister of Foreign Affairs. The acceptance of his resignation is in yesterday's *Moniteur*. He is succeeded, *ad interim*, by M. Baroche, permanently by Thouvenel, the ambassador at Constantinople. This change is, at once and everywhere, recognized as

strongly if not conclusively significant of the Imperial determination to adhere to the scheme of the recent pamphlet, "*Le Pape et le Congrès*." In one aspect it is anti-anglican; for Thouvenel has signalized his mission at the Porte by routing Sir Henry Bulwer on the Suez Canal; but in a more important bearing, that of the central independence of Italy and the limitation of the Supreme Pontiff's temporal sovereignty, it is all English. One consequence may, I think (though others don't), be safely predicated of this decided *coup d'état*: there will be no Congress, or only such Congress as, in the absence of Czar, Kaiser, and Pope, will augment, instead of eradicate, the complications and uncertainties of the "situation." There is ample room on the astrologer's dial for a fresh coalition and another war.

I long, everybody longs, for the Message; and yet after the lapse of a whole month from the beginning of the congressional session, here comes a newspaper, saying that by this time it may just have reached the Capitol!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 13, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much exercised by the misgovernment which appears to prevail on board of our merchant

vessels. Acts of mutiny or murder are causing constant applications for rendition warrants. Four of these are at this moment pending. Can nothing legislative be devised to remedy a disease which must bring the service into disrepute, and ultimately injure our navigation and commerce? Would not Mr. Clay, Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Commerce, consider the subject? As akin to this topic, let me add that I shall to-morrow confer on the possibility of a Consular Convention, a possibility regarded as very remote.

The Message came to us in full, two days ago. It is received with a deference and favour altogether unusual. The *Times* has dwelt upon it every morning in terms of compliment as to matter, tone, and style. The cheek-bursting Boreas of the *Advertiser*, full of abolition wind, is the only journal that has ventured a rabid roar in the other direction. Such official documents, however treated amid party heats at home, furnish to all lovers of American institutions abroad, as you very well know, inexhaustible sources of pride and gratification.

The Pope and the Emperor have crossed rapiers, and simultaneously lunged at each other. Napoleon's weapon is the more polished; the Holy Father losing some of his discretion in extemporaneously addressing General Guyon under excitement caused by the really Imperial, though ostensibly anonymous pamphlet, "*Le Pape et le Congrès*." While Bonaparte sooth-

ingly and reverently couples with *his* "Happy New Year" the suggestion how wise it would be in the Pontiff to let the rebellious Romagnese go their way, his spiritual and infallible Chief anathematises the brochure as "*un opuscule qu'on peut appeler un monument insigne d'hypocrisie et un tissu ignoble de contradictions !*" The width and depth of a breach thus created cannot be sounded ; and we look soon to see Rome evacuated by the French troops : indeed, both Guyon and Grammont are reported to have already left.

A writer of considerable talent, and a shrewd observer, has recently pressed upon public notice a sort of warning which it can do no harm to communicate to you. He shows, in the first place, a large increase made, and still making, in the French navy. Then he points to the quarrel about the Cod fisheries, purposely kept open. And he asks, what the armament is meant for ? ridicules the idea of an invasion of England, and announces the Napoleonic idea of a reconquest of Canada ! A restoration of this great colony, half of whose population remain essentially French, would, he argues, give to Louis Napoleon a brilliant immortality, not otherwise within his reach.

Do you notice the dexterous manner in which the nobles of Russia have caused the Ozar to halt in his plan of self-emancipation ? They address him through an imposing committee ; profess to admire the generosity of his aims ; and express a readiness to aid the

movement, if it be accompanied by its indispensable and kindred props, freeholds, municipal representation, and liberty of the press! His Majesty has paused and still pauses.

A shadowy prospect only is thought to remain for a Congress at Paris. The common tendency is to back from it. Russia doubts, and Gortschakoff declines; Austria thinks the programme proposed by France altogether irreconcilable with the agreements of Villafranca and Zurich, and too unpalatable to be swallowed. Pio Nono and Antonelli are completely staggered. Prussia is quite indifferent. England, after all, would seem to have brought about a condition of things which leaves to the alliance the command of the "situation," and unites her with Napoleon in securing the independence of Italy. The general opinion regards the alliance as closer and stronger than ever. Such I know are the ideas inculcated in the very highest circles of politics. It is not said "*we have joined Napoleon*;" that would involve an admission at which national pride recoils; but "*Napoleon has come over to our policy*" is a phrase heard in all quarters, amid flushes of exultation and rubbing of hands.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO SIR G. LEWIS.

London, January 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE LEWIS,

I cannot too cordially thank you for the excellent pamphlet on Jurisdiction and Extradition which accompanied your note of the 16th instant. Having read it carefully, I do not find a single proposition in it to which I can decline adhering. It has given me a strong assurance that one who so perfectly understands his subject will devise modes of removing its practical embarrassments.

It is a high interest of all nations that great crimes should be punished. But they can be punished only by the jurisdiction within which they occur. The *Times* and the *Post* seem not to approve my interposition with the case at Cowes. One regards me as "protesting," the other as impeding the progress of justice. Not at all. The murders cannot be reached by English law. No English court would entertain a case of crime committed on the high seas on board of an American vessel. Not to intervene and not to offer the only competent jurisdiction, necessarily lead to the ultimate discharge and impunity of the malefactors. Their escape, owing to the imperfections of our extradition system, may be probable; but without that proceeding it is certain. You and I may, I sincerely hope, contrive some mode of preventing the escape of culprits and witnesses, and remitting them

promptly and effectively to the only jurisdiction, here or in the United States, where they can be dealt with. If we don't, each country becomes, more or less, a sanctuary for the other's worst criminals.

Many apologies and fresh thanks.

Always faithfully and most respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 20, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

There is great rejoicing that the French Emperor, in an official letter of instructions to Mr. Secretary Fould, of the 5th instant, has given his unqualified adhesion to the doctrine of Free Trade, and has directed the future to be fashioned accordingly. This grand *coup d'état* received its final impulsive blow from Mr. Cobden. That gentleman sought Paris ostensibly for a change of air about two months ago; but those who watched his movements made public reports of frequent interviews with his Majesty; their conversation even was occasionally detailed; and now the *Moniteur* of last Sunday contains the economical dissertation and fiat which for ten days they elaborated upon the anvil between them! The French trading ports are naturally rejoiced; Bordeaux and Havre illuminated as soon as they appreciated the reach of the new policy; but, as with us, and as naturally, the manufacturing towns de-

mand to be, and are promised to be, fully heard, before the system is practically put into operation in 1861. The paper is remarkable for the quarter whence it comes, and is the *third* in the series of Manifestoes by which its author has marked and continues to mark, in advance, every leap he takes: but to this public, and to us, "*qui ont passés par là*," it suggests nothing very forcible or new. Half an eye perceives how much this movement must strengthen the alliance.

We have dates to the 7th instant, and yet no Speaker! This is very bad in reference to the national business and interests; but in its bearing upon political party nothing better could be desired.

The Queen comes to London from Windsor on Monday next, the 23rd, to open Parliament in person, at two o'clock on the following day. The Premier's summoning missive to the Liberal members has been out for a week. It promises immediate and important measures for legislation. Lord Derby, at a large dinner in Liverpool last night, seems to anticipate a quiet session.

Mr. Oliphant has made two volumes of considerable interest and attraction out of Lord Elgin's mission, particularly the visit to Japan. Though he credits the Earl, his patron, with qualities of sagacity, vigour, and tireless activity, I think one can detect, from a casual word dropped here and there, that the private Secretary's opinion leans towards the Ame-

rican style of pacifically opening China to commerce and intercourse. It is a part of the art of book-making, however, not to cloud the prospect of profit by offending any large class of readers.

After all, Macaulay did not get to his grave through the vast folding-door of the Abbey: the sublimation of his blood was too recent and imperfect:—

What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
What?—a *single drop* from any of the Howards?

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, January 27, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Her Majesty's Speech on opening Parliament is of more length and interest than common. I send you herewith an official copy. In leaving the House of Lords, I met the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, who said, "Well! you see we reciprocated the friendly remarks of the President!" I have no doubt that was the design; but it would be highly un-English if, in carrying it out, they did not employ some word, or take a tone, making the civil intention questionable.

Earl Grey, though he argued with spirit and force, failed to get the support of Lord Derby to an amendment to the Address, and was obliged to with-

draw it. He wished to condemn any regulations of tariff by commercial treaty. This was a little too much in advance, for the one made with France through the active agency of Mr. Cobden had not been communicated to Parliament, and was not actually perfected by signature at the moment his lordship was assailing it.

There are many more than Mr. Cobden who claim the merit of having converted the French Emperor to Free Trade. Michael Chevalier had certainly much to do with it. So had Baroche. But I was enlightened by a long visit from Count Persigny, who coolly and volubly assumed the whole exploit. He declares that he has been at it these five years; that he developed, in successive elaborate papers sent to his Majesty, all the ramifications of the new policy; and that he returned from Paris only ten days ago, after a final and successful exertion of his personal influence. How will history decide among these rivals? Perhaps she may reach the conclusion that Prohibition and Protection yielded, after all, more to the Napoleonic fondness for change, for sudden and surprising *coups d'état*, than to the force of facts or logic.

I had the opportunity last evening of a free after-dinner chat with Lord John Russell respecting Mexico. He is much at a loss what to do; has little confidence in the public men of that country, except Juarez; is solicitous to avoid even the appearance of

attacking the Monroe doctrine by intermeddling with their distracted condition; the military strength of both contending parties is exhausted; and how enough energy was to be infused into either for executive government, without foreign aid, it was impossible to see.

The Great Eastern maintains her title of "The Unlucky." She has just lost Captain Harrison, drowned in going to the wharf, and her shareholders and directors are in a tempest of quarrel.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 3, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am strongly impelled, by a modest sense of demerit, *not* to send you the enclosed newspaper slip, reporting the interpellation of Lord John Russell by Mr. Monokton Milnes. It is, however, more important that you should see exactly where the proposed Consular Convention is, than that I should indulge *mauvaise honte*. May it not be necessary to clothe me with a Full Power for the special occasion? The negotiator does not manifest a very scrupulous regard for the technical obstacles interposed heretofore by the Crown Lawyers; and indeed has no reluctance to being esteemed equal, if not a little superior, in their own *spécialité*, to any of them.

It is not difficult to perceive that a good deal of the eagerness which prevails to back Bonaparte against the Pope springs rather from Protestant bigotry than love of Italian liberty. The Vatican is an old and preferred target for all the Locksleys of the press: he who plants a shaft in that bull's-eye, has instantly the reward of a general shout. The new Encyclical letter exhibits more firmness than was predicated of Pio Nono. It has obliged the French Emperor summarily to suppress the leading organ of ultramontaniam, *L'Univers*, and to throw himself upon the historical loyalty of the Gallican Church. He does so under the sanction of a special clause in the existing Constitution, and with graceful forbearance in regard to the Holy See. But Church and State are now squarely confronted, and the past, *decies repetitæ*, tells us what to look for as inevitable.

Your chargé in Paris will no doubt send you an early copy of the Anglo-Franco Commercial treaty. Portions of it have got into the journals here, but some details are still elaborating and incomplete. The manufacturing and mining opposition is active, impetuous, and outspoken: it will put the reforming Emperor to a sharp trial.

The question of Savoy! ay, here it is at last. More than a year ago I hazarded the "guess" that this Duchy was a stimulant to the anti-Austrian appetite. Well! it is sliding into France, under

the operation of a quiet contract entered into at that very time with Victor Emmanuel. The secret has been well kept. Perhaps it would have been better to keep it so still, until this country had got more completely into the complicated meshes of the entangling alliance; for John Bull is already out against his immovable nightmare, anybody's annexation but his own!

"The Papal Question in a New Light," by an American Diplomatist, is printing in Paris, and is from the pen of our recent Minister Resident at Lisbon, Mr. John L. O'Sullivan. The "new light" seems to consist in discovering the identity or strong analogy between the District of Columbia under our Constitution and Rome under the plan of the Guerrière pamphlet. Only two-thirds of it, translated from French, have reached here.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer opens his budget on Monday next, the 6th instant. Royalty quits Windsor Castle for Buckingham Palace on the 12th; and that infinitesimally simple measure, the Parliamentary Reform bill, comes up for the first time since the world began, on the 21st instant.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 10, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things!" Every sort of mischief seems likely to flow from the ill-timed hoarseness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On Monday last his throat refused its mellifluous tones to the eulogy of the budget. He dared not venture, with a croaking voice, on a permanent income tax of nine-pence, a one-sided tariff-treaty with France, and an appropriation of thirteen millions sterling for the navy alone! It is announced as possible that he may undertake the task this evening. In the mean while discontent has so accumulated as to be dangerous, if not altogether impracticable. The delay has given opportunity to coalition; thence, a substantial condemnation of Cobden's arrangement; thence, -- a change in the government; thence, coldness or quarrel with France; and thence, finally, a general war! Extravagant as this may seem, I do assure you that the dismal foreboding is seen, felt, and expressed by every knot of politicians at the now numerous *soirées*; and all the series of disasters unanimously attributed to the sore larynx of Mr. Gladstone.

There is some cause for suspecting, in the present House of Commons, a diminution in the zeal for

Reform. On the night before last, the bill for abolishing Church Rates sunk, from a majority six months ago of seventy-four, down to one of twenty-nine; and last night the ballot, after a hostile speech from Lord Palmerston, was rejected by a majority of thirty-one. These votes, united with the sensitive solicitude of Irish members about the Pope, tend to fresh party combinations fatal to the present ministry. Lord Derby and his friends are tranquilly watching the course of incidents, quite sure that the pear is rapidly ripening, and must fall into their hands before two months elapse.

You will have noticed that the Peers were unanimous and firm against the annexation of Savoy to France. The address to the Queen moved by Lord Normanby was not pressed, on the ground that it gave a formality to the protest unnecessarily offensive to the Emperor. Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour hold on tightly (as yet) to "the Cradle of the Royal House." The Parisian press is bent on forcing their grasp. The ministry here, after advising against the acquisition, are really indifferent, not seeing any danger in it to the balance of power. Louis Napoleon seems in no hurry to proclaim his purpose, but all the world knows what it is, and are quite satisfied that sooner or later it must prevail.

I send, to occupy a cranny in your departmental library, a small volume on the present state of British shipping. It is written by a friend of mine,

a member of the House, a large shipowner, and a clear-headed man. His leading object, he tells me, is to arrest the movement towards the restoration of the Navigation Acts.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 17, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hurried through my letter this day last week in order to reach the House of Commons in time for Mr. Gladstone's grand performance on his two-stringed harmonium; the Budget and the Treaty. He spoke for four hours uninterruptedly, and with perfect mastery of his complicated subject; the very personification of self-convinced, eager, and unrelenting Free Trade! No mercy shown to a solitary article taxed upon the principle of protection; everything of the sort swept scornfully to the rubbish heap. In pushing his financial plane along the board, he has here and there, say iron, coal, hops, and ribbons, cut more fiercely and deeply than is consistent with a prudent policy, and has roused a hornet's nest to sting his tariff in every quarter. But he has left his victims no means of escape. The commercial compact with Napoleon and the entire scheme of taxation are Siamese twins, the former dragging the latter over every obstacle. At

a Conservative caucus, a resolution fatal to the ministry on this topic was rumoured to have been adopted, and Mr. Disraeli was said to be sharpening his weapon for a home thrust on Monday next the 20th instant. I have, however, reason to disbelieve that this was the strategy finally agreed upon. Lord Derby does not wish to oust his rival at the present moment, and throw everything into sizes and sevens with France suddenly. The demonstration will cautiously avoid putting the enemy to flight. The debate in the Lords last evening was left in the hands of secondary men, Earls Airlie and Grey, and was signalized by the *absence* of Lords Derby and Malmesbury, although founded on a formal notice. The pear is not ripe.

You will notice the reply given last evening in the Commons to Mr. Liddell upon the subject of our Coasting Trade, by Lord John Russell. Perhaps, as you are referred to, I had better send you the enclosed slip.

His lordship, in answering Sir Robert Peel, conveyed to my mind the conviction that what I heretofore predicted about the annexation of Savoy to France cannot be prevented. Victor Emmanuel has been distinctly apprised by the Emperor that if his power and dominion were swollen by the accession of Central Italy, the Empire would not be safe with the Var as a boundary. Such a notice from the ally who is working out the aggrandizement of

Piedmont involves a compact not to be disputed hereafter.

Lord Elgin goes back to China without delay, to relieve his brother Mr. Bruce, with whose course of action and despatch-writing public opinion is dissatisfied. Mr. Bruce indulged unfairly in catering to what he thought was the diseased appetite of the Foreign Office, by repeating false and frivolous stories of Mr. Ward's contemptuous treatment at Peking. Lord Elgin is sanguine in the belief that he may preserve peace, and professes *that* to be his sole object. Remembering as we must that he extorted the Treaty of Tien-Tsin from Chinese fear, he would hardly seem the fittest agent for a friendly mission.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, February 24, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

There is no variation in the political tune. It is nothing but treaty and budget, and budget and treaty, at all times, and everywhere. I can perceive only a slight giving way on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer: he sops the deep and dangerous baying of "the Trade," i.e. the licensed victuallers, by abandoning his proposed licensing for the sale of beer, confining it to wine. With this

small exception, he pushes his entire scheme with perseverance and overshadowing ability. His firmness is bolstered by the collateral consciousness that the opposition hold in extreme dread another dissolution of Parliament. The technical assault of Mr. Disraeli on Monday last was baffled with promptness. The debate may be extended far into the coming week.

There prevails something like a superstitious aversion on both sides to the proposed fight between Heenan and Sayers, for the Championship. The House of Commons will probably goad the government into preventive energy. The training of the Benicia Boy, in the Isle of Skye, is represented as admirable.

The Queen's Levee yesterday was amazingly tedious and uncomfortably cold; relieved for a moment by the royal sword descending upon the shoulders of the last explorer for Sir John Franklin. The knighthood of Captain McClintock, itself a mere name, closes with something like poetic justice this long protracted drama of sentiment.

There is a peculiar numbness (an allowable word?) at this moment about the Italian complications. No one can say how they stand. An occasional theorist anticipates the disclosure of a compromise between the Pope and the Emperor. Another will say that Napoleon lingers only until the Treaty, Budget, and Alliance are beyond a peradventure.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 6, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

On this side of the water, the mercury in the political barometer starts upward and sinks fast, very suddenly. The avowal of the Emperor in his address opening the legislative chamber on the 1st instant, certainly that he wanted and impliedly that he would have Savoy, has shocked the morality so unanimously and eloquently discoursed for a fortnight in the Palace of St. Stéphen. That avowal takes firmness and form in the diplomatic notes addressed by Monsieur Thouvenel to the French ministers here and at Turin. Lords Palmerston and Russell are deeply committed against the annexation; and in the Commons last night they seemed perplexed in the extreme on discovering that the recently negotiated commercial treaty was in danger of defeat by the opposition as a primary protest against enlarging the limits of France. Still, I do not think Lord Derby and his wary associates prepared to take the helm, at the risk of encountering at once a Gallican tempest. The hour for that has not yet struck; but they do much to consolidate the foundations of their party, and to give it a European position, by seizing as theirs the popular dread of Napoleon's designs. Already there are symptoms of sensitive vigilance, if not of coalescing

jealousy, in the intercourse and movements of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Germany, and Switzerland. This repeated "filling and backing" on the Italian points of policy bewilders interpretation and inculcates the expediency of a general "look-out."

I cannot say that when I read your last note on San Juan (to Lord John) there was the slightest indication of surprise or vexation on the part of her Majesty's minister. What you did was probably expected; or, at all events, Lord Lyons had written enough to take off the edge of astonishment. But, if Horace had not written *Nihil admirari*, I should be inclined to ask, Is it not wonderful how persistently and variously a bad cause is sometimes pressed? I went on Wednesday last to the reception of the Royal Geographical Society, at the residence of their present President, Earl de Grey and Ripon, late Lord Goderich, and what do you think "stared me in the face with rapid strides?"—On the wall of the grand stairway, conspicuous to the eye of every comer, brilliant in colouring, was a gigantic map of the disputed Island, with its adjacent waters, and a *deeply red line, a quarter of an inch wide, running, as if unalterably convinced, down Rosario Strait!* Now, his lordship is not merely the preces among the manufacturers of charts, he is also an under Secretary of State for War! This sort of mural dogmatism can only deceive; for, as you say, Rosario Strait is given up: the nailing or plaster-

ing a concededly false pretension is unworthy a sage or statesman.

The French papers announce that your Plenipotentiary, Mr. Faulkner, presented his credentials to the Emperor the day before yesterday (Sunday).

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 9, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have too recently written to have anything to say. At the French Embassy on Tuesday evening last Count Persigny took the trouble to detail to me all the peculiar causes which justify his sovereign in annexing Savoy, or rather the "*slopes of the Alps*," and the extent to which he has been exasperated, not alone by the violent abuse in both Houses of Parliament, but also by the extraordinary diplomatic notes which Lord John Russell, ever since July last, has been scattering all over Europe, in deprecation of that resolutely adopted measure. The ambassador looks upon the state of things as threatening a war in the course of this spring.

The question of the treaty will be decided in the Commons to-night, on Mr. Byng's motion for an address to the Queen, conveying approbation. I do not doubt the success of the motion. Apart from the almost unanimous aversion to permitting France

to have any of the Alpine passes, the ministry is overwhelmingly strong.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, March 12, 1860.

MY DEAR MARKOE,

Your *billet* of the 21st February struck a spur into my intent, and caused me to drive in haste to one of the queerest and dirtiest little alleys I have yet seen in London. You marked (as everything delusive is now-a-days marked) with a "*red line*." on a certain page of catalogue, a group of *Facetiae* as worthy of prompt pursuit. I rushed to 45, Booksellers' Row, Strand; and, would you believe it? the precious rarity had very recently been sold, and no other copy was extant! I had to find consolation in shrugging my shoulders, and in gazing with wonder at the countless accumulations of old, weather-beaten, black, yellow, stained, greasy, big and diminutive volumes, encumbering both sides of the narrow and long streetlet into which I had picked my way on foot. Before vanishing from Mr. A.'s gloomy literary "*Curiosity shop*," I seized the accompanying list for the present *March* from off his ledge, and then gaspingly sought a gulp of fresh air.

What with China, French Treaty, San Juan, Savoy, Imperial Pamphlets, Counteractive Royal

Coalitions, with the lively sessions of Parliament, the thoughts of diplomats are whipped, like spinning tops, into a standstill of ceaseless activity. This mission is very different from that at St. Petersburg. There, I could yawn and doze without end; here, not an hour arrives without its budget, keeping me for ever either in the deeply-reflective or the excitedly *qui vive* mood. Which post is the better? I am not yet old and cold enough to hesitate in preferring this. I am not disposed to be dead before I die. After all, there is a charm in living fast, in being on the rack of vigilance, eagerness, hope, and hurrah, which goes at once, not so much to the heart, as to the immortal spirit within. Of course I am referring to the enjoyments and bustle of the intellect, not to those of sense. London has an immense field for these, just below the Court and above the Counter: and in that range vast herds, titled and untitled, the philosophers, the *littérateurs*, the lawyers, the clergy, the editors, the politicians, the experimentalists on matter, mind, and morals, the painters, the sculptors, the musicians, the agriculturists, the florists, the photographers, etc. Any man who will anchor himself in this tide of incessant and roaring movement, and give himself to each wave of the flood as it passes, must, if he don't run mad, experience the highest degree of human enjoyment. All this is the better for not being exclusively English. Every country and every language con-

tribute to the result. And all of it is essentially and absolutely apart from the pantomimic finery of royalty, or the grossness of mere money-changing. No doubt, the individuals have each and all their repulsive qualities; but as a stirring whole, the thing is marvellous!

All well. Love to all.

Ever yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

The "Manchester School" have enabled Lord Palmerston to give two signal victories to the Treaty of Commerce with France, the majority in the Commons being 282 to 56, and in the Lords 68 to 38. The financial scheme of Mr. Gladstone, adapted to the treaty, proceeds almost *pari passu*, and we already read in the shop windows French articles for sale "duty off."

If history *does* repeat itself, there are always some modifications, some slight shades of difference. That Bonaparte should bag Savoy, even with contemptuous disregard of the European Chart of 1815, is natural enough; that he should do it, however, simultaneously with the closest embrace he has yet accorded to England, has a spice of novelty quite *piquante*. Such harmony in defiance of the "balance of power" and the annals of centuries is wonderful.

Poor Switzerland points to the gash in her side for ruin's wasteful entrance and shrieks in vain for help! Victor Emmanuel, having attained the full proportions of manhood, parts with his "cradle" without a sigh. And the Savoyards, true to their wandering instincts, are rather eager than otherwise for the change of position.

The prevailing excess of the *entente cordiale* is worth watching. It may suggest the expediency of a less friendly tone with us. Our cotton surpasses General Scott as a great pacificator; but the new Convention, opening vast markets for coal and iron, inspires exultation. In the *Times* of yesterday you will find the following lusty words: "San Juan American, and Vancouver's Island and Columbia British, are incompatible with peace." Heretofore there has been a chime of pens and presses, representing the *material* relations of the two countries as rendering war between them *impossible*. Let us see whether a variation is to be struck.

I have just had a visit from Mr. ——. He has so absorbed me by descriptions of everything and everybody at home, as to oblige me to cut short this note. His conversational powers, always great, seem greater than ever. He goes to his consulate at Havre to-morrow, by way of Paris.

The season's circulation in what is termed high life will experience a damp check from the death, two days ago, of the Countess of Granville, wife of

the President of the Privy Council. She was a general favourite.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 27, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

At the House of Commons last night, I listened to an outburst from Lord John Russell singularly at war with the Treaty of Commerce and pregnant with danger to the Alliance. It was, at the instant, provoked by a charge of "truckling" from Mr. Horsman; and it announced, on the part of the ministry, as the consequences of recent negotiations with France respecting Savoy, the loss of all confidence in the assurances of the Emperor, and the duty of avoiding isolation in Europe by at once forming connections with other continental Powers interested in preserving the general balance. I have seen this movement preparing for a week past. Lord John has probably replied to the despatch of Mr. Thouvenel, whose contents he refused to state, with the animation called for by a haughty tone. The *Times* has surprised its readers during four or five days with pungent articles on "fourberies de Scapin," "tricks of Figaro," and "insolence" of the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs. Considering the relations subsisting between the leading

writers of this journal and the chiefs of the cabinet, these pieces could only be regarded as preliminary to a foregone conclusion soon to be disclosed. The opposition loudly cheered: one of whom, while complimenting the perseverance of the mutinous Liberals, expressed a hope that, seeing the manly and patriotic course at last taken, government would now be unanimously sustained in upholding what were strongly asserted to be the interests, honour, safety, and sentiments of the British people. All this may, according to the genius of our epoch, blow over; a few honeyed drops of soothing recantation from the lips of pre-eminent power may appease the rising storm; but I am inclined to think that the irrevocable bolt has been shot, and that while Lord John remains in his present post, Napoleon will consider this country as inimical and at work everywhere to thwart his views and restrict his influence.

It really would seem, according to the old couplet, that

The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat,

for our acute countrymen almost hurry to be duped by the rogues on this side of the Atlantic. They apparently like being, as lambs in hot weather, affectionately fleeced. Your letter on the newly contrived and extensive fraud reached me after I had received a number of eagerly enquiring notes, and after I had thoroughly ascertained the features, though not the

authors of the conspiracy.* This is about the tenth swindle which has invoked my detective faculties. Of course, artful and audacious rascals prearrange to mystify and baffle pursuit; and I do not believe in the existence of police skill adequate to ferret out and bring to punishment the plotters of so wide ranged, and as it were international a scheme of pocket-picking as this. The knaves reckon much and naturally upon the indisposition to throw good money after bad: then, uncertainties of success give to distances an insurmountable aspect. But, *nous verrons*.

Admiral Van Dockum has ceased to represent Denmark at this Court; and Mr. Billé, the younger, whom we have known at Washington for many years, took the post of Plenipotentiary some five days ago.

I have just got the private note of which a copy

* The contrivance was of the following fashion, and singularly successful. The conspirators in London ascertained the residences of individuals in most of the American States from local Directories. They sent by post numberless letters carefully addressed to all parts of the Union, especially to the interior. Each letter stated that the writer had accidentally discovered a Will or an Estate in which it appeared that his correspondent was largely interested; that a claim, if promptly asserted, could be maintained upon accessible evidence; and that if it were wished that he should investigate records or collect proofs, he was ready to do so on receiving a trifling amount of money, say five or ten dollars, with which to meet preliminary fees or expenses. The bump of credulity and the smallness of the sum required made the suggestion irresistible to thousands, who could not too quickly transmit their cash to the appointed place.

is subjoined from Lord Clarence Paget, first Secretary of the Admiralty; and I must beg you to request Mr. Toucey to have the document therein referred to, if there be such a one, forwarded to me as promptly as possible. I have not been able to find anything of the sort among the books and papers sent to me.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, March 30, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Pardon me for expressing a hope that you have not forgotten to obtain for me from Mr. Toucey the Report on our Naval Dockyards requested by Lord Clarence Paget. Our countrymen are so constantly, through me, getting information of all kinds from the depths of the public offices here, that I feel it to be a duty to reciprocate whenever I can.

At the Queen's Levee on Wednesday, the 28th instant, the Premier took occasion to converse about the Slave Trade. He expressed himself much gratified on noticing the promising plans you were preparing to pursue; saying that the great difficulty arose from the facility yielded to the traffic by Cuba, and intimating that, as we objected to meddle with any vessel not carrying our Flag, and *they* had promised not to meddle with any that *did* carry it,

perhaps the most effective plan, off that island, would be for the cruisers of the two nations, as he termed it, "to hunt in couples," the British cruiser overhauling and examining all vessels bearing colours not ours, and leaving the rest to us. I mention this because Lord Palmerston appeared to hold the idea as a favourite one, to be matured and formally proposed, and because it involves a striking recognition anew of the position you have enforced.

A Liberal Conservative Irish M.P. interpellates Lord John Russell this evening on the condition of the San Juan question. It will not be in my power to attend; but I presume that his lordship will decline for the present any disclosure, unless indeed he regard your last as closing the negotiation, which is very unlikely. His troubles seem to crowd thick upon him just now. Nothing livelier than the agitation in the little diplomatic hive produced by his anti-Napoleonic explosion on Monday last. Persigny pale with passion, and the really stingless cluster of German envoys buzzing unceasingly with a singular mixture of enjoyment and alarm!

I must not omit to state what it was pleasing to hear, when on Wednesday I dined at Buckingham Palace. During the conversation, which on such occasions, after the table is left, always takes place between the Queen and her guests, her Majesty enquired with the utmost kindness about the President and Miss Lane; she was happy to hear of

their continued health. I assured her that both would be delighted to know that they were thus remembered.

The Prince of Wales proceeds to Canada in July. His younger brother Alfred, the midshipman, wishes to accompany him, but probably will not be allowed to do so. The Duke of Newcastle, Secretary for the Colonies, and Lord St. Germans, Lord Steward, will go. The future king and his party will, I have reason to believe, visit Washington. Should there be an invitation?

The day assigned for Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to embark at Marseilles for China, is the 12th of April. He did not however appear surprised when I suggested the possibility that existing complications with France might stop him altogether.

I had the pleasure to introduce yesterday, at his request, your minister in Madrid to Lord John Russell. Mr. Preston's picture of his Spanish residence is not very flattering. He will cross the Atlantic in company with this note; and, as he moves energetically and rapidly, may reach Washington as soon.

There is a rumour just from New York, that Cuba is at your disposal, though the price is not fixed. Bonaparte may have encouraged the substitution of a colony in Morocco for the precarious one in the Antilles. The rumour will require much confirmation before it gains belief.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO LADY H.

London, April 5, 1860.

MY DEAR LADY H.,

Allow me to express very cordial thanks for your note of last week, respecting the autographs placed in Leicester Square for sale at auction.

I could not find time until yesterday to visit these interesting relics. The signatures of Washington and Lord North are particularly attractive from historical association and relation. The bold broad hand of the former seems to contrast *rebelliously* with the delicate and tiny caligraphy of the latter.

Again, many thanks, very faithfully and most respectfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 6, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Parliament, at the instance of Lord Palmerston, adjourned over on the night of the 3rd to the 14th instant, that is, for the Easter holidays. The members of both Houses are now distributed all over the kingdom and in the continental capitals. They left London at the moment when the relations of the Foreign Office were disturbed by despatches from Mons. Thouvenel to Mons. Persigny, and by an unexpectedly bold declaration from Lord John Russell

that other allies than France must be sought for. Let us see in what mood they will reassemble. Those who stop in Paris, to assist at the grand *fête* of her Imperial Majesty, or to chat with Mr. Cobden, will probably have their "fretful porcupine" quills smoothed gently to their usual level. The Nephew is less irritably explosive than the Uncle, with equal tenacity of aim.

Spain is perhaps a reasonably good "quarter racer." She has shown herself capable of a vigorous effort of military skill and of courage; but she has tired soon. The Treaty of Peace with the Moors is not what O'Donnell was expected to dictate; and it will probably throw a shadow over his returning ovation. You of course notice that, almost simultaneously with the capture of the two steamers off Vera Cruz, the Governor of the Balearic Isles, Ortega, attempted a rebellious dash at the Crown of Queen Isabella and the inauguration of Don Carlos! This political pimple does not appear to have been thrown to the surface by any interior humours, and has exhaled of itself; Ortega being chased by his own troops, no one can say whither.

A Papal Excommunication cannot be regarded as mere *brutum fulmen* as long as millions of devoted Roman Catholics are to be found in almost every country. Napoleon is alive to this; and he hurries to exclude the lightning from his empire, by invoking an old, nearly obsolete law, which prohibits

the publication of foreign ecclesiastical acts without special license. To be sure, he is not "nominated in the bond;" neither is Victor Emmanuel, nor in fact any one else; but it is difficult to discriminate between their respective offences. The alleged crime of despoiling the patrimony of St. Peter is flagrant: don't the world know "*who have taken part?*" who "*perpetrated,*" "*warranted,*" "*supported,*" "*helped,*" "*counselled,*" "*followed,*" "*connived at*" it? Well, they are all comprehensively and indiscriminately anathematized and scourged out of the Church. Take an illustration of the immense influence of the Vatican: the Duchess of —, the granddaughter of Charles Carroll, ending her life in the quiet rural contentment of Protestant England, is said to have just sent the Holy Father a *cadeau* of a thousand guineas! Rest assured that we shall hear a great deal more than we have yet heard of the potency of this thunder.

An appeal to the Detective or ordinary Police respecting the frauds upon our citizens involves so large an expenditure, and so much official distraction and embarrassment, that I hesitate in believing that you intended both should be incurred. The falsehood and swindling character of the pretence have been completely ascertained, and I have written some dozen letters home upon the subject. Perhaps a short warning in the *Constitution* and *Intelligencer*, which proved effectual in a similar case about two

years ago, might save many a man his four dollars. But can the government be reasonably expected to go farther? The mischief lies in the facility with which, in spite of all experience, our good countrymen allow themselves to act at once upon the faith of a boldly made promise. If they would only take the precaution, before parting with their money, to write to the legation, through your department or directly, they would be shielded from the contrivances of rogues. If in your name I complain to Lord John Russell of the conspiracy, or in any other manner set the ball of criminal enquiry and punishment going, I commit the government to a responsibility for charges whose amount has no limit, and I also, I fear, subject myself and the secretaries and the archives, to the annoyance of judicial process. I can, and do, set a subpoena at defiance, as incompatible with my extra-territorial position: but if I volunteer to begin the hunt, what then? Pray think for a moment on these practical suggestions.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Notwithstanding the undeviating and stern course adopted, the "*revendication*" of Savoy has its

difficulties. I had the honour yesterday of a visit from Mr. De la Rive, the Swiss representative, and was much gratified by the candour and fulness of his conversation. He considers his country in great danger, and fears that, after what has been done, the Emperor will find himself unable to give her, in the direction of Geneva, the securities which, by the unanimous resolution of all parties, she is determined to exact. Mr. Persigny, to be sure, has encouraged him to hope that Napoleon will transfer an adequate circuit of territory to the Republic, the inviolability of which may be guaranteed by a Congress. But he has the "mistrust" spoken of by Lord John Russell, and inclines to believe that Helvetian safety will ultimately have to be sought in an armed coalition with Germany, Prussia, Austria, and Russia. He is here to demonstrate the rights and perils of Swiss neutrality; *perhaps* England may be persuaded to throw something in the balance weightier than mere remonstrance. An article of much force in the *Edinburgh Review* of the present month rather favours that "perhaps."

Our papers, I perceive, anticipate some pleasurable stir from the visit of the Prince of Wales. It is thought here that he will hasten back, and may probably only see Boston on his way to rejoin his ship. He is an ingenuous, good-looking lad; in expression taking after his mother, and in quiet polished tone of manner after his father. An article in a New

York journal, intimating the propriety and policy of his being invited, has been reprinted here ; a symptom of the sensitive attachment universally felt for the Queen and her children.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 20, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Had Doctor Franklin been in the House of Peers last night he would have found repeating the same favourite abuse of America to which he listened nearly a hundred years ago in the gallery of the Commons. Pray read the speech of Earl Grey ; and observe with what oily unction he hands our present generation, from its highest to its humblest branch, to the mercies of the common hangman. Your people are venal, corrupt, and brutal ; your State and Federal judiciary are demoralized and sunk ; your legislatures, local and congressional, are mere spoilsmen, except when they are also ruffians ; and your President himself and his cabinet are all floating in this ordure of crime ! The excommunication is thorough. And on what bald pretence is this wholesale anathema of a nation founded ? Simply on the fact that Lord John Russell's proposed measure of reform lowers the franchise from £10 to £6 ! It is difficult to trace the connection, but that matters

not; the opportunity was seized, if not made, to crucify transatlantic democracy. His lordship over-shot his mark, so the Earl of Granville told him, and he runs the risk of being permanently coupled in our affectionate remembrances with Attorney-General Wedderburne.

A vague uneasiness prevails as to the state of affairs on the Continent. Nor can this government with any certainty say whether their relations with the Emperor of France are amicable or repulsive. Events are hurrying on, especially in Italy, which must ripen to something definitive before a month is out. *On-dits* or *canards* are countless. Among these a gentleman just from Paris (Mr. —, of the *Edinburgh Review*) reports that Lamoricière has Bonaparte's sanction for enlisting in the Papal service, that the French troops are not to be withdrawn from Rome, and that it is doubtful whether the mutual confidence between the Emperor and Victor Emmanuel can be prolonged.

I forgot, in my brief *critique* of Lord Grey's thunder, that he attributed to this mighty monarchy an amiable tendency to treat us as "spoilt children." The Treaty of 1783 was a concession to "spoilt children;" we were, like "spoilt children," permitted to flog our parent in 1813-14; the dismissal of Crampton was overlooked as the act of "spoilt children;" and our arrogant diplomacy was only tolerated because we are "spoilt children." Such

phrases as these are alike unworthy of the scene, the subject, and the speaker; rankling as venom in the hearts of individuals, yet puerile as regards the country.

Our disagreeable weather has continued, until one does nothing but abuse the everlasting Nor'-Easter!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, April 27, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

I found great pleasure in reading, four times over, your despatch, to which the private letter of the 5th instant refers. There was nothing which hypercriticism could wish to alter. Pray take it for granted that I am not liable to be tired with reading any despatch of yours, however "lengthy;" on the contrary, it is both useful and agreeable, as in the effort to convey the contents justly to another, I become more thoroughly master of them myself, and moreover take a certain amusement in witnessing their legitimate effects upon the listener.

Until the last four months I doubted the existence of eloquence in England. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Bulwer Lytton have dispelled the doubt, by performances equal in force, beauty, and versatility, to anything of Brinsley Sheridan's. The *Quarterly Review*, no friendly critic, pronounces the former's

four hours' speech on the Budget, "the finest combination of reasoning and declamation that has ever been heard within the walls of the House of Commons;" and again, "we find ourselves in the enchanted region of pure Gladstonism, that terrible combination of relentless logic and dauntless imagination. Bulwer, in assailing the Reform Bill last night, rose to the same level. I cannot venture to predict the fate of that measure: it is so moderate that enthusiasm cannot be roused on its behalf. If the vote were taken by ballot, it would be defeated, but the ayes and noes on a division are a formidable ordeal for those who love their seats.

Bad and unwholesome weather prolonged beyond all season. Everybody is victimised by rheumatism or uvula in some shape.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 4, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

On what is termed "the San Juan" difficulty, Lord John Russell was last night "interpellated" by Mr. Fitzgerald. If my knowledge of facts be correct, there is much indistinctness and confusion in his reply. I send it.

The Reform bill staggers along. The second reading is carried, but further progress was sus-

pended, amid loud jeering from the Opposition, until the 4th of June next. The enemies of the measure have taken great pains, in both Houses of Parliament, to ventilate their hatred of American institutions, laws, and manners. Indeed, that course of atrabilious remark is rather cheered and encouraged by a large majority of both parties. We must manage to survive and smile, especially as we are apt to give as hard as we receive.

On the Continent there would seem to be a momentary lull. Everybody, however, regards it as the stillness which precedes the storm. Each new day is expected to develop the coming *coup*. A fresh map of Europe lies upon the table of every Parisian editor.

I am earnestly exhorted by a gentleman whom I do not know, and never heard of, to inculcate upon my countrymen the duty and policy of intervening to stop the atrocious massacres committing in Sicily by Bomba Junior. He hopes nothing for the cause of humanity from England or France, but looks to us.

Our friend, Mr. W. Beech Lawrence, of Rhode Island, has just issued a *brochure* in Paris, a light, well-written essay, to vindicate the Southern form of labour, and to show its necessity if the new commercial policy of the Emperor is to be carried out. The "*Amis des Noirs*" are quite as numerous in France as here, and equally inaccessible to reason.

Those of the *Débats* refused to publish any piece extenuating negro slavery; and, under a sense of duty, he has flung out his pamphlet.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 11, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

The descent of Garibaldi upon Sicily, with a force not exceeding 2000, re-enacts the enterprise of distant centuries. He has managed with equal skill and boldness; allowing nothing to be suspected until he had pushed to sea with all his companions, and securing a longer start ahead by cutting, on the instant of departure, all the loquacious electric wires in reach. The Island is rampant with insurrection, which his presence will organize and lead to success. Already the restricting epithet "North" is deemed misplaced in the title of the new Italian kingdom.

Mr. Gladstone's budget was uncomfortably near a fatal blow on the evening of Tuesday last. In a House of 428 he carried the repeal of the paper duty by a majority of nine only. Another such victory, and the Opposition will be encouraged to a formidable assault.

Observe the affectionately polished terms in which Earl Grey and Lord John Russell cut each other

up in a series of private though published notes. How worthy of imitation by our pugnacious members! "Dear Lord John," "Dear Lord Grey:" can anything be more charming than this mode of pinning baseness and falsehood upon each other?

Although you would not tell me, I have known for some time, through Mr. Isturitz, that you decline taking any part in a Congress to deliberate on the means of effectually extinguishing the Slave Trade. I had been called upon by a diplomat some time ago on this subject. He said his government would follow in the footsteps of the United States; and after much conversation, he added—"Let me put a question: Suppose my government to accept Lord John Russell's invitation, how would you regard her conduct?" I answered instantly, "As un-American and unfriendly."—"Am I at liberty to write home to that effect?"—"Certainly, as an expression of my individual sentiment and belief: the United States can never consent to be swamped in a European Congress: in politics, we must be wary not to dovetail the two continents." From all I hear, this fresh effort to get a tribune whence to lecture the nations on religion and humanity will fail. Lord John will take nothing by his motion.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. C. J. INGERSOLL.

London, May 21, 1860.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 12th ultimo led me, in frequent conversations with eminent gentlemen, to seek a distinct answer to the question on British constitutional law which it proposed. Is there, in the making of leagues or treaties, a clearly defined line between the prerogative of the Crown and the power of Parliament? Without undertaking a dull and minute course of discrimination, let me give you my impressions.

What is called "the tendency of the age" shows itself strikingly on this subject. The great Commentator of last century may have been accurate: he would require liberalization now. He told us that whatever international contracts the sovereign engaged in "no other power in the kingdom can legally delay, resist, or annul." That *dictum*, in its broad import, has ceased to be true. The impeachment of a bad minister is no longer the only recognized escape or remedy of an injurious treaty.

The Commercial Convention recently entered into with France, contains an *express* declaration that it shall not be valid unless "Her Britannic Majesty shall be authorized by the assent of her Parliament to execute the engagements contracted by her in its several articles." Such a clause is, I am assured,

always introduced in modern treaties of this kind: and upon the present occasion its exigency was met by the adoption of a joint address to the Queen approving comprehensively the diplomatic programme.

I believe it safe to say, now-a-days, that a treaty which calls for a law in order to be executed may be constitutionally nullified by the refusal of either House, the Commons or the Lords, to enact that law. If it be necessary to assent, it is competent to dissent. Treaties requiring appropriations of money; treaties establishing tariffs, or mutual terms of interchanging products; and treaties relinquishing territorial dominions, perhaps, sink into the power of Parliament. In the olden time, Blackstone would have been shocked if the Executive, bent upon fulfilling an international engagement, had thought it worth while to say more than "Pass the bill: *set pro ratione voluntas!*"

It may be doubted whether the check upon executive discretion be not, in this sphere of public agency, better ascertained here than with us. Chancellor Kent, I think, expressed astonishment and regret that a resolution, founded on the incidents of Jay's Treaty, was passed by the House of Representatives in 1796, declaring what is now understood to be settled English law and practice, that is, if a treaty depend for the execution of any of its stipulations upon a legislative act, the House could and should determine on the expediency of carrying it

into effect or letting it abort. Whether the principle of that resolution was abandoned or only pretermitted on the emergency of 1816, may be questioned. It disappoints expectation, but in reality is not illogical, that the treaty-making power when in the hands of a hereditary monarch should be more trammelled and restricted than when in the hands of an elective chief magistrate and Senate. I trust, however, that, should the controversy revive, our representatives may feel themselves, *maugre* Chancellor Kent, free to be at least as democratic as the British Commons. It is noticeable that the precedent of a parliamentary stand against a treaty was made during the ministry of Pitt, almost contemporaneously with Jay's: and that while on this side of the Atlantic the popular resistance triumphed, by leading to the withdrawal and abandonment of the measure, on our side, notwithstanding an agitation alike universal and violent, we were compelled to swallow, pure and undiluted, the strong concoction of the venerable Chief Justice.

Very sincerely and faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, May 22, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Much tribulation was caused by a motion in the House of Lords to throw out, or reject, Mr. Glad-

stone's favourite measure for the repeal of the tax on paper. It was made by Lord Monteagle, backed hotly by Lord Derby, and after a violent debate of nine hours' duration, it was carried at 2 o'clock A.M. (this morning) by the overwhelming majority of 89 in a vote of 297. The friends of the bill stood upon the privilege of the Commons, to preserve untouched their control of the finances, and specially insisted that to reject a relief of taxation which had passed the House was equivalent to a fresh imposition. The blow is a harsh one on the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and, though it keeps him in deep water as far as national income is concerned, it deranges the system of his budget, and throws discredit upon his prudence. The garland of victory is proverbially fragile, and I shall not be surprised if Mr. Gladstone, nettled in the midst of elation, were suddenly to drop the seals of office.

Garibaldi's defeat of the Neapolitan forces arrived late last night pretty directly from Naples. I was told it in the House of Peers by Lord Wensleydale. The battle was fought in the vicinity of Palermo: and probably by this time young Bomba is on the road to Vienna.

Nobody questions the wonderful powers of Lord Brougham. His readiness at plagiarism upon himself is carried too far, and gives a stale look to some of his latter productions. At his inauguration as Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, on Friday

the 18th instant, he must have consumed a full half-hour in repeating his celebrated and superb parallel between the virtues of Washington and the vices of Napoleon I.

All the world will stream to Epsom to-morrow. The Prime Minister has formally given warning in the House of Commons that he regards the Derby Day as too sacred for legislative business: he will move an adjournment over. By-the-bye, his lordship is not a little addicted to fancies of the kind. The other day, he was obliged to expend heaps of solemn condemnation upon the approaching prize fight of Sayers and Heenan; but he concluded by saying, with a bright twinkle in his eye, "Well! if it must come off, I hope Tom will beat."

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 1, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

In the adjustment of the British Constitution, which you know is asserted to be the more perfect because imperfect, accommodating itself to the exigencies of progress, I think the popular principle about to make a fresh advance upon the oligarchical. The right of the Lords to intermeddle in any manner with money bills sent up by the Commons, as well repealing as imposing taxation, is

for the first time broadly and vigorously denied. The precedents upon which Lords Monteaale, Lyndhurst, and Derby acted in throwing out the measure abolishing the paper duty, are discovered to lack in a slight degree exact applicability: and the Commons seize the occasion to push their privilege farther than it has hitherto gone, by absolutely excluding the Peers from the entire domain of the finances. New forms of bills may be devised for that purpose. Resolutions of a decided character will be introduced in the lower House. And though the actual offence of retaining the paper duty may glide into oblivion, it will become so only after its recurrence is rendered impossible. Such promises to be the issue of the present constitutional conflict between the legislative branches of Parliament.

My diplomatic colleagues very generally agree in considering the state of affairs on the Continent as unpromising and precarious. The "sick man" is once more an object of solicitude; and the unhappy Christians in Turkey are breaking the heart-strings of tender Prince Gortschakoff. Then, Prussia is carefully restoring the war-footing to her army, while Parisian pens are dropping persuasive pamphlets on the banks of the Rhine. Then, Spain, for some covert reason, instead of doffing, is actually riveting on, the helmets she donned in Morocco:—giving permanency to an army of 200,000, quartered in the Balearic Islands and on her north-eastern

coast. Then again, the intrigues and tentatives of the exiled Dukes of Tuscany and Modena get encouragement somewhere:—the despairing contortions of Helvetia in the tightening folds of the Gallic constrictor are extremely painful: Hungary is threatening Kaiser Francis with the treatment given to King John at Runnymede: the perturbations in Belgium are equally conspicuous in Leopold I. and Leopold's minister Van de Weyer: and finally, see the volcanic blaze of Garibaldi, whose head-quarters were established, with Sardinian flag in hand, by the brave chieftain himself in the centre of Palermo!

At last we hear from China. The Brother of the Sun and Moon has contumeliously flouted the terms arrogantly exacted by Mr. Bruce. Nothing seems left to the Allies but an advance on Peking, and a race after the Emperor wheresoever he may fly. Whether a retreat like that of Thucydides and his ten thousand from Persia, may not be compelled by mere force of overpowering numbers, we must wait to see. Some straggling engineers and drill sergeants of Russia may possibly be backing the Celestials. The enclosed contains what Lord John Russell lately characterized as the "moderate" demands of this government!

Le Boz, as the Parisians call the P. R., is renewing its hold upon the public taste. There are no heroes like those of the fist. Heenan and Sayers recall

Hector and Achilles; and one of the panegyrists ranks them on the rolls of fame with Napoleon I. and Wellington! Each has stood, and still stands, in a pelting shower of gold; each buckles on a belt sparkling with gems and ponderous with silver; both are trumpeted from one end of the kingdom to the other: and even at the Derby, the high-mettled racers were forgotten in the universal eagerness to run after the Benicia Boy! The victory over law, civilisation, order, and morality, is complete.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 15, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Things are tranquillizing. Lord John Russell's Reform bill seemed to command too small a majority and has been withdrawn. The vacuum thus produced will enable Parliament to advance rapidly to a close. Agitation on the question of the exclusive financial privilege of the House, although kept alive, will mainly be reserved for the recess.

Indications make it quite clear that the second daughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Alice, is about being merged into Dutch Royalty. John Bull has often counted the beads of his rosary, good-naturedly giving to each of them a blessing and a purse, and then growling at the budget.

A great conjunction takes place to-morrow or the next day at Baden-Baden. Napoleon III. has an interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia, and several sovereigns, Saxon, Bavarian, Hesse-Darmstadt, etc., propose to "assist" thereat. Europe has had recent experience of the consequences likely to flow from such consultative reunions. The Emperor, as his own Premier, is apt to state his "idea," to fix it impressively on those who listen, and to leave its complete execution as a thing, willy-nilly, to be done. No doubt, his fiat on the present occasion will point to the Rhine as the natural boundary of France; and one cannot perceive in any quarter the faintest readiness to resist. He will get it, *nunc vel tunc*: possibly by diplomacy, for there is a deep dread of provoking him among the royalties, but, if not so, by an overpowering rush from Châlons.

The annals of Europe, though crowded with the names of great soldiers and seamen, do not furnish a parallel for Garibaldi: so they call him the Washington of Italy. We Americans may think the designation a little too flattering; but in truth he has noble qualities, among which are most conspicuous the very firmness, sobriety, moderation, and devotion to duty which characterized our national favourite. He has plucked Sicily from the Neapolitan crown by a series of rapid as well as prudent movements, and we may soon look for such insurrectionary collisions among the Lazzaroni as will

induce him to cross the Strait of Messina and end the dynasty. All Europe is crying shame at Bomba junior for his barbarities—cannonading and shelling, firing and destroying his own city of Palermo and its population; and the dogma of divine right does not save him from universal condemnation.

Another trial trip by the Great Eastern preliminary to starting for New York on the 20th instant. They have been tinkering at her extensively for the last six months, and *perhaps* she is now a safe steamship; but she don't promise to perform the voyage in less than ten or twelve days, she is still liable to many interruptions and accidents, and, on the whole, the report of the late excursion of twenty-four hours leaves me inclined to prefer a conveyance by the Adriatic, the Arago, or the Persia.

Our countrymen are crowding into London by hundreds. They are astonished at finding the cold wet weather which we have had all the spring.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 19, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

The cluster of kings and kinglets which met for two days at Baden, smiled unimaginable things at each other, and then dispersed as if enchanted with the wonders they had achieved, has opened a

fresh and interesting field for speculation and prophecy. Simultaneous with the departure of Louis Napoleon from Paris was the appearance of a new pamphlet, "*France and Prussia*," by About. This performs the office assigned to the brochure "*Napoléon III. et l'Italie*," in February, 1859, which heralded the conquest of Lombardy and the annexation of Savoy and Nice. The first moves in the game are alike:—Guerronière and About the summoning trumpets. "Reform the vices of your constitution: give up Divine Right: make your legislature what ours is, the offspring of universal suffrage: don't gasp at uttering democracy: expel your treacherous bureaucracy: and then, as soon as you concede to France her 'natural frontier,' she will expand you, as she has expanded Piedmont, into a united Germany." Such is the programme blandly unfolded to the Regent of Prussia, under Imperial inspiration! At Baden, Napoleon shook hands, drank tea, paid first visits, was the model of cordial good-fellowship, and when he left at night for the Tuileries, only dropped, as interpreting the drama, this little pamphlet of About. I send you as much of it as was in the *Herald* of yesterday morning.

The alarm here is somewhat on the increase. A commission has recently made report on the Public Defences, and its recommendations call for an expenditure of eleven or twelve millions of pounds

sterling. French naval force is steadily augmenting. Lord Overstone appears in print, anxious about invasion. Colonel Jebb looks it coolly in the face, adverts to the three successive stages at one of which it may possibly be repelled, and finally, *supposing London to be captured*, looks to the probability of buying off the enemy!

The cold and wet continue without change. The Great Eastern anticipated her time, and left Southampton for New York on Sunday last the seventeenth instant. May she arrive safely!

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, June 29, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Strong and sincere gratification seems to have been given by the President's note to the Queen inviting the Prince of Wales to Washington. It is talked of in all circles; and the young gentleman himself is exuberant with delight. The Duke of Newcastle anticipates great enjoyment on the tour, and dwells much on its prospect. He expressed to me a solicitude to avoid, after quitting Canada, any proceeding, such as stopping for a short time at Cincinnati, which would be regarded as the slightest breach of the principle of etiquette that the first visit should be to the White House. Without being

too strict in exaction, I have encouraged the expediency of travelling direct to the capital, and afterwards branching in any direction they please. This, I think it probable, will be the course. They calculate on reaching you about the close of September, and on re-embarking for home at New York about the middle of October; allowing very little time to the United States. As we shall be involved in the universal and absorbing distractions of a Presidential election, perhaps it is well that it should be so. The programme for the voyage was officially published two days ago, making the start from Devonport on the 10th of July.

The legislative scene, like the fashionable season, is drawing to a close. Unless something unlooked for should break out, Parliament can hardly protract its session for another month.

England is labouring to convince herself that she is a military nation. Within the last week she has held two Reviews: one in Hyde Park of the Volunteer Rifles, and another at Aldershot of Regulars, counting an aggregate of about 45,000 men. Soon, she proposes to inaugurate a system of local games, making the skill in point-blank shooting the object of popular attainment; like archery in olden times, only substituting the rifle for the crossbow. She went into ecstasies, as you may have noticed, at the tramp of her 20,000 volunteers, and almost trumpeted defiance to the 400,000 of France. Paris was

highly amused. But, after all, there is something in this first taste of the voluntary principle which is really seductive, and may lead to important results. It is a bold and pregnant idea, that of putting rifles into English hands indiscriminately; it may possibly end very differently from what is expected.

Our small screw steamer, of six guns, the *Iroquois*, Commander Palmer, is under the requisition of Mr. Chandler, looking doggedly at the subordinates of young Bomba, and we may possibly witness something after the fashion of the Ingraham and Koszta incident. The King is getting so rapidly pushed off his throne, that he bows concessions in despair all round. A mere attitude will be quite enough for him.

Very sad rumours are afloat about the effects already produced, and the worse ones feared, from the continued cold and rain. The crops are in danger here, and indeed all through Europe. Prices of food are rising fearfully. The horrid weather is attributed by some to the great number and huge size of icebergs in the Atlantic.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros seem to have lost everything but their lives by the wreck in the harbour of Galle.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, July 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Longstreet, one of the delegates appointed by the President to the International Statistical Congress, has reached here in due time, but regrets to find that Mr. Lawrence, his colleague, left England in the Adriatic on the 20th ultimo. It is not impossible that this latter gentleman may be on his way hither. I have had sent to me by Mr. Faulkner from Paris, endorsed as from the Treasury Department, what I take to be his commission and therefore temporarily retain for him. Mr. Longstreet will, however, find other American associates in the Congress. Dr. Jarvis has been sent by the Massachusetts Association. This government, through Mr. Milner Gibson, invited my attendance at the initiation of the movement, but I declined, for obvious reasons.

The Prince of Wales embarked in the *Hero* three days ago for Canada. His departure was signalized by naval demonstration and ceremony executed by the Channel fleet. He will go farther South than Washington only to visit Richmond.

The "sick man," as you have doubtless seen, is getting worse and worse. The Christians are being massacred by thousands in Syria, the Turkish forces too weak or unwilling to protect them. On both

sides of the Channel, it is beginning to be seen that the Czar Nicholas had reason for his plans, and that Europe may soon be obliged to execute them. The two Emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, have a steady and longing eye upon the "New Map" I sent you two years ago, and are only impeded in their project of a coalesced triumvirate of military nations by the obstinate integrity of the Prussian Regent. How long that obstacle will last against the double pressure, right and left, depends much on the energies of Downing Street.

I listened attentively a few nights ago to a singular but striking speech by the Premier in the Commons. It was on the pending question of privilege, and elaborately excused, if it avoided defending, the rejection by the Lords of the bill remitting the paper duties. To me it savoured strongly of a disposition to drop, or drive out, certain distasteful members of his cabinet; Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Milner Gibbon; for these gentlemen have resolutely and openly flung the gauntlet at the Peers and are stirring up popular agitation in a manner rather disquieting. Yesterday there was convened at Liverpool what we should consider even in New York a roaring tumultuous meeting on this subject; and here, three days ago, at the discussion of the topic by a numerous assemblage, a proposal to convene in Hyde Park was indiscreetly opposed by a threat of the newly raised Rifles!

The celebration on the 4th was enlivened by a capital speech from Layard (Nineveh Layard) and a very flat one by Dr. Mackay. Our own addresses and toasts were dishwater.

A fierce assault upon Sir Samuel Cunard and his line of steam ships is now in progress. The gravenmen, an un-English concession to anti-negro tastes, by rules of government on board, which accommodated a sable Mrs. Putnam and her numerous family *separately* from other passengers. They demanded, and now the exclusively civilized press of England demands for them, that they shall eat, drink, sleep, and promenade, indiscriminated by colour. What will Sir Samuel do? He has tried to avoid the onslaught, by justly regarding the matter as one to be determined by his own interest in controlling his own business; but they threaten him with the withdrawal of all government aid and countenance, and the bolt of popular excommunication.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, August 3, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

The interest of Europe is just now concentrated on three novelties: the filibustero Garibaldi, the Imperial letter-writer, and the religious

massacres in Syria. Everything else is for the hour overshadowed.

The general is supposed to be slightly mutinous ; disregarding the advice of Victor Emmanuel, and fatally bent on seeing Naples. A telegram is daily looked for, announcing his landing on this side of the Strait: and it is said that there lies in the beautiful bay a fine steamship ready to receive the King and his household, as soon as the "Hero" touches the Continent. No reliance on the Royal forces: no trust in Lazzaroni: no safety but in quick flight: "the thief doth fear each bush an officer."

Napoleon's epistle to his "*cher Persigny*" is regarded as addressed to the British nation. Agreeably to the direction in it, the ambassador laid it before Lord John Russell, who told the House of Commons, and a bad translation appeared in the newspapers on the following morning. I send you a copy of the original French. No more remarkable State paper can well be imagined. He runs over the keys of Imperial policy with the rapid familiarity of a master hand, and seems to smile through his writing at the facility with which he gets over the hard passages of the last year's history. What does it mean? No one can say precisely. Perhaps more consideration must be given to it. But if, as some think, it was an inspiration of Mr. Cobden's (who continues in Paris) to help Mr. Bright's oppo-

sition to the immense expenditure on fortifications, it has failed, for that measure was carried in the House of Commons last night by a majority of 227.

The hair-trigger tendency to religious war is by no means restricted to Syria. There, it has exploded into massacre, fierce and indiscriminating; but alarm prevails throughout the Turkish Empire, and the two great sects are everywhere watching each other with dangerous bitterness. Constantinople itself is in something like a state of siege. The Sultan has formally invited "the Great Powers," who signed the Treaty of Peace in 1856, to help his weakness. Bonaparte, exemplary Christian! springs forward with alacrity, and was hastening his soldiers to Beyrout and Damascus, when Lord John Russell interposed the necessity of a previous programme of conditions and understandings. If the Zouaves are once bivouacked in the Lebanon, when will they leave it?

The Queen proceeds from London to Edinburgh during the night of the 6th and 7th instant, reviews the Scotch Riflemen on the afternoon of the 7th, and speeds to Balmoral. Her Majesty will probably visit her new grand-daughter in Berlin early in September. Parliament gives no promise of immediate prorogation, yet London is being rapidly deserted.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. CASS.

London, September 14, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,

All eyes are fixed upon the movement of General Fanti, at the head of fifty thousand of Victor Emmanuel's forces, into the States of the Church. Guyon is ordered back to his post at Rome, taking with him ten thousand French, as a sort of body-guard for the Holy Father. Very little reliance is felt in Lamoricière, whose scum of foreign mercenaries only exasperate Italian feeling. The critical moment has arrived; and the Piedmontese cabinet seem suddenly to have taken against the Pope a new attitude of menace and violence. In his extremity, the hand of Bonaparte will be stretched out for his relief.

Garibaldi entered Naples on the 7th instant, and straightway, as if touched by a magic blight, the throne of Francis II. crumbled into dust. It is said that the King, while penning his farewell to his subjects, actually issued an order for the bombardment and sack of the city. What army he may be able to retain will pass to the ranks of Lamoricière. His own destination is yet doubtful; perhaps Spain, may-be the interior of Germany, possibly Vienna.

On the 3rd of next month, and at Warsaw, there will be an ominous conjunction of sovereignties, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, &c., and why? Only to

declare a negative—that they do not propose to coalesce against France. “Methinks they do protest too much.”

The Queen returns from Balmoral to Osborne on Tuesday next, and forthwith prepares for a visit to the Continent. Lord John Russell will accompany her.

Nothing of much moment as yet from China; the latest accounts intimate the probability of a battle about the middle of July, which, if it have taken place, should reach us now. In New Zealand the success of the natives against the British authorities has created an anxious feeling.

Quite a stir has been made about the character in which Mr. Wm. S. Lindsay, M.P., is visiting the United States. Lord John has certainly given it a slight infusion of the diplomatic decoction. So much so that I presume that gentleman will hasten his arrival at Washington, and may seek interviews with the President and yourself on various topics which one would think exclusively manageable by Lord Lyons. Mr. Lindsay called on me before quitting: and I inferred from his conversation that he hoped to do something *à la Cobden in Paris*.

London is lifeless; all the world abroad; rain unabating; and cold annoying. It seems conceded that the harvests have been impaired to the extent of at least one-third. The great astronomer Herschel tells us in a published letter that he did not *predict*

this season, but that many observations led him to *forsee* it.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, November 23, 1860.

MY DEAR M.,

It is much to be feared that all the patriotism and valour of Garibaldi have been wasted. He is essentially a republican; and so his rash-levied troops who nevertheless conquered Sicily and Naples have been disbanded and dispersed, and himself bowed into the rocky islet of Caprera!

Of all interesting monuments of antiquity and power, commend me to Windsor Castle. Mrs. D. and I have just returned from a three days' visit there. We were lodged in the Tower of King Edward III.: and I mounted to the top of the "Round Tower," about three hundred feet above a base constructed by the soldiers of Julius Cæsar!! Then see the interminable and inexhaustible Corridor; the Rubens Chamber; the Tapestry; the Royal Plate; the Hall of St. George; the Armory; the State apartments. It is far the most imposing and suitable Palace to be found in England or perhaps in Europe. Innumerable objects of art, paintings, sculptures, and highly ornamented cabinet works and vases are spread through the Corridor

having reference to the incidents of the present reign. The first time the Queen, only seventeen years of age, presided at the Privy Council, forms an interesting picture, Lord Melbourne, her guardian and Prime Minister, in the attitude of addressing her from the farther side of the table, and looking as if struck by the dignity and ease of her carriage. Then the Duke of Wellington, in the presence of her Majesty and Prince Albert, assuming the office of godfather to one of her infants, and presenting a richly jewelled casket, forms another. The glowing and gorgeous representation of the Coronation makes a third. Portraits and busts of Popes and Cardinals are excellent and numerous.

You may get this on the day of an opening row in Congress, and I hasten to close it, to avoid keeping you away. I have an infinite deal of nothing to say, but not a minute to say it in.

Always affectionately yrs.

TO MR. D.

London, November 16, 1860.

MY DEAR F.,

Your recent visitor the Prince of Wales, though he left Portland on the 20th October, only got to Plymouth yesterday. He had a disagreeable voyage and caused considerable anxiety and alarm. Several vessels had hurried out to scour the seas for him.

Empresses, you perceive, are becoming flighty. My old Dowager of Russia has taken final leave. The young Austrian, little cared for by her husband, has borrowed a steamer from Queen Victoria to carry her to the health-restoring climate of Madeira. And the lovely *parvenu* Eugénie, crossing the Channel in a common packet, and, content with ordinary cabs, has actually reached Claridge's Hotel in Brook Street, *incoog.*, and on her way to a ball at the Duchess of Hamilton's in Scotland! Is it possible there can be a transient miff with Louis Napoleon? These Imperial freaks set the world full of conjecture and gossip.

Garibaldi has gone to his rock between Sardinia and Corsica, Caprera; they say, to milk his cows, but one may suspect to cry over spilt cream. Though he still harps on a movement in the spring with a million of men, he probably feels that his great republican idea finds an insurmountable obstacle in the crown of Victor Emmanuel.

Always affectionately yrs.

TO MR. MARKOE.

London, March 1, 1861.

MY DEAR MARKOE,

Our latest news from the West plays like a thread of lightning on the horizon and rekindles hope. It is to the effect that the Convention assem-

bled under the counsels of Virginia has under consideration a scheme of adjustment, including the best parts of those of Crittenden, Guthrie, and the Border States. Amen! Anything to save a great constitutional country from the self-immolating stroke of panic.

Storms have been unceasing during the last month, and the wrecks reported are numberless.

The Bishop of Poitiers, in an address to his clergy, has made a deadly lunge at the Emperor. Like the rest of the world, he regards the signature of "Laguerronnière" to the recent pamphlet of "*Rome, France, and Italy*," as simply that of Louis Napoleon. He has the boldness to run openly a parallel which, in a Roman Catholic sense, stamps indelibly the Tuileries pamphleteer, in his treatment of the Pope, as the modern "*Pontius Pilate, washing his hands as he surrenders the Saviour to execution!*" The image is forcible, is coloured into strong relief, and is destined to produce a powerful impression on Gallican consciences.

We have been treated at the Royal Geographical Society with a charming lecture on the scenery and course of the White Nile, the Mountains of the Moon, and the Gorillas in Africa, by our young American traveller Du Chaillu. He brought me an introductory, and has made a capital hit. The audience at Burlington House was immense, partly ladies. He was complimented at the close by fervent speeches

from Professor. Owen, Mr. Gladstone, and Captain Galton: naturally, his gratification is unbounded. He began falteringly, seemingly intimidated by being in the presence of so great a crowd of strangers, and "as he knew only his minister, Mr. Dallas, he was sure to receive his protection!"

The lease of the house I have occupied uninterruptedly for five years comes to an annual close on the 24th instant. By that time I may look to have a successor. I propose, therefore, quietly to forego farther housekeeping in London on that day, and to hold myself in readiness for homeward flight at any moment. Whoever may be sent to this post will be cordially welcomed by me, and facilitated in his first movements as far as may be in my power. I would advise him, as a measure for his own comfort, to rent the establishment I quit, provided it be repaired and refurnished, and to enlist the eight servants who have been with me from the beginning.

Always faithfully yrs.

TO MR. SEWARD.

London, March 26, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. SEWARD,

You must allow me to make my sincere acknowledgments for the personally kind messages received from you through Mr. Mason.

I shall take pleasure in giving to your representa-

tive, my successor, whoever he may be, a cordial welcome, and to place at his service any little aids or facilities with which my stay here may have made me familiar. I do not yet know who is likely to be your choice; and possibly he may not be within that range of acquaintances to whom I should feel at liberty to write. But I shall be happy to know that he has been apprised of my readiness to receive him. My own trial in 1856 prepares me to believe that he cannot get himself and family ready to emigrate to London, without great inconvenience, short of two months hence, say by the 1st of June.* I hope for him about that time, and shall be happy to make arrangements with Lord John Russell for his comfortable landing at Liverpool or elsewhere.

Reiterating my thanks, I am truly your

Obliged and obedient servant.

* Mr. C. F. Adams reached London on the 11th May, 1861.

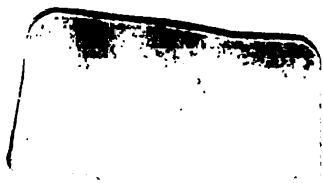
THE END.

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